

Laudatur et Alget

Juven. Sat. I.

JURE DIVINO:

A

SATYR.

7, D.
K

In Twelve BOOKS.

By the Author of The True-Born-Engliſhman.

O Sanctas Gentes, quibus hæc naſcuntur in hortis
Numina!—— Juv. Sat. 15. lin. 11.

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THE FAIRY BOOKS

THE BLUE FAIRY BOOK

TO THE

Moſt SERENE, Moſt INVINCIBLE, and,
Moſt ILLUSTRIOUS LADY

REASON:

Firſt Monarch of the World:

Empereſs of the *Eaſt*, *Weſt*, *North* and *South*: Hereditary Director of Mankind: Guide of the Paſſions: Lady of the Vaſt Continent of Human Underſtanding: Miſtreſs of all the Iſlands of Science: Governeſs of the Fifteen Provinces of Speech: Image of, and Ambaſſador Extraordinary from, the Maker of all Things: The Almighty's Repreſentative and Reſident in the Souls of Men, and one of Queen NATURE's moſt Honourable Privy Council.

May it Pleaſe Your Majeſty;

THE *Author of this Book thought himſelf oblig'd to Dedicate it to your Majeſty firſt, as an Humble Acknowledgment of your Superiour Authority over all Laws and Princes of the World: He acknowledges that your Majeſty's Right of Government is* Jure Divino; *and that therefore your Majeſty is a juſt Exception to the General Rules here laid down, your Authority is truly Sacred, and to your Majeſty all the Powers of*

Men

DEDICATION.

Men as well as their Actions pay a Juſt Homage; all Laws made contradicting your Abſolute Pleaſure, are ipſo facto *void in their own Nature, and whatever the greateſt Princes in the World act contrary to your Majeſty's Commands is ridiculous and impertinent, and their Subjects ought to Diſobey them in it; your Majeſty Reigns with an Uncontroul'd Sovereignty in the very Hearts of your Subjects; your Power is wholly Deſpotick, You are truly accountable to none but your Maker, and your Majeſty's immediate Adherence to his Sovereign Will, gives the true Sanction to all your moſt exact Commands.*

And yet your Majeſty is far from being a Tyrant, ſince at the ſame time that you Command the moſt Abſolute Obedience, ſuch is the Demonſtration of your Royal Juſtice, that You gain upon the very Souls of your Subjects, and they pay a voluntary Homage to all your Commands.

Having thus in brief Recogniz'd your Majeſty's Undoubted Divine Right to a Superiority over all the Actions of Men; I then with the Profoundeſt Submiſſion and Obedience to your Royal Authority, proceed moſt humbly to lay the following Papers at your Royal Feet; Appealing from all the unjuſt Cenſures of Partial and Corrupted Men, to your Majeſty's Impartial Judgment, for their Sincerity, and Correſpondence with your Eſtabliſh'd Government; entirely ſubmitting both them and their Author to your Majeſty's Authority, as becomes,

May it pleaſe Your Imperial Majeſty,

Your Majeſty's moſt Humble, moſt Obedient, and moſt Devoted Subject and Servant,

T

The True-Born-Engliſhman.

THE PREFACE.

THIS *Satyr* had never been Publiſh'd, tho' ſome of it has been a long time in being, had not the World ſeem'd to be going mad a ſecond Time with the Error of *Paſſive Obedience* and *Non-Reſiſtance*.

The Title of *Sacred* has been added to that of *Majeſty* by the Complaiſance of a Party, who have all along been rather ready to talk of Loyalty, than perform it, and who have ſhown themſelves wonderful forward to tax other People with Rebellion and Diſloyalty, in order to perſwade their Princes to truſt them in their moſt emergent Occaſions; but when their King had the Misfortune to believe them honeſt, he paid too dear for the Miſtake; for as they were the firſt that prompted him to want their Aſſiſtance, they were alſo the firſt that let him want it.

When our Bleſſed Saviour only talk'd of his approaching Sufferings, and things were ſeen in Perſpective, they were all for dying with him, and dying for him; but when the Band of Soldiers came, when *Judas* had given the Signal, and their Lord was in the hands of his Enemies, *They all forſook him and fled.*

Now 'tis a Myſtery to me what theſe Gentlemen ſtart this loſt Doctrine in the World again for, Have they any more Kings or Queens to betray? Do they think any Prince in the World will ever be ſo weak to take their words again? a Man once perjur'd, no Juſtice of the Peace will ever adminiſter an Oath to him again; I believe I am in no danger of being thought a *Jacobite*; but this I muſt affirm, had I told K. *James* II. 'twas my Principle, that I ought not to reſiſt him, whatever violence he offered either to me or mine; That, as he was a King, his Perſon was Sacred, and that if he oppreſs'd me in the Higheſt Manner; nay, if he demanded my Life or Eſtate by Force, I ought and would Submit to him, and if I could not obey his Commands, I durſt not oppoſe his Puniſhment. Had I told him that he was King by inherent Birth-right, and his Power was *Jure Divino*; and therefore to reſiſt him in any thing, tho' never ſo contrary to Reaſon or Juſtice, was to fight againſt God, and purſuant to this Expoſition of my Loyalty, had I ſworn the Oath of my Allegiance, and ſubſcrib'd the Declaration; if ever I took Arms againſt him, reſiſted or oppos'd him, I ſhould have been

been guilty of a moſt horrible Perjury, and Breach of Faith, and ought never to be believ'd on my Word or Oath again.

As for me, I never underſtood my Loyalty, nor my Princes Authority, in ſuch an extended Senſe; I never took any ſuch Oath; and therefore the joining with a Foreign Power in ſuch a Caſe, cannot bear the ſame Conſtruction: From ſuch as were of this Opinion no King can expect any other than whenever they attempt to ruin the Conſtitution, ſuſpend the Laws, and invade Property, they will never be obey'd; the People will oppoſe ſuch Oppreſſion, and if they do not, 'tis for want of Power, not for want of Will.

But in this Caſe the weight of the Matter lies higher, if there be an Error in the reſiſting Tyrannick Princes, 'tis in Principle, *and that I never yet ſaw prov'd*; but this is a meer Fraud, a Cheat put upon Princes, to encourage them to be Tyrants on Pretence of Paſſive Submiſſion; and that they will, like *Iſſachar*'s *Aſs*, couch down under the Load, but when the Prince taking them at their word, ventures to lay the Burden on their Backs, they riſe up and kick him in the Face.

Of all the People in the World theſe Gentlemen ſhould have done with this old Sham; one Jeſt at a time is enough for a Nation; one King in an Age is enough to be cheated.

Beſides, Who are they for? *Qui vive?* What Party are they of? The Church of *England* cannot but think they deſign to banter her, that 'tis a Whig-Plot to rip up old Matters; and that becauſe ſhe has once committed a Fault, they are always reproaching her with it: what tho' ſhe was drawn in to own a Doctrine, and almoſt mix it with her Creed, That when ſhe came to the Extremity, ſhe found would not hold Wa-Water, What then? *She was miſtaken*, and 'tis no Diſgrace or Reflection, for any Church or any People or Perſon, when they find themſelves in an Error, to own it, acknowledge and reform it: But to bring the ſame obſolete abdicated Principle in play again, and father it upon the Church too, this can be nothing but a Combination to expoſe her.

What would any King of *England* think of the Men that ſhould talk this Language to them again, that ſhould come to a Prince and ſay, Sir, you need never fear any diſturbance from your Loyal Subjects the Church of *England*, for whatever you do to them, they'll ſubmit; 'tis their Principle, and they profeſs to believe that you are God's Vicegerent, accountable to no Body; That you can do no Wrong; That your Crown is held immediately of God, and Independent of the Laws; and therefore if your Occaſions ſhould require you to pinch them a little in their Property, or diſpenſe with the Execution of the Laws, or the like, you need not fear; the Church will always ſtand by you with her Life and Fortunes. What would a King of any Policy anſwer? I know not indeed, but if I were to make an Anſwer for him it ſhould be, *Saliſbury for that; I'll not venture you:* Shall any Man pretend to be a Friend to the Church of *England*, and ſet a foot again the Doctrine of the King's Abſolute Power? If the King can do no Wrong, ſomebody did the late King a great deal of Wrong; Are evil Counſellors only puniſhable and accountable for the Miſmanagements of the Government? Where then was the Juſtice of this ſort of Churchmen, who flew in the Face of their King, and never puniſh'd one of his Evil Counſellors? the Unaccountable King was Dethroned, but his Accountable Miniſters continued

nust in play, and perhaps some of them bought their Employments with his Money; Was King *James* treated like a Man *that could do no Wrong*, and was not Accountable? Let those who blame some People for the inconsistency of their Principles, reconcile if they can the Doctrine of Passive Obedience, Non-Resistance, and the Kings being not Accountable, to the Practice of the High-Church of *England* in the Primitive Part of the Late Revolution.

I think my self unconcern'd to enlarge here upon the incoherent Nonsense that this Doctrine abounds with: The Church of *England* is bound to shew it, to justify her own Actings in Dethroning the Late King, and it is a double *Satyr* upon the Church to pretend to vindicate it; it being impossible to reconcile the Principle of Passive Obedience with the whole Proceeding of the Late Revolution; if the Doctrine be true, *if the King can do no Wrong*, if it be lawful on no Account whatever to resist his Power, or take up Arms in Defence of Liberty, Law, Religion or Property, however oppress'd or endanger'd: These are some of the most inevitable Consequences.

All the Nobility, Gentry, Clergy and Commons of *England*, who either invited over, or join'd with the Prince of *Orange*, and afterwards consented to his being made King; all those who swore to him when he was King, or that have since concur'd in the New Establishments, are all Perjur'd Rebels; abominable, and to be abominated by all good Men; are never to be trusted or believ'd again, neither *when they Say*, nor *when they Swear*; the Crime ought never to be forgotten by Men, nor without Repentance will be forgiven by Heaven; and till some General Act of Revocation be made by the whole United Authority of the Kingdom, and Justice done, the *English* should be stigmatiz'd thro' all the World as a Nation without Faith, Honesty, or Principle.

But if the People of *England were in the Right*, if the Depredations made on the Ancient Rights of the Nation were a just Foundation of suspending the General Allegiance, and applying to a foreign Prince, for the redressing the Nations Grievances; if the *English* Nation had both Reason and Right to oblige the King to give the Laws their Course, and to let every Man enjoy his Property: If the King is guilty of doing Wrong, and both he and his Counsellors may be punish'd for the same; He by making War against him, and they by the Axe and the Halter: In a word, if the present Establishment, of the Late King, or present Queen, if the late or present Parliament are fix'd on any Justice, Law or Reason, then this *Satyr* is just, the Argument good, and the *English* has done no Wrong.

That Kings are not Kings *Jure Divino*, that when they break the Laws, trample on Property, affront Religion, invade the Liberties of Nations, *and the like*, they may be opposed and resisted by Force.

The present Publication of this *Satyr* has oblig'd me to consider of Circumstances, and as there are some Truths which do suit all Times, I have laid by a Second Volume; not that I think there is any thing in it which is not as fit to see the Light as this; but I say of it, as the Apostle in another Case, *I have many things to say, but you cannot bear them now.*

The

The ſecond Part I confeſs was the firſt in Action, and contains ſome Characters, and ſome Enlargements on particular Tranſactions, which for ought I know might not give Offence, and I am perſwaded would not from another Pen; neither had this been mention'd, but to let thoſe Gentlemen, who may think this incompleat without it, know, That no other reaſon prevented its running a further length, than thoſe Prudentials, which I have not been over-apt to make uſe of in other Caſes.

I confeſs I am ſorry I ſhould entertain any Fears that this Nation ſhould reſent a thing wrote againſt a Principle, which is the greateſt Affront to the preſent Eſtabliſhment that can poſſibly be thought of; and nothing but the Power of Prejudice could move ſuch a thing, but ſince ſome People who are too apt to make Miſconſtruction, watch for my Miſcarriage, I ſacrifice the remaining part of this Work to their Malice, not at all at the ſame time thinking they act either with Juſtice or Honour.

I have concluded this Volume with a juſt Acknowledgment in behalf of my Native Country to the preſent and laſt Reign, for that viſible Difference appearing in them between the Reign of Tyrants, and the Reign of juſt Princes, when Property is ſecur'd under juſt Laws punctually obſerv'd, and the Crown enjoying a due Extent, is nevertheleſs limitted by thoſe Laws; when the executive Power acknowledging the juſt Superiority of the Law, regulates it ſelf according to the true intent and meaning of all Power; *The Publick Good.*

If any are ſo weak as to ſuppoſe this is a *Satyr* againſt Kingly Government, and wrote to expoſe Monarchy; I think I ſhould ſufficiently anſwer ſo fooliſh a Piece of Raillery, by ſaying only, *they are miſtaken.*

But becauſe ſome Men require more explicit Anſwers than others; I take the Liberty to declare, that I not only now, but on all Occaſions, when there was leſs need of vindicating my Opinion, have declared my Belief to be, that a Monarchy according to the preſent Conſtitution limitted by Parliament, and *dependent upon Law*, is not only the beſt Government in the World; but alſo *the beſt for this Nation in particular*, moſt ſuitable to the *Genius* of the People, and the *Circumſtances* of the whole Body; a *Commonwealth* can never ſuit a Nation where there is *ſo Illuſtrious a Nobility*, and ſo numerous a *Gentry*; the Emulations, Factions and Parties of ſuch Men, are apt to be too turbulent for ſuch a Government. If we were a Nation of *meer Plebeii*, all Commoners, or the like, other Arguments might be us'd: But as it is, I am fully perſwaded of the benefit of a Monarchical Government to the whole Body; and I muſt tell the Objector, no Man is likelier to be a faithful Subject to a Monarchy, than he who is convinc'd in his Judgment of its being, not only a Good Government, but *the beſt for the Publick Benefit.*

But this I can defend without being of opinion, That Kings came down from Heaven *with Crowns upon their Heads*, and the People were all born *with Sadles on their Backs*; I own I am none of *Iſſachar's Aſſes*, nor ſhould I be willing to be govern'd by the *Czar of Muſcovy*; I don't think if a King wanted to walk croſs a dirty High Way, his Majeſty might command 20 or 30 of the Heads of his Followers to be cut off to make Steppings for him, that he might not dirty his *Sacred Shoes*: I profeſs

ſeſs my ſelf a dutyful Subject to the Crown of *England*, and in that word I mean to what Head ſoever on which *the Parliament of England* ſhall place the Crown; but I own no King who ſhall ever wear it without Conſent of Parliament, no King who ſhall after ſuch Conſent employ the Powers of it *to the Deſtruction of the Law*, and Conſtitution of the Nation, who ſhall invade the Property of the Subject, invert the Publick Juſtice, or overthrow the Religion and Liberty of *England*; ſuch a Prince is a Tyrant, and *may be depoſed* by the *ſame Power* that plac'd him upon the Throne; any Hereditary Succeſſion, Pretended Divine Right, Supreme Power, or other Matter, Cauſe or Thing *to the contrary in any wiſe notwithſtanding*.

The Parliament of *England*, Conſiſting of the King, Lords and Commons, are to me the Supreme Channel of Power, the Great Collective Body in Miniature; their Right has a much fairer Character of Divinity upon it than the Regal, being deriv'd from their Propriety in the Freehold; the Land is their own, this Iſland is their own, and every Man has a Right of Government, who has a a Right of Poſſeſſion.

Kings, *ſay our Champions of Abſolute Power*, have their Authority from God, *and from him only*; of ſuch Gentlemen it would be well to ask ſome ſuch Queſtions as theſe; When they receive this Power? And what Kings are they have it? If all Kings have it, then the Uſurper who murthers the Right Heir has it, and Crookback *Richard* had it, and was King *Jure Divino*; and what was *Henry* VII. then? to take up Arms againſt a Rightful, Lawful Prince, who had his Power immediately from the Moſt High, and was accountable to none but him? If Uſurpers have not this Divine Right, Where then will you find it? And what Nation has a Prince whoſe Line did not begin at ſome Period of Uſurpation, or in the Injury of the Right of another; or, in ſhort, by ſome unjuſt Succeſſion?

If a Uſurper then has no Right, he has not a Divine Right; if he has any Right, he is no more an Uſurper.

They that will make no Diſtinction between Perſon and Power in this Caſe, would do well to tell us where this Wonder of a King is born; let them ſhow us this Star, that we may go and worſhip; I think we may fairly challenge them to ſhow us a Line of Kings in the World, that is not full of Uſurpations.

But if we grant *this Divine Right*, and particularly grant it in our own Line, which I believe is as clear from ſuch Interruptions as any in the World can pretend to.

Then a certain Univerſity which burnt the Books of our Late Phanatical Authors concerning the Diſtinctions, between the Perſon and the Power of the King, ſhould now burn the new Diſtinctions between a King *de Jure*, and a King *de Facto*, and ſhould now burn all their Panegyricks and Paſtorals, their Speeches, flattering Declamations, printed by Church-Authority, and made in Praiſe of King *William*, and on the Death of Queen *Mary*.

They would do well to acquaint the World how he came to be King, and her preſent Majeſty to be his Succeſſor; and if K. *James* had a Divine Right, which I believe he had as much as ever any King of *England* had, which is juſt none at all; and if he was accountable to no Body, how

the Church will answer trampling on that Divine Right, and bringing in a Foreign Power to question him for Malversation of Government.

Will they tell us at the *Boyn*, Did they fight against his Person or his Power? Did they there distinguish between the Man and the King? Did they not in Monthly Fasts and Daily Prayers, give God thanks for the Peoples Victory over their Late Monarch? Did they not pray for Success against him, and make Bonfires when they had it?

Every Panegyrick upon King *William*, was a Ballad upon King *James*, and a Lampoon upon Divine Right; if this Doctrine have any Truth in it, *these Gentlemen have but little in them*; and the Church of *England* has more to answer for, than all the Churches in the Christian World.

But she is wiser, the Doctrine of Government and Obedience is settled by the Church of *England*, and confirm'd by Parliament; and 'tis an unaccountable Affront to both, but particularly to the Church, to pretend to father this Doctrine upon her, when with Arms in her hands she has declar'd her self to the contrary.

The Church of *England* has not only deposed the King that pretended *to this empty Title*, and that encourag'd this Doctrine, but has deposed the very Doctrine it self; and condemn'd it as absurd and ridiculous, and this both by Practice and Profession; and how should the Church of *England* do any otherwise? when her very Foundation stands *upon this Deposing Power:* Has she not practis'd it to secure her own Foundation, and justified it it as a Necessity very well to be defended? What greater Argument was given for inviting the Prince of *Orange* to come over with an Army? and what greater Argument can be given, *than that* King *James*, mov'd by Popish Counsels, had undermin'd and invaded the Church of *England?* —This was the universal Complaint, the Fact was true beyond Contradiction; the Attempt was not denied even by those that were concern'd in it: For this the Church of *England* had recourse to a Foreign Power: for this she took Arms, and Fled for recourse *to her Native Right*, and to the *People of England*, who at all times were her Refuge, and who ever will be so.

Nor is this the first time the People of *England* have done thus by a great many, the Barons Wars are standing Records of the just Title the *English* Nation had to their Antient Privileges, and by Consequence, to defend them when invaded even by their Kings themselves; the several Contraventions of Treaties, Breaches of Oaths, and Invasions of Right in King *John* against the Liberties of his Subjects, we find justified the Treaty they made with Prince *Lewis*, Son to the King of *France*, who the *English* Nobility and Gentry invited over, to free them from the Male-administration of the Tyrant, and whom they join'd with all their Forces at his Arrival, defeating their King by his Assistance in the Battle near *Lincoln*.

And after the Death of King *John*, when the Earl Marshal in a Speech perswaded the *English* Nobility to accept of the young Prince *Henry* Son of King *John* to be their King; he recommends him not barely as his Son, or having a Divine Right in his Succession, but as he had by his tender Years been capable of no part in the Evil Government of his Father, he desires them to pity his Youth, and not deprive him for

for the Sin of his Father: Upon which they unanimouſly made him King.

I know no Parallel Caſe ſo exactly Suits the calling over the Prince of *Orange*, as this calling over Prince *Lewis*: Nor was it from any ſenſe of King *John*'s Title, or their want of a juſt Right to Depoſe him, that they did not actually declare *Lewis* of *France* their King: But firſt K. *John* did not Abdicate and leave the Kingdom, and conſequently the Throne vacant; and had not King *James* done ſo in too much haſte for him, it had been very difficult to have declar'd King *William* during his Life; but the *French* began to be inſolent and haughty, and rendred themſelves intolerable to the *Engliſh*; which alienated the minds of the People, and eſpecially of the Gentry from them, and ſerv'd to haſten the acknowledging the Son of their late King.

Nor had it been any Queſtion, but that had King *James* left a Son in *England* behind him a Proteſtant, and claiming the Crown, he would have had it——But had the Birth of his Son been unqueſtion'd here, his carrying him away into *France* certainly depriv'd him as effectually as it did his Father.

The next General Inſtance of the Peoples taking up Arms in *England* againſt their Sovereign, is in the time of King *Charles* I. I know there were Wars in *England* on various Occaſions between the Houſes of *Lancaſter* and *York*, beſides the Quarrel between *Rich.* 3. and *Hen.* D. of *Richmond*; but theſe were rather Diſputes of Rival Titles to the Crown, than univerſal Deſertions of the oppreſt People from their Subjection to their invading Princes.

But examining the Reign of King *Charles* I. you find none of the Nations either of *England*, *Scotland*, or *Ireland*, diſputing the Legality of his Title to Govern, but the Legality of his Governing——And therefore with Submiſſion to ſome Gentlemen, who will not bear the Compariſon between the Late Revolution, and the Parliament-War, I muſt ſay, that diſtinguiſhing rightly, the Compariſon is very juſt, and the Parts have an exact Connexion, ſo far as it was a Parliament-War.

It is therefore for want of diſtinguiſhing rightly of the ſeveral Parts of thoſe Tranſactions, which Cauſes the Beginners of one Action, to entitle Heaven to the Wonders of the Revolution, and the other fall under the Scandal of Rebellion.

I know ſome People will not bear the Compariſon, and ſometimes are apt to let their Patience forſake them when 'tis attempted: but if they return to their Temper, be pleas'd to let their Judgments be guided by the Nature of things, and the true Hiſtory of thoſe Times guide them, they will ſee leſs difference here than perhaps they imagine.

To clear up this Point, it will be neceſſary to examine the Originals of both theſe Wars.

The Complaints of the People in thoſe days againſt the King's Invaſion of their Rights, are not only acknowledg'd to be juſt by my Lord *Clarendon*, who ſufficiently blames the Conduct of that King; but even by that King himſelf, when he paſs'd the Famous Petition of Right, a thing in its own Nature exactly the ſame with the Declaration of Right at the Revolution: The words of the King at the paſſing that Petition, which was converted into a Law, were, *Soit Droit comme il eſt Deſiré.*

Let

Let Right be done you, as you Demand—A plain Acknowledgment, not only that it was their Right they demanded; but alſo that they had a Right to demand it.

The ſeveral Conceſſions at other Times made by the King, *whoſe Misfortune was ſometimes to grant too much, and at other times to little*, were plain Acknowledgments, that he had given them good occaſion to complain.

'Twas for theſe Rights afterwards invaded, that the Parliament and the King unhappily differ'd; I won't trouble the Reader with the Debate, who began the War, who run things to needleſs Extremities, or whether both Sides, *Led by England's Fate*, did not incur the blame of being too blind to the Calamities that enſued——But I no way excuſe what the Conſequence of theſe things was in excuſing the firſt Contrivers and Beginners of them from having the leaſt hand in, or Deſign of bringing things to the Extremities that follow'd.

There were a great many honeſt Gentlemen in that Parliament, who, tho' they thought themſelves oblig'd in Duty to their Poſterity, to contend with the utmoſt Vehemence for the Liberty of their Country, yet had no manner of Deſign to Dethrone the Monarchy, overturn and ſubvert the Conſtitution, and bring this Nation under the Tyrranny of a Standing Army.

As to the Death of the King, their future Behaviour teſtified for them, both in their Treatment of the King, while he was in their Power, and their Reſentment of the Uſage he met with when he was taken out of their Power, by the Soldiers, That they were innocent ſo much as of the Thought.

I cannot deny what I have ſo often affirm'd in another Caſe, which I ſay is parallel to this, that from the time they took up Arms, every Battle fought, every ſhot made, every Gun fired, was a tacit killing the King, and that ſo every Member of that Parliament had a hand in killing the King.

But when theſe Gentlemen had brought the War to a Concluſion, and had the King in their Power, What did they do? did they not according to their Treaty with the *Scots*, treat him with Freedom, Honour and Safety? Did they not ſeriouſly apply themſelves to a Treaty with him for the ſettling the Nation, upon ſuch a Foundation as they thought agreeable to what they had fought for? And did they not conſent to reſtore him to his Crown and Dignity, and to return to their Obedience upon ſuch Conditions as were ſuitable to their firſt Demands? and had they not gone ſo far, and the King ſo far complyed, as that they voted the King's Conceſſions a ſufficient Ground of a Treaty?

Thus far I do ſtill inſiſt upon it, That the Parallel between the *Civil* War, or *Parliament* War, or *Rebellion*, call it which you will; and the Inviting over, Joyning with, and Taking up Arms under the Prince of *Orange*, againſt King *James*, ſeems to me to be very exact, the drawing ſuch a Parallel very juſt, and the Foundation proceeding, and Iſſue juſt the ſame.

I have nothing to do here with the Conſequences of the Action, the Parliament-Men and others concern'd in that War, could no more have it in their Deſign to deſtroy the Perſon of King *Charles* I. or the *Engliſh* Gentry that invited over the Prince of *Orange*, have it in their Deſign to form

form the Revolution that follow, then either of them could foreſee the ſubſequent Iſſues of their Undertaking, before it was begun.

Neither of them can deny, the Deſtruction of their King, might for ought they knew be the Conſequences of the War, or by an alternate Fortune, their own deſtruction might be the ſame: But the neceſſity of putting both to the hazard was certainly equal, and the Lawfulneſs equal by the ſame Conſequence; and I canot go from it, that both the ſaid Wars were raiſed upon the ſame Foundation, *viz.* the Crown, invading the Laws and Liberties of the Subject. How any People can then *Defend the inviting over the Prince of Orange*, to check the Invaſions of King *James* II. and at the ſame time condemn the taking Arms againſt the Invaſions of King *Charles* I. remains to be reſolv'd.

If they will prove that the Invaſions of Right, Property, and Engliſh Laws were not equal, or proportionably ſo; nor the Actions of both equally illegal, they muſt deny what the Parties themſelves have acknowledg'd by their attempting to undo them again when too late.

If they will prove that one Prince had *more Right to impoſe* upon his Subjects than the other, and that the Subjects *then* ought to bear what the Subjects *now* ought to reſent, the Caſe will alter, and I ſhall patiently expect ſome ſuch Arguments to juſtify this: But if I am diſappointed in that, I ſhall ceaſe to wonder, when I reflect that Impoſſibilities are not to be expected.

But all theſe things are anſwered by one ſort of Men, and they are ſuch as argue, That neither of theſe Actions are juſtifiable at all; That the King receiving his Authority from no human Sanction, but from God alone, is accountable to none *but Him*; That *his Right* is Inherent, *his Perſon* Sacred, and the Obedience of his Subjects *a Debt of Religion*, in Obedience to the Commands of God; and conſequently muſt be without Reſerve.

To ſuch I am not ſpeaking in the Preface, *but in the Book*; and ſhall refer them to it; the *Satyr* is theirs: This Part is directed to another ſort of Folk, and therefore is wrote in another Dialect; I only ask theſe, what is all this to the Parallel I draw between the Parliament War, and *the taking up Arms* againſt King *James*, both which were begun upon the ſame Foundation, and againſt the ſame Perſon, on the ſame Pretence?

Both are expreſs'd and deſcrib'd by the ſame Phraſe or Form of Words; both are the *Engliſh* Nation or Parliament taking Arms, upon the account of their Liberties invaded, and Laws diſpenſed with, by the Arbitrary Will of their Princes.

Both are the Subjects taking Arms againſt their Sovereign, which if it be not lawful on any account, confirms the Parallel, and both ſhall join in meriting the Title of a Rebellion; if it may be lawful on any Account, then it will only remain to examine, whether of the two can put in the faireſt Claim to the Right of taking Arms for their Liberty?

And not to enter here into the Melancholy Exmination of the Particulars, I leave it to any Body to examine, whether the Invaſion of Liberty, without Conſent in Parliament, diſpenſing with Laws, diſcontinuing Parliaments, and oppreſſing the Subject in the Reign of King *Charles*, were not equal to the ſame, or ſuch like Articles, under the Adminiſtra-

tion of King *James* II. and let but the Advocates of this Matter deal impartially; and whenever they bring a Hiſtorical Parallel between the Reigns, I fear not an effectual Confirmation of my Propoſition?

I cannot but remind my Readear to do me Juſtice, for many are they that catch at the Sound of things, and miſplace words; but let them *take me right*, and fix the ſame Periods of the ſeveral Actions as I do; the firſt to the King being forcibly taken out of the hands of the Parliament, by a *Junćto* of the Army, when *His Majeſty's Conceſſions* on one hand, and *his Subjects Conceſſions* on the other, had brought a happy Peace in view, which View was one Reaſon that exaſperated the Army, and to prevent which they thus flew in the Faces of their Maſters, and turn'd that Force upon them, which they ought to have employ'd in their Defence, and by their Order: The other Period they muſt fix at the time of the Retreat of King *James*, and the Convention of Eſtates being Aſſembled to ſettle the *Engliſh* Government, and to reſtore the Liberties of the People, which the Arbitrary Proceedings of that King had ruin'd and ſubverted.

Hitherto both Parties acted upon the ſame Foundation, from the ſame and equally to be juſtified Principles, and kept to their declar'd Deſigns.

What happen'd in both caſes ſubſequent to theſe Periods, may be reckoned among the unforeſeen, and remote Conſequences, which no Man could have been charg'd with projecting in the firſt Deſign, and are not at all concern'd in the Diſpute.

I no more believe that the firſt Raiſers of the Civil War, *ſuppoſe the Parliament Agreſſors*, ever deſign'd to have brought the King to a formal Trial, and to the Block as a Criminal, or foreſaw any ſuch Event in that War; than the firſt Signers of the Invitation to the Prince of *Orange* could foreſee or deſign King *James*'s Abdication, and the future Settlement of the Crown: Nor can any Man form a rational Conjecture from whence, to make it probable, that either of theſe could be foreſeen on either hand.

As the Chances of War and the various Succeſſes of Actions of this Nature are unaccountable, and Men that act on ſuch Occaſions are anſwerable for the Conſequences of ſuch Actions, whether foreſeen or no: *So indeed*, either ſide are accountable for the things that follow'd; and how juſtifiable both are, I refer to Hiſtory and this Book; but the Buſineſs I am here upon, is, whether the Caſes are alike, or no, and I profeſs not to be able to ſee the Difference.

The War in both Articles began with the ſame Pretences, on the ſame Principles, in the ſame Manner, the Complainers alledge the ſame thing, the Kings acted almoſt the ſame things, and the Iſſue brought forth the ſame event, *viz.* Depoſing the King.

What Difference there was in the ſubſequent Proceedings, I ſay again is nothing to the purpoſe I am upon: nor can I concern my ſelf to enquire, whether Suffering of Death or Exile were moſt grievous, or moſt Criminal; thoſe things admit of Diſpute, and are *too ſad to make merry with*; but thus far I think the Parallel is very plain, and cannot be deny'd, that the Reaſon of the War is the ſame, and one cannot be juſtified without the other.

And yet, ſhould I enter into the Enquiry, which of the two Kings had the

the worſt Treatment; I confeſs my ſelf at ſome Loſs to determine; and therefore to thoſe Gentlemen that are angry at an Expreſſion of mine in another place, concerning the Difference between *Dry* and *Wet* Matyrdome; I take the Liberty to ſay,

That either reſpecting the Suffering it ſelf;

Or, The manner preceding it—— If I might be at liberty to ſay what I think; 'tis really my Opinion, That King *James* went thro' the moſt, and with more cutting Aggravations; and let the Cenſurers of this do me Juſtice, I fear incurring no blame from Men of impartial, diſcerning, unbyaſs'd Judgments.

It is not material to enquire into the Cauſes here, or what brought either of theſe Unfortunate Princes into Diſtreſs; but I am ſpeaking as to the Weight of their Sufferings, reſpecting themſelves, and the Guilt of the Perſons, reſpecting the Inſtruments.

1. As to the Weight of the Sufferings, I am clear in it; tho' in this I pretend but to ſpeak my own Opinion, that all the formidable Terrors of the Axe and the Scaffold, with their preceding Violences, I mean from the time the King fell into the hands of the Army to his Death, could not amount to a Ballance of the Exile, the Inſults, the unſufferable Treachery of Friends, and this added to the length of Time, which the late King had to ſtruggle with in his Depoſing.

Death is an immediate Gate of Deliverance to ſuch Preſſures as are beyond the Power of Fleſh and Blood to ſupport; and tho' the Weight of all ſorts muſt be very heavy, under which King *Charles* the firſt fell, yet it had ſome Alleviations which this had not.

1. He had the Satisfaction to ſee, that his numerous Friends had ſtuck to him faithfully; that tho' he was over-powered by his Enemies, yet he had thouſands of his Faithful Subjects had ſpent their Blood in his Service, and the Remnant continued true to him to the laſt, only wanted Ability.

2. He ſaw the very People whoſe Power had reduc'd him, look'd on the Violences he then ſuffered with the utmoſt Regret; That it was a new undiſcovered Mine, ſet on fire from below, under which the whole Conſtitution at that time ſeem'd to lie buryed as well as he; and that the very Men who took up Arms againſt him for their Liberty, yet abhorr'd the extending their Victory to his Deſtruction.

3. Had he thought fit, *as few Princes but he would have ſtuck at it*, to have abandon'd the Biſhops, he might long before that have been Re-eſtabliſh'd.

Other Circumſtances I omit, which I might bring to prove the Alleviations of Sorrow on his Side much greater than on King *James*'s: But to come to the other Side.

The late King ſaw himſelf betray'd by his neareſt Friends, abandon'd of thoſe very Men that had led him by the hand into the Snare; a Univerſal Defection, the Exceptions in which were very few; no Body to ſtand by him; thoſe very Men that had ſworn to a Paſſive Abſolute Submiſſion, and taught it to others, *in Arms againſt him.*

He ſaw himſelf ſo entirely deſerted, that he found himſelf incapable of having, *as we ſay*, one day for it, or an Opportunity of ſtriking one Blow for his Crown.

He

He saw himself tos's'd off from his Throne by those very People, who in the Reign before, were most zealous to place him there; he saw those that flattered him with the Sanction of his Person, and his deriving his Authority from God alone, arm'd with Guns and Swords, violating that very Person they pretended to hallow; those that told him he was accountable to none, calling him to an Account for even the very things he had acted by their Advice, and which they had been the Engins to draw him into.

Add to this, that he saw himself driven out of his Kingdom, by a Force he had the least Reason to apprehend; his own Children set upon his Throne by that National Authority, which he had too much contemn'd, and all possible Indignities put upon his Person by the Common People.

Escaping the Tumult and Insults of the Rabble, he fled into *France*; there he liv'd to see his Powerful Ally not able to restore him, the Royal Navy of *France* destroy'd in his Defence, and at last the most bloody War that ever *Europe* saw, began on his Account, but ended without any Relief and his Patron of *France* forc'd to make Peace without him.

He saw his Rival King *William* establish'd at home; acknowledged from abroad, and go home triumphing over his Desperate Fortunes; and all these Severities making Deep Wounds in his Soul by the continuance of 11 years, without prospect of Recovery.

Let any Man ask me, if the Axe and the Scaffold had half the intolerable Weight of this Burthen—I cannot but think I have sufficiently demonstrated that the last, as the passive Part of Valour, as the Greatest, suffered most; as to the active Part, and the Persons afflicting, to me it is still the same, and the Guilt of the last rather exceeds that of the first.

And here let me enter a due Caution; I do not by heightning the Guilt of the last, Attempt to lessen the Guilt of the first, nor am I concern'd in it.

The first was all Tumult, Army, and Rabble; their Violence was equal on the Nation, as on the Person of the King; they Dethron'd not the King only, but the Constitution; they beheaded the very Govenment; Government as well as the Governour;—It was an unaccountable Torrent, like a Flood from the Sea driven upon the Land by some strong Tempest, which when it has forc'd its way over all Bounds, and broke down all the legal Banks and Opposition, Drowns the Country, and many innocent People are destroy'd by the violence of it; but when it has spent its Force, returns with the like Fury and Impetuosity, and at last ends in its Native Ocean; and so did this.

That these violences were illegal, rebellious, bloody, and barbarous, and that the King and many others of the best Families in *England*, and some of those that were of the first that took Arms against him, fell under it, was what indeed was to be expected from such a Storm; and of these it shall be said, That as a Man fell before wicked Men, so fell *Abner*.

But take even this Army, this Rabble of Soldiery; nay, add to them all the Designing Party, and those, if any such there were, who had the Destruction both of King and Constitution in their View from the beginning, all does not amount to the Treachery, the Baseness and abo-

minable

minable Hypocriſy of theſe Men, who did all this Violence to King *James*, after they, *the very ſame individual Perſons*, had prompted him to all the unhappy Steps he took, juſtified the very Arbitrary Proceedings and illegal Practices they afterwards expos'd him for; nay, and ſome of them the very Inſtruments which aſſiſted him in acting them.

This unſufferable Treachery in the People he truſted, aggravated their Crime and his ſuffering, beyond all that I think can be ſaid of K. *Charles* I.

To ſay they did not murther him, is to ſay nothing, his Share, *as to them I mean*, I think exceeded that of his Fathers, and if their Crimes will admit of Compariſons, certainly the laſt exceeded all that ever went before them.

They did not try him and cut off his Head; That had been *One coup de Grace*, they were 11 Years a Murthering of him, and he languiſh'd all that while under their Treachery: And this is what I mean by the *Dry* and *Wet* Martyrdom; and if the Gentlemen that Object againſt the Compariſon pleaſe to enter into the Particulars, they will find the Dry, Starving, Betraying Martyrdom of King *James*, exceed the other.

Not that I think the Revolution founded upon any thing of this Treachery, however aſſiſtant it was to bring the Revolution to paſs, nor do I argue that the Depoſing King *James* was an unjuſt Action, becauſe it came as the Conſequence of the People of *England* takIng Arms to defend their Liberties and Laws which were manifeſtly invaded——But that reſpects thoſe People who ſuffered by, and complain'd of thoſe Invaſions and Oppreſſions.

For King *James* was not Depoſed by thoſe, otherwiſe than eventually; theſe were the Cauſes of all this; theſe Men led him into this Snare, ſwore their Allegiance to him upon abſolute reſigning Terms; ſign'd a Licenſe to him to be a Tyrant, *as far as concern'd their part:* They own'd him as a Monarch *Jure Divino*, of Right inherent, Power Abſolute, and Perſon Sacred, and when they had thus led him to the Gulph, they puſh'd him in, and not only abandon'd him, but purſued him with the ſame Violence they had condemn'd others for beſore; one and all, they drew the Sword againſt the Lord's Anointed, call'd him to an Account whom they had ſworn to as Unaccountable, and ruin'd him for thoſe very Actions they had thruſt him upon before.

After they had made his Caſe ſo deſperate, and puſh'd him upon things ſo unjuſtifiable and unaccountable, that ſore'd even his beſt Friends, and his own Houſhold and Children to fly from him; how did theſe Men defend him? how did they ſtand by him with their Lives and Fortunes, things they had ſo often Bantered him with; How did they that addreſs'd him with Thanks for his Standing Army to Day, to Morrow addreſs the Prince of *Orange*, with perhaps like Hypocritical Thanks for reſcuing them from the Slavery and Tyranny of the ſame Standing Army? How did they, that in their frequent Addreſſes *to ſtand by him* with their Lives and Fortunes, indeed ſtand by and look on at his Deſtruction, reſerving thoſe Lives and Fortunes to cheat his Succeſſor with?

Thus they put him to *Dry* Martyrdom, drove him from his Throne, ſent him to ſeek Safety, and even Subſiſtence from Foreign Courts; to live an exil'd Stranger in other Countries——And periſh under all the Miſeries of a Baniſhment, that, to a great Mind, is worſe than Death.

To ſay he was entertain'd and receiv'd well abroad, is nothing to them, to the utmoſt of their Power, they ſtarv'd him; and thus they murther'd him, as I call it; and what he endur'd by their Treachery, both as to the Perſon ſuffering, and Perſons procuring, was in this much greater than that of his Father.

As to the reſt of the Nation, ſuch as never conſented to arbitrary Invaſions of Liberty, arbitrary Diſpenſings with the Laws, and Arbitrary Governing by an Army, they had really no other hand in the late King's Diſaſters, than what he ought to have expected; they never profeſt Submiſſion beyond the Bounds of the Law; never told the King he might do what he pleas'd with them, and that their Wives, Lives, Children and Eſtates were his Cattle, and his Goods to diſpoſe at his Pleaſure; they never told him that his Authority, was equal with that of God himſelf; and to reſiſt him, tho' he ſhould turn Tyrant, was a Damning Sin.

They alway knew a Legal Obedience, and no other; they underſtood themſelves bound to reſiſt Violence of all ſorts, and to be at Liberty to oppoſe all that ſhould attempt the Life of the Conſtitution, as the univerſal Enemies of their Country; this they had practſed in all Ages, and ſo had other Nations likewiſe, and King *James* could expect no other from them.

The Sum of all is this; all Nations determine, That Kings who invade their Peoples Liberties, break in upon Conſtitutions, and the Sacred *Poſtulata* of Government; that oppreſs their Subjects, and impoſe unjuſt and intolerable things upon them, MAY BE RESISTED; be it by calling in and joyning with Foreign Aid, or be it by taking Arms in the Defence of the Law and Common Liberty; this is what is declar'd in the Revolution, and this is the Foundation upon which the Parliament took Arms in the Time of King *Charles* I.

And upon this very ſcore, tho' in the Common Stile they were call'd Rebels, yet at the Treaty of *Uxbridge*, his Majeſty condeſcended to treat with them as an *Engliſh* Parliament, and ſuch they certainly then were, however afterward diſpoſeſs'd and cruſh'd by the Soldiery; And in the Matter of War, the King even from the firſt, voluntarily declin'd treating them as Rebells, but gave Quarter of War to their Men, Exchang'd and Ranſom'd their Priſoners, and in all things us'd them as fair Enemies; and the like without doubt would have been done, had King *James* the Second ſtood out with his Subjects, and it had gone on to a War.

From all theſe things it appears, that it has never been the Opinion of the People of *England*, that the Sacred Right of their Princes extended to protect them againſt the Laws; or that if they acted contrary to their Duty and Contract, they were forbid even to Diſplace and Dethrone them.

From whence then, and for what ends the Modern Politicks of theſe Ages have uſher'd this Monſter into the World, would merit ſome Hiſtory, were it not directly to be anſwer'd in a very few words.

The Riſe, Birth and Introduction of this Piece of Inconſiſtence in Reaſoning, I take to be properly accounted for, thus: A meer Device, and politick Invention, furniſh'd from the Fountain of Miſchief, *viz.* Man's corrupt yet fruitful Imagination, prompted by the Author of all Miſchief, the

the Devil; calculated for the erecting, and found out by ſuch as purpoſed to introduce Tyranny, and abſolute Government in the World.

In theſe, and in their Plots againſt human Liberty, and Civil Society, this Creature had its Birth; ſince 'tis evident nothing can ſerve ſo naturally to the Helliſh Purpoſe of ſubduing the Civil Rights of a Nation, as firſt to captivate their Minds, and infuſe Notions of ſomething Sacred, either in the Perſon or Authority of the Wretch they were to be oppreſs'd by: Thus the way is made ſmooth for all the horrid Excurſions of the moſt vicious and encroaching Tyrants in the World; for who in his Senſes would reſiſt the Voice of the King, if once he were bigotted into an Opinion that it was in a perfect Conjunction with, had a reſemblance of, and was back'd with Sacred Authority, from the Commands of God.

And this doubtleſs was the Occaſion of the Profane Attempts in the Caſe of ſeveral of the *Roman* and *Grecian* Tyrants, of cauſing Divine Honours to be paid them; by this they obtain'd ſo much upon the ſubjected Minds of the Poor-*impoſed-upon*-Multitude, that theſe entirely gave up their Liberties to the Abſolute Tyranny of every barbarous Inhuman Wretch: and who could queſtion but it would be ſo, when once the Folly of Men was prevail'd upon to believe the Divinity of the Tyrant,

Who would not, *if the Gods ſhould rule*, Obey.

Thus this Deluſion gain'd upon the World, as a ſtudyed Introduction to Univerſal Bondage——And nothing elſe could have made us ſtoop in theſe wiſer Ages, *as we ſay they are, of the World*; Nothing could ſo well have reconcil'd us to the Abſurdities of Arbitrary Power, as to back the Preposterous Notion with ſtrange Suppoſitions of a Sacred Stamp upon the *Royal Thing* impoſing, as a proper handle to prepare our Subjection to what on no other Terms, or by no other Method we could be brought to.

And yet as all evil Deſigns generally ruin themſelves, by puſhing too far a certain Token of the Wrong Foundation they ſtand on, ſo it was here; for had they been content to have fix'd the Sacred upon the Office, and not altogether upon the Perſon of the Monarch, they might by their uſual Artifice have run us a great way blindfold; but as they foreſaw that would not ſo entirely vindicate the conſtant Enormities committed by ſuch Flagrant Wretches as God for the Execution of his Judgments ſometimes thinks fit to ſuffer on the Thrones of Power; ſo, like Men reſolv'd to anſwer every End, and, if poſſible to bring deluded Nations into an abſolute Subjection to the Devil, under the Notion of a God, they inſiſt upon the Divinity of the Perſon of a King, inherent in himſelf.

Whether this inherent Divinity, is convey'd to him by his Office, or his Line, they have not yet thought fit to determine, but have left it as one of the unſurmountable Difficulties of the *Phænomena* of Tyranny by Divine Right, which future Ages may Solve if they can; or rather, which will riſe up againſt the Forgery, with ſuch unanſwerable Violence, as muſt ſome time or other effectually undeceive the World, and reſtore Men to their Senſes.

For

For if Kings have their Divinity by Line, then none can have it but the Line; 'tis an Inheritance of the Royal Blood, from the first Great Prince that Heaven deputed it to, and every Branch of that Line must enjoy it; who that Prince was, when the Sanction was impress'd upon him, and entail'd on his Posterity, is a Mystery yet unfolded; but where he found how the most antient Family now reigning will do to *Cap. Pedegrees*, and derive from that sanctified Blood, is a new Difficulty past any mortal Reach, and the ready way to bring some Scandal upon all the Families of Royal Blood in the World, as Upstarts and Usurpers.

If puzzled with this Wilderness-Inquiry, they would on the other hand remove the Sacred from the Line to the Office, that is, the Possession; they open the Door to all manner of Violence and Usurpation, since then he that has the Crown, becomes equally Divine with him that ought to have it, and the Usurper is as Sacred as the most rightful Monarch in the World.

Other Absurdities also would follow here, *viz.* a Person might be Sacred to day, and not to morrow; if Sacred at all, it could not be lawful to Dethrone him; and yet if Dethron'd, the Person who did it, by whatsoever Violence, Injustice, Cruelty or Blood, by his stepping into the Seat, became *ipso facto* as Divine, as Sacred, and as much to be obey'd upon pain of Damnation, as he; and so *vice versa* from Tyrant to Tyrant, as often as Providence thought fit to let Power overcome Right in the World.

I shall no more Trouble my Reader with searching this Maze of Folly, its ridiculous and inconsistent Nature merits rather to be expos'd than Debated; and therefore was this *Satyr* wrote; in which, if this Football of *Jure Divino* is not sufficiently kick'd about, you must blame the Ability, not the Good Will of the Author.

I know it has been expected I should in this Book have examin'd into all the Parts of Tyranny, as well Ecclesiastical as Civil, and perhaps there had been room enough for *Satyr* upon our Church-Tyranny; espe- as it has been lately practis'd, and since endeavour'd to be Re-establish'd in *England*.

But I have wav'd this unpleasant task for many Reasons, and some of them are as follow.

1. Because it seems to be at an end in *England*, I look on it as a Lyon slain, buried in the Grave of the Popish Invasions, and Arbitrary Encroachments of the Late Reigns of King C——s and King J——s II. a Criminal convicted by the Revolution, and executed by the Legal Toleration, which is part of the Establishment of these Nations; and a thing on which too much now depends, to give us any just Concern for its Danger: Persecution, and Priestly Tyranny, has receiv'd its Mortal Wound; in vain have been all the Attempts to revive it——And I doubt not, so they will continue.

2. As the Sovereignty of Conscience has gain'd the Victory over Party-Invasion, and the Church her self has disown'd the Doctrine of Persecution, as *a thing contrary to her Doctrine*, and contrary to *the Principles of the Christian Religion*, it cannot be that a Resurrection of that Spirit can happen in this Nation, till *England* shall so far forget her self, as to contradict

contradict *her own Doctrine*, and act *contrary to the Principles* of the Chriſtian Religion.

And ſhould that unhappy time ever come to paſs in *England*, when the Church, by the Errors and Impoſitions of any Party, ſhall be brought to ſuch Excentrick Meaſures, they may depend upon it, that when ſhe comes to her ſelf again, ſhe will return to the ſame Moderation, which ſhe owns by her Principle to be juſt.

Perſecution therefore which is a meer Church-Tyranny, is an Enemy Conquer'd, abſolutely ſubdued, and I think Probabilities juſtify me ſpeaking with Aſſurance, will never have a Reſurrection again in this Nation.

There can but one thing reſtore the Dominion of this evil Spirit in this Nation, and that muſt be the Return of Popery upon us; and if this ſort of Perſecution comes among us, it will make no difference between Church of *England* and *Diſſenter*, but Perſecution reſpecting Proteſtantiſm in General will be our Fate; and how odious will Proteſtant-Perſecution look then! All equally differ and diſſent from Popery; I hope they will not puſh me upon entring on the ungrateful Compariſon of who differs moſt, or whoſe Principle is remoteſt from the Church of *Rome*; if Popery prevails, the whole Proteſtant Church will be one Body of *Diſſenters* under the Burthen of Eccleſiaſtical Perſecution, and under a Church-Tyranny, which the Chriſtian Religion abhors; and ſome that are very forward to perſecute for the private Opinions of Men, would do well to conſider.

1. How naturally their tearing one another to Pieces by unreaſonable and unchriſtian Feuds, tends to pulling down the Proteſtant Intereſt in General in theſe Nations; laying open the Fences and Fortifications of the Church, which ſo much conſiſt in a General Unity, and expoſeing her to be devour'd by Popery and Superſtition.

2. How readily it fills the Mouths of the Enemies of the Church, who wait for her halting with, Arguments againſt the very Foundation of her Principles, that while ſhe blames the *Roman* Church for Coercives, and the Fury of Church-Tyranny, ſhe at the ſame time falls upon her weak Brethren that offer to ſeparate from her Communion, and to tear them to pieces by like unjuſtifiable Tyranny.

The moſt neceſſary Application I can make from hence, is, That Perſecution is *a Seed of the Devil*, born of *Civil Tyranny*, and degenerated into a meaner Species or Kind than its Original; for I readily confirm this Maxim,

That of all Plagues with which Mankind is Curſt,
Eccleſiaſtick Tyranny's the worſt.

'Tis plain, *Perſecution* is a thing really odious and hateful to all Nations, and therefore moſt Religions in the World moſt induſtriouſly avoid the Challenge, and either ſtrive to throw it off from one another, or excuſe themſelves by Charging it upon their Neighbours; alſo thinking to extenuate the Crime, by having it allow'd to be univerſal.

The Church of *Rome* began with this, and *Saunders* the Jeſuit reproaches the Church of *England* with perſecuting their Fellow-Hereticks,

even as soon as they were but just got out of the Reach of Fire and Faggot themselves.

The Church of *England* on the other hand, reproaches the Dissenters with the same Spirit, boasting the Pretences to the *Jure Divino* of *Presbytery*, instancing farther in the late Proclamation for banishing Prelatick Ministers in *Scotland*, the Persecution of the *Quakers* in *New-England*, and the like.

The Truth is, no Church, *but that of Rome*, professes Persecution; and that I may not charge the *Roman Catholicks* with the Article of Persecution without Ground, I refer the Reader to the Oath of a Bishop to the Pope, set down at large in my Lord Bishop of *Salisbury*'s History of the Reformation; "Hereticks, Schismaticks, and Rebells, to our Holy "Father and his Successors, I shall RESIST AND PERSECUTE to "my Power. *Hist. Reform. Vol.* 1. *f.* 123. So that the Church of *Rome* were bound by Oath to persecute those that were deem'd Schismaticks and Hereticks.

But in the Church of *England* its quite different, and as the Nature of her Constitution is inconsistent with the persecuting Principle, the Reformation having begun in an Abhorrence of Persecution; so to me it is a Declaration never to be forgotten, which we found in the Preamble to the first Occasional Bill, and tho' some have taken Care to obliterate it, by leaving it out in the second Bill, I cannot but on all Occasions repeat it, in order to perpetuate it to Posterity, as a thing which deserves to be recorded to the Honour of the Church of *England*, viz. *Whereas Persecution for Conscience Sake is contrary to the Principles of the Christian Religion, and to the Doctrine of the Church of* England, *&c.* Be it Enacted——

Under all these Circumstances I cannot but take the Freedom to say, the Protestant Religion in *England* seems to Triumph over Persecution, without any Fear or Danger of its recovering its self in time to come; Toleration is now a Publick Right by Law, as it was before a Right of Conscience; and would the Patrons of Tyranny suffer themselves to judge impartially, and put the Civil Peace of the Nation in the Balance with their private Sense of things, they cannot but judge that Toleration of Religious Dissenters is most suited to the General Good both of Religion, Civil Government, and the Common Interests of Nations.

I would not here enter the Dissenter's Claim of Right to the Toleration they now enjoy, were it not that we are so often told that Toleration to Dissenters in *England* is the meer Grace and Bounty of the Church.

That if it were so, we had a great deal to thank them for, I readily own, and no Man should be more forward to own, and upon all Occasions acknowledge the Debt——But however I would not lessen the Charity and Tenderness of the Church, abstracted from the Impositions of *Court-Interest*, Party-Contrivance, and all the Powerful *Et Cetera*'s that prevail'd with her to be made *a Tool of Popery*, to weaken her self and her Brethren; I must yet be allow'd to say the Dissenters enjoy their Toleration as a Capitulation or Treaty of Union, when they join'd with the Church of *England* upon sure Foundations, never to be shaken, but

but by ſomething that muſt overturn Nation, Conſtitution, and Proteſtant Religon together.

The Stipulations of this Treaty were Toleration of Diſſenters, ſignified in the Memorial to the Prince, delivered at the *Hague*, Recapitulated in his Declaration * upon his coming over, *of which he was Guarantee*, and in Dependance upon which the Diſſenters rejected a precarious illegal Liberty offered them by King *James*, founded upon his Diſpenſing Power, and join'd heartily with the Church of *England*. The Stipulations of this Treaty, I ſay, were Liberty to Tender Conſciences to be ſettled by Act of Parliament, which is in Engliſh, an Act of Toleration.

I forbear to enlarge upon this Head, becauſe I have at large inſiſted upon it; and I think effectually clear'd it up in another place; and I never yet met with any Perſon that thought fit to debate the Particulars.

But when I am ſpeaking of this Article of Toleration of Religion, Liberty of Conſcience, and the like, it naturally occurs to examine the Pretences of thoſe Gentlemen who preſs the Diſſenters, and I muſt ſay very imprudently as to the Matter of Univerſal Toleration; and that I may not be charg'd with taking them at an Advantage, I ſhall not tye them up to the literal Senſe of their words; but take them in their own declar'd Meaning.

Mr. *Stephens* in a certain, *to him unhappy*, *Libel* upon the Government, entitled, *A Letter to the Author of the Memorial of the State of* England, has an Expreſſion to this Purpoſe; *Whether it might not be for the Intereſt of the Diſſenters to declare themſelves for an Univerſal Toleration of all Opinions meerly Religious?*

Mr. *Toland* ſince that deſigning ſomething for the Preſs upon this Head, ſends three Letters, one to the *Presbyterians*, one to the *Independents*, and one to the *Baptiſt* Congregations, to move them to declare themſelves on this Article of Univerſal Toleration, and deſires them to give him their Anſwer in Writing, which I have been told he deſign'd to Publiſh.

I will not determine here for any Body but my ſelf, and therefore theſe Gentlemen muſt not pretend to take my Anſwer here for the General Opinion of the Diſſenters; but as I venture my private Opinion in this Caſe, all Men are at Liberty to paſs their Judgments upon it as they ſee convenient.

Mr. *Stephens* propoſes this to the Diſſenters as a thing which he thinks a Debt from them with reſpect to the Papiſts, who Charge the Proteſtants in General with Perſecuting Principles, and as he ſeems alſo to inſinuate, that nothing but this can entitle them to a right of Toleration themſelves; and this is plain from his own Words,

All Men have a Right to the Liberty of their Conſciences, except thoſe who have denied that Liberty to others.

What he afterwards Deſigns, by proving the Church of *England* has denied Liberty, and has perſecuted others for Conſcience, I know not, nor can I infer any thing from it; but that therefore he thinks the Church of *England* merits not the Toleration ſhe did refuſe to give; if this be the meaning, the Papiſts are more beholden to that Gentleman than the Church of *England*, whoſe Cloth he wears.

But why muſt the Diſſenters declare themſelves *for* univerſal Toleration? or why *for* or *againſt*? Why declare themſelves at all?

Mr.

* Vid. *The 8th Article of the Prince of* Orange's *Declaration.*

Mr. *Toland* in his Letter urges a kind of Neceſſity of it, to remove the Scandals endeavour'd to be thrown upon the Diſſenters, as a People of a perſecuting Temper; and that while they make loud Complaints againſt Perſecution, talk much of the Sovereignty of Conſcience, and the Right of Mankind to a Liberty of worſhipping God their own way, they themſelves, were the Power put in their hands, would puſh upon Coercives, aſſert the Divine Right of their own Conſtitution, and make equal Reſtraints upon their Fellow Chriſtians that differ'd from them in Opinion; and to clear them of this Scandal, that Gentleman thinks it ſtands them in ſtead to undeceive the World in the point of their Charity, and the Wideneſs of their Principles, and to juſtify themſelves to the World.

I will not ſuſpect, much leſs diſpute the Expreſſions of Tenderneſs and ſincere Regard to the Intereſt and Reputation of Religion in General, and of the Diſſenters in particular, which Mr. *Toland* profeſſes to be the true Motives of his deſiring them to make ſuch a publick Declaration, but leave it here till I ſpeak to it in General.

Mr. *Stephens*'s Deſire to have the Diſſenters declare themſelves for this Univerſal Toleration, ſeems to be a Challenge to them, to make out their Title to Toleration themſelves, ſince by his Rule no Men have any Claim to Toleration for their own Opinion that would not grant Toleration to others.

But ſuppoſing, *tho' I do not grant it*, that the Diſſenters in *England* are not for Tolerating all Opinions; I would ask, Does it follow from thence, that they muſt not be Tolerated?

All Opinions that are meerly Religious, are not equally Orthodox: Now if my Opinion be really in it ſelf, Doctrinally ſound, tho' not in all things relating to Circumſtances, conforming to the Eſtabliſh'd Mode, will nothing entitle me to a Toleration of my ſound and orthodox Opinion, but being willing to Tolerate another Opinion that is Hetrodox, Blaſphemous or Heretical?

If we muſt not diſtinguiſh of Opinions, which are, or are not conſiſtent with the Chriſtian Religion, then we muſt not diſtinguiſh of thoſe things which the Scripture has plainly diſtinguiſh'd; as in the Caſe of the Church of *Pergamos*, where ſhe is blamed for having THERE, that is, *Tolerated* in her, or with her, thoſe who hold——The Doctrine of *Balaam*, who taught *Balak* to caſt a Stumbling-block before the Children of *Iſrael*, *Rev.* 12. 14. and again, *v.* 16. SO HAST THOU ALSO; them that hold the Doctrine of the *Nicolaitans*; which thing I hate—— *Repent therefore*, &c.

Again, the Church of *Thyatira* is blam'd for Toleration, *v.* 20. *Becauſe thou ſuffereſt that Woman* Jezabel, *who calleth her ſelf a Propheteſs, to teach and ſeduce my Servants*, &c.

I will not undertake a Comment upon this Text, or enter into the Debate, what Errors are meant by the Doctrines theſe taught, but to me it ſeems plain that the Spirit of God does direct us not to Tolerate ſuch in his Church as Teach the Doctrines which his Soul hates, which are deſtructive of his Honour, and of the Nature of Religion, Heretical and Abominable.

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The Churches are here blam'd for having ſuch among them; and in another place for ſuffering them —— What ſhould prevent my concluding that ſuch are not to be Tolerated in the Church, I confeſs I cannot foreſee, and therefore I leave it to be cenſur'd as the Reader pleaſes.

But when we come to Toleration of Orthodox Churches, let us examine the ſame Text, and there we find ſome of the Churches left their firſt Love, as that at *Epheſus*; others had a Name of Living, but were Dead, as the Church of *Sardis*; others neither *cold nor hot* in Religion, as the Church of *Laodicea*, and the like, and yet all are own'd by the Scripture, as Churches, and being Sound in Doctrine, are only admoniſhed to repent, but no where denied a Name among the Churches.

From this I pretend to offer this Poſitive Aſſertion, That Chriſtans of what Denomination ſoever, being Orthodox in Principle, and Sound in Doctrine, have a Native Right to Liberty of ſerving God, according to the Dictates of their own Conſciences, and ought to be Tolerated, provided they behave themſelves peaceably under the Government, and obedient in all other things to the Civil Magiſtracy of the Country in which they live.

That I ſhould ſay the ſame of Opinions that are Blaſphemous and Heretical, that deny the Fundamentals of the Chriſtian Religion, derogate from the Nature or Attributes of God, or the Honour and Divinity of our Redeemer, or any the like deſperate Errors, I ſee no Foundation for it in the Scripture, or in the Nature of the thing.

If it ſhall be enquir'd here, who ſhall determine what is or is not Orthodox, and alledged every Man being poſſeſs'd with the Soundneſs of his own Opinion, this will ſend us all to *Rome* for an infallible Judge in every Diſpute.

I muſt anſwer there is no occaſion for any ſuch Difficulties, the few things which ſerve to declare the difference between an Orthodox Chriſtian and a Heretick, are ſo plain, ſo viſible in Scripture, ſo explicit in our Creeds and Confeſſions of Faith, in which all Orthodox Chriſtians agree; that we need go no farther; the Scripture is allow'd by all Chriſtians to be the Rule of Faith, ſufficient to Inſtruction; the Chriſtian Confeſſions of Faith are a Collection of the fundamental Heads of our Religion, deduc'd from the ſaid Scriptures, compoſed of plain, indiſputable Truths, unto which whoever agrees, tho' in the *Addenda* and Circumſtances of Order, Diſcipline and Manner, he may differ, he is in the Senſe of all Chriſtians, an Orthodox Believer.

But if a Man denies the Nature, Being, or Attributes of God, the Reſurrection of the Body, Futurity of Rewards and Puniſhments; the Divinity, Conception, Birth, Death, Reſurrection, Aſcenſion and Interceſſion of our Redeemer; his delegated Power of Judgment and Retribution; the Power, Operation and Efficacy of the Holy Spirit, and the Myſtical Union of the Trinity; if any Man denies the Neceſſity of Faith and Repentance, and the Salvation of a Soul, only by the Purchaſe and Merits of a Redeemer, and the like eſſential Points of the Chriſtian Religion; ſuch a Man is a Diſciple of that *Jezabel*, who calls her ſelf a Propheteſs, and who ought not to be ſuffered, that is, Tolerated, in the Church of Chriſt to teach and ſeduce his People to commit Fornication, *&c. Rev.* 2. 20.

I think we have no need of a Pope here, the infallible Judge is before you, *to the Word and to the Teſtimony*; the Proof is plain, and the diſtinction I hope is according to Charity.

To Perſecute any Man or Body of Men, that own and profeſs ſuch Fundamental Doctrines as theſe, is an evident Invaſion of the Native Rights of Conſcience, which in ſuch Matters can be ſubject to no temporal Juriſdiction, no nor any human Power, Eccleſiaſtical or Civil; and therefore is meer Church-Tyranny, exploded and abhor'd by all Nations of Chriſtians, and of which I have already noted, that it has been declar'd by the Parliament of *England* to be contrary to the Principles of the Chriſtian Religion, and the Doctrine of the Church of *England*.

But yet to ſay, that therefore all manner of Excurſions, Blaſphemous Opinions, and Heretical Doctrines, muſt be allow'd as a General Homage paid to the Claim of Conſcience; I ſee no Connection in the thing, nor any thing on either hand that makes ſuch a Toleration a Conſequence of the other.

But come we now to the Enquiry, What have the Diſſenters to do in this Caſe? and why ſhould they be call'd upon to make any Declaration on this Head?

If any Man means by this to make an invidious Enquiry, which of the ſeveral ſorts of Diſſenters are wideſt in their Toleration-Charity, who would or would not perſecute if it was in their Power, and look back upon former Days to fetch their Proofs of what may be, from what has been.

At leaſt let ſuch People pretend no more that this Inquiry is made to unite, fortify, defend, and clear the Scandals rais'd againſt the Diſſenters, ſince ſuch Enquiries tend to divide, make Reflections and Compariſons, the Practice of which is equally odious with the Conſequences.

And farther, let them obſerve, that they will find nothing from ſuch an Enquiry or Retroſpect, but what may be joyn'd to like or worſe Actions of the Church of *England*, and buried among thoſe things which they are equally willing ſhould be forgotten.

The influences of the ſeveral Courts, the Effects of the Diſputes about the *Jus Divinum*, of ſeveral ſorts of Power, whether Regal, Epiſcopal, or Presbyterial, have had fatal Effects in their ſeveral Turns——But all may have a good Iſſue, in making every Age amend the Errors of their Fathers; and I cannot think it is to be argued, That if the Presbyterian Power were reſtored to its full Exerciſe, it would proceed to Perſecution of other Orthodox Opinions, becauſe, *as they ſay*, it was once ſo, any more than it is to be argued, That the Church of *England*, if the Toleration-Act were repeal'd, and the Law *de Hæretico Comburendo* reſtor'd, would condemn the *Quakers* and *Baptiſts* to Fire and Faggot, becauſe they formerly did ſo.

Theſe Suggeſtions therefore as contentious and malicious, I muſt explode; and being equally bury'd in an Eſtabliſh'd Toleration, the Retroſpect is needleſs and impertinent.

But to come nearer to Mr. *Toland*; Why ſhould the Diſſenters take upon them to declare their Opinion of who has or has not a Religious Right to Toleration? 'Tis plain they have a Civil Right to it; 'tis the Purchace of their Blood and Treaſure; 'tis one of the Articles of their Confede-

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racy with the Church of *England*, and ſtipulated at a Time when it was in their Power to have been a ſore Obſtruction to the preſent Safety and flouriſhing Condition of the Church, if not to have pull'd her quite down; from whence I cannot but note, That to talk now of Gifts, Charity, and meer Conceſſion of Grace, is a little ungrateful, and looks as if ſome Gentlemen had forgot what Condition their Affairs were in, when the Diſſenters left all the eaſe and promiſed Liberty of the inviting Court, and embark'd in the ſame Hazards with the Church, meerly for the ſupporting that Church, which ſome are ſo unkind to ſay they would deſtroy.

Here's the Foundation of the preſent Liberty; and therefore the Diſſenters are unconcern'd with the Diſpute about the Religious Right to a Liberty of Opinion in matters of Conſcience.

Not that the Diſſenters have leſs Right by the Nature of the thing to a Toleration of Religion, but their Native Liberty is fortified by the addition of this Civil Right; they claim it by both, and in both their Tenure is Good; 'tis a free Poſſeſſion without Homage or Acknowledgment.

What is it to them, who ought to be Toletated, *or who not*; 'tis plain that both ways THEY OUGHT to be Tolerated, ſince not their Enemies themſelves can charge them with any Opinions that are not Orthodox, that are Heretical, Blaſphemous, or inconſiſtent with the Chriſtian Religion, and that confirms their Religious Right; and 'tis a Claim by Treaty, and ſtipulated on conditions compleatly perform'd on *their Side*, and honeſtly executed by the lawful Authority and Government of the Nation *on the other Side*; and that confirms their Civil Right.

As to the Diſſenters declaring what they would do if they were veſted with the Power in Government, and how far they would go in Tolerating all Opinions meerly Religious——I cannot conceive the beſt Anſwer in the World can be ſo effectual, inoffenſive and ſignificant, as no Anſwer at all, to ſuch a many-fac'd Queſtion.

And tho' I will noway Attempt here to determine the Deſign of the Queſtion, which I rather choſe to ſuppoſe as ſincere and as free from Deſign, as the Enquirer ſays it is; yet the apparent ill Conſtruction which both the Queſtion, and the beſt Anſwer that could be given might be liable to, makes the giving no Anſwer to it very proper, I need take little pains to explain.

Should the Diſſenters declare for Univerſal Toleration of all Opinions meerly Religious, To what manifeſt Objections ſuch a Declaration would be liable, in reſpect to the eſſential Parts of ſome Peoples Profeſſion, and how many Inconveniences the Diſputes of that ſort might lead them to, I will not here examine.

But what Sport would ſome People be glad of the Opportunity of making; ſhould any Man have been ſo weak to anſwer for what any Party would do if the Power were in their hands! and how would ſome People, *who are fond of pretending from every Trifle that the Diſſenters dream of Power and Government*, preſently flye upon them, and ſay they were determining their Conduct againſt they met with the Opportunity!

Should they declare for a General Anarchy of Opinions, what Confuſions would theſe People argue upon, as the Conſequence of their Latitudinarian Power?

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Should they declare againſt it, how would they ruffle the Diſſenters upon the Article of a Perſecuting Spirit? and who can pretend a real Zeal for the Intereſt of the Diſſenters, and attempt to draw them into any thing from which ſo much injurious Advantage againſt them might be taken?

On the other hand what benefit can there be to any Perſon from this Declaration, what can any Man propoſe to them to move it?

To ſay ſuch a Declaration entitles them to the Toleration they enjoy, as Mr. *Stephens*, is to ſay nothing, becauſe they have a better Title to it already, and this will not ſo much as add the leaſt Strength to it.

To ſay it is to clear them from Scandal, is to ſay nothing, ſince they really lie under no Scandal already upon that Account; and if the Church ſhould throw any Dirt of that Sort from Days of Infirmity on both ſides, ſo much of it would fly back in her own Face, as would drown the Memory of thoſe Pretences.

Both the Church of *England* and the Diſſenters have gone ſuch a length in the Article of Toleration and Chriſtian Liberty, as I am free to ſay has buryed all the Fears of Perſecution here, let what Government will, Popery excepted, get uppermoſt——And in this Eccleſiaſtick Liberty lies buryed all Church-Tyranny; *and there let it lye* FOR EVER AND FOR AY.

To have the Diſſenters ſay what they will, or will not do, when that ſhall happen, which they themſelves do not deſire ſhould come to paſs, ſeems to have ſomething in it too weak for the Propoſer, methinks he could not be capable, his Learning and Judgment conſider'd, of imagining the Gentlemen he wrote to could be ſo weak, as to make any Publick Concluſion or Determination on that Head, which to me would have been the firſt Action they had ever done, to make the World think them unworthy of that Liberty they enjoy'd.

I had not ſpoke to this here, but as I thought it very proper as well to lay down the true Foundation upon which the Diſſenters enjoy their Liberty, as to clear up that ſuppoſed Obligation which they are fancied to lie under, That becauſe *they who ought to have Liberty* enjoy it, therefore, they ſhould be oblig'd to eſpouſe a general Liberty to others, whether they have an equal Claim, or indeed any Claim to it or no.

I conclude this Head with only one Obſervation more; Suppoſe the Enquirer here ſhould not Grant the Claim of Civil Right to Liberty and Toleration which I ſay the Diſſenters have, but that they enjoy it as the meer Gift and Bounty of the Church. This moſt certainly makes it yet more unreaſonable for them to declare themſelves as to the Tolerating others; for if what they enjoy be a Gift, then it is abſolutely in the Church or in the Government, *take it where you will*, to beſtow it, or not to beſtow it; and who to beſtow it upon, or who to withhold it from; otherwiſe the Gift is reſtrain'd, and is no more a Gift, but an Act of Debt or Neceſſity

It would be then very ungrateful and diſreſpectful to theſe Benefactors, for the Diſſenters, as ſoon as they receiv'd this meer Grace and Bounty of the Church, to pretend to preſcribe to the Donors, who ought or ought not to partake of the Gift as well as they. When you have given an Alms to a Beggar,

a Beggar, you would take it for a piece of uncommon Inſolence, that he ſhould come and bring another Beggar to you, pretending you ought to relieve him too.

If this be a Grace, the Diſſenters Buſineſs is to go away and be thankful, and not concern themſelves with who is or is not intitled to the Bounty.

So that take it which way we can, with Submiſſion to the Enquirer, it was not a Requeſt he could think the Diſſenters, if in their Senſes, could give any Anſwer to, the Propoſal ſavour'd of ſomething not extraordinary careful either of their Intereſt or Reputation, to ſay no worſe it; if there was any other Deſign, be that to the Contriver.

But to return to the Subject, we are happen'd into the World in an Age when all ſorts of Tyranny have met with their deſerv'd tho' moſt unexpected Fate.

Eccleſiaſtick Tyranny lies buryed in the Grave of the High Commiſſion, and Civil Tyranny in that of the late King *James*; theſe are both ſucceeded by their Contraries, Toleration and Revolution, and we all truſt are buried too deep ever to riſe more.

We have Atttempts to deſtroy them both, every day ſet on foot among us; the Diſſenters are branded as Rebels, and conſtant Underminers of the Church; to divide them, they are rendred odious to one another; the *Prebyterians* charg'd with Perſecuting-Principles, the *Independent* with Commonwealth Tenents, the *Quakers* unchriſtianiz'd, and charg'd with having no Principles at all; Snakes in the Graſs are daily Snarling, and private Animoſities prompted among thoſe of every ſort, who are weak enough to entertain them; and 'tis plain the Deſign lies at the Body, the Axe lies at the Root of the Tree; the Overthrow of the Conſtitution is the Deſign, and the Enemies of the Diſſenters, as ſuch, have by too many viſible Tokens explain'd themſelves to mean the Subverſion of the Univerſal Right of Chriſtians, and of Subjects.

For this the Doctrine of *Jure Divino* is calculated, Civil and Eccleſiaſtick Tyranny univerſally pleaded for, and all ſorts of Liberty run down and oppos'd: Let thoſe that plead for Tyrants of any ſort ſubmit to their Power; for my part, I eſteem the Liberty of Eſtate and Religion, equally with our Lives, every Man's Birthright by Nature; no Government ever received a Legal Authority to abridge or take it away: Nor has God ever veſted any ſingle or Confederated Power in any hand to deſtroy it; and 'tis in Defence of this Common Right that I have wrote this Book.

I ſhall ſay very little in Defence of the Performance, but this; It has been wrote under the heavieſt Weight of intolerable Preſſures; the greateſt part of it was compos'd in Priſon, and as the Author has unhappily felt the moſt violent and conſtant Efforts of his Enemies to deſtroy him ever ſince that, the little Compoſure he has had muſt be his ſhort excuſe for any thing incorrect.

Let any Man, under Millions of diſtracting Cares, and the conſtant ill Treatment of the World, conſider the Power of ſuch Circumſtances over both Invention and Expreſſion, He will allow I had been to be excus'd, even in worſe Errors than are to be found in this Book.

I know ſome will cavil at the Title, and that it either has no literal Signification, or *is not good Latin*; let ſuch obſerve, I could not part with my Title in Civility to the Objection; and if it will not paſs as a Latin Sentence, it may paſs as a proper Name or Title to a Book, or a Phraſe added to the Tongue, ſignifying the vain Pretenſions of a Divine Right; as the World has uſed me very unkindly in the Subſcribing-Part, ſo they have in their Character of the Work. I have heard of Plays that have been hiſs'd and laugh'd off the Stage; but I never heard of a Play hiſs'd off the Stage before it came upon the Stage.

This poor Work has met with the hard Fate of being reported to be ill done, and the meaneſt thing I ever did, and that it will not ſell, *&c.* yet the Authors of that Report, to my Diverſion as well as Remark I obſerve it, I am very poſitive, never ſaw, read, or heard one Line of it in their Lives; their Judgment, *which muſt, you'll ſay, be very good, and ſuited to their Diſcretion,* is, I thank God, none of my Concern.

I have indeed been forc'd into an open War with the Bookſellers about this Book, having univerſally refuſed them ſubſcribing, ſome particular Friends excepted; and in return I am aſſur'd they will reprint it, and ſell it for half the Money: Now to tell them that this is meer Theft, picking of Pockets, robbing upon the High Way, and the like, is to tell them nothing, but what they are reconcil'd to in practice; to call them hard Names is what I am not uſed to; they are Bookſellers: and that's the higheſt *Satyr* I ſhall make upon them.

But however, I am content; let them turn Pyrates, and take away my Right, I have been us'd to be rob'd and plundred in every thing I have uſhered into the World, that I might not at leaſt want the Principal Qualification of a Poet———But let them be ſure of this, whoever attempts it will loſe by it——And let them take my word, or not take it, as they pleaſe.

As to the Poetical Part of it, where the Argument of it lies ſtrong, I have been very careleſs of Cenſure that way, and have often ſacrific'd the Poet to the Reaſoning Stile.

The Hiſtorical Part, I think I may ſay, cannot admit of being very Poetical; but as I think it was equal to any of the reſt in its neceſſity, I am very well pleas'd to argue ſtrongly rather than ſoftly.

I know I am under the ſame Cenſure, tho' without his Merit to ſupport me, that *Cowley's Davideis* has ſuffered before me, *viz.* that if it had been explicit in it ſelf, it had needed no Annotations; but I think the neceſſary Quotations of Hiſtory coming on very thick, I could not but explain my meaning, whereby People of ſmall Reading may exactly underſtand it; the Annotations therefore are chiefly Hiſtorical, and direct and ſerve to guide the Reader to the Authors which juſtify the work; and this I choſe rather than to advance on my own Authority, what I know will meet with Oppoſition enough.

I am perfectly arm'd againſt Events in the Succeſs this Book ſhall meet with in the World; my Fate, and that of my Writings have been very ſingular, *viz.* to be moſt neglected of them, that at the ſame time have own'd them uſeful; but as neither the Work nor its Author depend upon any thing in this World; ſo neither am I looking either at Praiſe

or Reward, and therefore am entirely unconcern'd at the Succeſs of it.

I ſhall quit therefore any farther Defence of it, and leave it to its Fate, and the Univerſal Cenſure of *Criticks*, *Rehearſers*, *Jacobites*, *Non-Jurors*, and the Crowd of *Party-Furies*, that wait to worry it, as they would do its Author, and am pleaſed with, inſtead of being mortified at what my Experience knows has been a juſt Motto for me,

Aude aliquod brevibus Gyaris & Carcere Dignum,
Si vis eſſe aliquis: PROBITAS *laudatur & Alget.*
Juven. Sat. 1. lin. 73, 74.

I ſhall cloſe this Preface with a Word to thoſe Gentlemen, who have ill treated me for the Delay of bringing it into the World——In which they have been very barbarous and uncivil, as well as unjuſt.

All thoſe few and wiſer Heads that had any reſpect for the Author, earneſtly preſs'd me not to attempt it while the laſt Parliament was ſitting, Meaſures having been taken, and the Party then powerful enough to blaſt it in its Birth, ſeize it in the Preſs, and ſuppreſs both it and me together, by the heavy Weight of Parliamentary Cenſure; and this laid it aſleep a Year.

The neceſſary Obſtruction of a 4 Months Travail defer'd it laſt Summer, being unwilling to let it paſs the Preſs unreviſ'd; and from *October* laſt, it has, thro' many Interruptions of private and publick Hurries, been Paſſing the Preſs.

Thoſe People who have open'd their Mouths at this Delay, to reproach the Author with taking Subſcription-Mony without any Deſign to publiſh it, will now ſee how unjuſt ſo raſh and ſo ſevere a Slander has been.——

But above all, thoſe that have pretended to keep the Subſcription-Money they had received in their hands for a Security till they ſhall have the Book, have firſt been very unjuſt to the Author; and ſecondly, done their beſt to prevent its being publiſh'd at all.

Subſcriptions are in their Nature deſign'd for two ends; Firſt, To enable the Authors by the Money advanc'd, to go thro' the Expence of Printing, which every Man, that undertakes to publiſh a Book on his own Riſque, cannot do, nor which theſe Gentlemen did not know I could do without them.

Secondly, To ſecure the Author that the Subſcribers will take it when 'tis finiſhed, many People having lately learnt not to put too great a Sanction, no not on their own hand, when they pleaſe to alter their Minds.

Both theſe Hardſhips are put upon me by theſe falſe Friends, and yet without their Help behold 'tis finiſhed; and They, not the Author, have been guilty of deſigning a Fraud, if any has been deſign'd at all.

As for thoſe who having ſubſcrib'd and Honourably aſſiſted the Author to go thro' with it, he hopes the Work it ſelf will in Conjunction with this Acknowledgment be their Satisfaction; and had they not expreſly forbid it, he had both printed their Names, and made the Dedication of it to them, as Benefactors to it.

As to Sale, the Author entirely declines it; and tells the Gentlemen-Bookſellers that threatned to Pyrate it, as they call it, *viz.* reprint it,

and

and ſell it for half a Crown; ſo you muſt, Gentlemen, if you intend to have it: for of the Original Copies, if the Subſcribers are honeſt, you will have very few; and if all Men that write would take the ſame Method, the Bookſellers would ſoon leave off impoſing upon them—

Some *Addenda*, not yet finiſhed, relating to the preſent Victories and great Proſpect of reducing Tyrrany, will be deliver'd *gratis* to the Subſcribers, either early enough to bind with this, if they pleaſe; or prepar'd to be read by themſelves.

I don't expect the Advocates of Tyranny ſhould like it; it was not wrote to gratify them; but convince them; and therefore all their Reproaches, and all their Fury at the Author will be perfectly loſt; he is prepar'd to contemn them, as they deſerve.

DE FOE

JURE

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II. *The Alluſion brought down to the Kings below, who are call'd God's too in the Scripture: Their Original Power examin'd from its Patriarchal Inſtitution; and joyning in Societies for mutual Defence prov'd to be the General Act, even of thoſe Patriarchs themſelves; ſo that the Right of the People Govern'd, is plain from that very Foundation laid to oppoſe it; the Story Illuſtrated from* Saul, *who tho' Anointed by* Samuel, *was not Crown'd till the Conſent of the People was obtain'd.*

III. *An Enquiry why God in his Providence gives Power to wicked Men, and while he puniſhes private Murthers and Injuſtice, leaves the World at the Mercy of Tyrants to ravage and deſtroy it at their Pleaſure; a Proof that he left Mens Liberty a Truſt to them to preſerve and defend, and gave them the uſe of their Reaſon to that purpoſe.*

IV. *A Search into the Laws of Cuſtom for the Divine Right of Princes; and among the reſt, ſome* Satyr *on the Cuſtom of thoſe Gentlemen here that preach up this Doctrine, exemplified in their Treatment of the late King* James; *their firſt ſwearing, and perſwading him to believe that they would pay an undiſputed Obedience to him, expoſed, as a greater Treachery than their deſerting him.*

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X. *The ſame continued and brought Home to the* Engliſh *Lines, from the* Saxon *Race to the Preſent Reign.*

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The Concluſion to the Queen.

ERRATA.

LIB. 1. fol. 14. lin. 8. read *ſhine in*; ibid. fol. 26. l. 5. for *fiction*, r. *fiction*; lib. 2. fol. 12. l. 24 f. *Detect*, r. *Diſſect*; ib. fol. 22. l. 20. f. *Subject*, r. *Subjects*; lib. 3. fol. 24. l. 25. f. *too high*, r. *fancy'd*; lib. 4. fol. 24. l. 2. f. *Debt*, r. *Doubt*; lib. 5. fol. 13. l. 6. f. *Nation*, r. *Nations*; ib. l. 9. f. *Infects*, r. *Infect*; ib. l. 20. f. *Man*, r. *Men*; ib. fol. 14. l. 1. f. *Parts*, r. *Claim*; ib. fol. 23. l. 4. r. *I'll double now*; lib. 6. fol. 11. l. 4. f. *'tis not*, r. *'t can't be*; lib. 11. fol. 4. l. 12. f. *Laws*, r. *Law's*; ib. fol. 11. l. 11. f. *King*, r. *Kings*; lib. 12. fol. 14. l. ult. f. *ne're*, r. *never*.

TO

TO THE AUTHOR.

AS when Idolatry in Ancient Times,
Its Power extended o're the Eaſtern Climes;
When *Moloch*, *Magog*, *Aſhteroth*, and *Baal*,
Summon'd to Hell, and Men obey'd the Call;
When Brutes were Gods, and held of more Account,
And Rival-*Bethel* mob'd the Sacred Mount;
Heaven always rais'd as Patron to his Truth,
Some Reverend Sage, or ſome inſpired Youth;
With Wit and Power Divine, t' aſſert his Laws,
Expoſe their Falſhoods, and exalt his Cauſe,
Elijah here the dreadful Lightning throws,
And *Gideon* there unequal Conqueſt ſhows;
And both th' enlightning Beams of Heaven convey,
To make the Tribes the Force of Truth obey:

So you, while State-Idolatry retains
Its Power in our deluded Stateſmens Brains,
And Empty, Non-Reſiſting-Notions Share,
Our Quacking Politician's zealous Care;
Like them with Sacred Indignation fir'd,
And almoſt equally like them inſpir'd;
In Truth's Defence with like Succeſs ingage,
Attack this great *Baal-Peor* of the Age
Deſpotick Power; that Idol of the State,
Which Fools eſtabliſh, and which Knaves create;

Before

To the AUTHOR.

Before your Powerful Muſe the Phantom flies,
Naked we view the Dev'l without diſguiſe,
And what before we fear'd we now deſpiſe;
The monſtrous thing retains no other Mark
Of Godhead now, than *Dagon* in the Dark, (Ark.
When proſtrate and diſarm'd he bow'd before the

Undreſt, unpainted, unadorn'd, your Pen
In Native Uglineſs diſplays the Fiend:
Squallid, Deform'd, ſo ſhocking to the Sight,
It moves Averſion, and enclines to Fright;
Did *Lewis* ſelf this awkard Monſter view,
Compleatly hideous, as deſcrib'd by you;
He'd ſhun the Spectre, all its Claim diſown,
Reſtore his People, and himſelf dethrone;
To Laws and Juſtice willingly deſcend,
And loath the Tyranny he can't defend.

But mark, my Friend, and this Reproof endure,
You practiſe Vices you pretend to cure;
For while you plead the Freedom of the Age,
You chain our Wills, and all our Thoughts engage;
The ſtrong invading Force of what you've penn'd,
In ſpight of Spleen, compells us to commend;
Oppreſt by your Deſpotick Tyrant Wit,
Our fetter'd Fancies now to Praiſe ſubmit;
Thus by Tyrannick Power you raiſe your Fame,
And act like Prieſts the very Crimes you blame.

THE INTRODUCTION.

NATURE has left *this Tincture in the Blood*,
That all Men *would be Tyrants* if they cou'd:
If they forbear their Neighbours to devour,
'Tis not for want of *Will*, but want *of Power*;
The General Plague Infects the very Race,
Pride in his Heart, and *Tyrant* in his Face;
The Characters are legible and plain,
And perfectly deſcribe *the Monſter, Man.*

Nor can he otherwiſe be underſtood,
We'd all be Emperors, *'tis in our Blood*;
Ambition knows no Bounds, the meaneſt Hand,
If once let looſe, would Power it ſelf Command;
Would Storm the Skies, *the Thund'rer there Dethrone*,
Be Univerſal Lord, *and Call the World his own.*

The only Safety of Society,
Is, that my Neighbour's *juſt as proud as I*;
Has the ſame Will and Wiſh, the ſame Deſign,
And his *Abortive Envy* ruines mine;
The Epidemick Frenzy has poſſeſt
By Nature one, *by Nature all the reſt:*
We're all alike, we'd all aſcend the Skies,
All wou'd be Kings, *all Kings would Tyrannize:*

Sons wou'd be Fathers, Fathers Rule the States;
Servants be Maſters, *Maſters Magiſtrates*:
Ambition's in the Species of the Man,
He always will be Maſter if he can:
And his Deſire of Rule ſo blinds his Pride,
He Scorns to think himſelf unqualify'd.

The Strong unbounded Luſt of Sovereign Rule,
Makes him Conceit the Prince, *forget the Fool*;
The Cobler's not ſo vile deſpis'd a Thing,
But whiſpring Devils this Deluſion bring,
He Fancies he could make *a better King*.
The general Taint infects the very kind,
To Lordſhip by Eternal Guſt enclin'd;
The very Breed muſt thus be underſtood,
Nature has left the Tincture in their Blood.

What ſtrange, what inconſiſtent thing's a Man?
Who ſhall his Nature ſearch *his Life explain?*
If in the Ocean of his Crimes we ſail,
Satyr, our Navigation all will fail;
Shipwreck'd in dark Abſurdities of Crime,
A Heart Mechanick, and a Head Sublime;
Th' enlighten'd Soul, Immortal and Divine,
No more in glorious Faculties can Shine;
Eclips'd by vicious Principles and Sin,
Is *Dirt* without, and *Darkneſs* all within;
His ſtrong degenerate Paſſions are *ſo groſs*,
So Contradicting, Retrograde and Croſs;
So Odd, ſo Incoherent, and Abſtruſe,
His Reaſon dies beneath the Grand Abuſe;

Such

Such ſtrong Convulſions Nature undergoes,
Such Lunacies *the Ruling Wretch expoſe*;
He can't th' Abſurdities he ſeeks enjoy,
But one Extreme another will deſtroy.

Thus, while he aims at general Tyranny,
Nothing's ſo much a Wretch, *ſo much a Slave as he*;
Damn'd to the Bondage of Mechanick Vice,
And meets new Maſters whereſoe're he Flies;
His Reaſon *bows before the Feet* of Crime,
And lets th' Infernal govern the Sublime:
Cheats his looſe Judgment with the vile Pretence,
And Worſhips *Idol-Crime* in ſpight of Senſe.

A General Slave to Univerſal Vice,
So fond of Chains, does ſo his Fate deſpiſe;
He ſeems to own his Slavery as his Choice,
And Damns his Freedom with ſubjected Voice.

Uſurping Hell, *the Scepter of his Mind*,
Has from all Powers *but doing well confin'd*;
A conſtant Bondage bows his Couchant Neck,
His will corrupted, and his Judgment weak.

Th' *Eternal Drudge*, the vileſt Crime obeys,
And where his Senſe abhors, his Will complys;
To all the Meanneſſes of Vice Submits,
And tho' it ſhocks his Reaſon, Rules his Wits;
A Slave to ſtrong Involuntary Crime,
He Rules the World, his Paſſions govern him:

Indwelling

Indwelling Miſchiefs crowd his abject Soul,
Debauch'd in Part, and tainted in the Whole.

Where, *Satyr*, ſhall our wandring Search begin
To read the Wild Anatomy of Sin?
The Seeds of *Poignant Vice* attack the Brain,
And Reaſon ſeems to guide his Powers in vain;
From hence the Grand Contagion ſpreads its Force,
Fatal the Conſequence, *and Swift the Courſe;*
Searches the Windings of the Circling Flood,
And taints *the Teeming Fountain of the Blood.*

The Parts ſuck in the viler Nouriſhment!
And Crime's diffus'd thro' all the Tenement;
Spermatick Vigour ſpreads the poiſon'd Race,
Conveys Hereditary Crimes apace;
Secures the *Genealogy of Sin,*
And where he ends, his viler Sons begin;
Vice feels no Age, and ne're decays with Time,
But all the Sons of Men are Sons of Crime.

Ambition flows in the degen'rate Seed,
Pride ſwells the Heart, and Avarice the Head;
Envy ſits Regent in *the growing Spleen,*
And *Hypochondrack Malice* boils within;
Luſt in his *baſer Part* obſcurely lies,
And Rage and Paſſion *ſparkle in his Eyes;*
His *Locomotive Faculties* obey,
And *Organ* pays Allegiance to the Tyranny;
The hands obey *the Tyrant in the Brain,*
Reaſon *when Luſt commands,* reſiſts in vain;

Unnatural

Unnatural Heats o're all the Blood prevail,
This Hour they Rule *the Head*, the next *the Tail*;
With Arbitrary Force the Members guide,
The *Feet* to Miſchief, and the *Hands* to Blood:
Subjected Man ſubmits to the Controul
Of Forty thouſand Tyrants in his Soul;
Alternate Malice bends his fatal Brow,
One Tyrant Reigns to Day, *to Morrow Two*;
Love kills to Day, to Morrow *Hatred Wounds*,
Joy ſtrikes him dumb, and then *his Grief* confounds;
Anger to Rage and Madneſs ſwells the Breaſt,
By abject Patience then as much ſuppreſt;
Courage exalts his Soul above his Sphere,
And the next hour *he hangs himſelf for fear*:
To Day *inſults* with High Blaſpheming Breath,
To Morrow *ſtrives to Die* for fear of Death.

Abandon'd Slaves! to what Extremes of Crime
Would Nature bring them, *lengthen'd out by Time!*
That after Hell has firſt ſubdu'd the Mind,
The Mortals turn the Tables on their Kind;
Set up for Government their Light defy,
And act the very Devil they obey:
Their Fellow-Creatures ſtudy how to Rule,
By Methods learnt in that Infernal School.

Wonder no more the Sons of ſuch a Race
Grow ripe for ſlaviſh Principles apace;
The Victory of Vice is ſo compleat,
The Conquer'd Faculties at once ſubmit:

He's born with Slavery in his very Face,
And hands it down to his ſubjected Race:

Not Grace it ſelf the Strong Diſeaſe will cure,
Nature's Poſſeſs'd with Crime, and does Deliverance abhor;
And if by Force *the Powerful Agent* moves,
She ſtill Reclines to the firſt State ſhe loves:
Hugs the firſt Chains, hankers for Slavery,
And with a ſtrong Reluctance *is made free.*

What ſtrange Extremes has Nature in her Womb,
From what vaſt Cauſes muſt ſuch Monſters come?
What ſtrange, what wild ungovern'd things are Men,
And who can all *the Devil of them* explain?
Their Pride directs them to uſurping Power,
And would not only govern, but devour;
But if they can't Tyrannick Luſt obtain,
Becauſe they can't be Gods, they won't be Men;
Abandon Reaſon, let it act by halves,
And, where they can't be Tyrants, will be Slaves.

Satyr, the Grand Inquiry now begin,
Deſcribe the Mortal, and deſcribe the Sin;
The horrid contradicting Flight explode,
And paint the Man that *thinks himſelf a God:*
To thy Exacter Teſt th' *Ænigma* bring,
The *Kingly Slave*, and the mote *Slaviſh King:*
See how the Grand Coherence is maintain'd,
What Arts the vile Clandeſtine Homage gain'd;

What Seas of Blood, what desolating Hands,
What murther'd Nations, what absurd Commands;
What Mischiefs the superiour Crimes procure,
And teach Mankind the horrid Plague to cure;
Describe the injur'd Crowns, describe the Sin,
Enquiring SATYR, *now the Search begin.*

I

JURE

Where Mischiefs the inventive Crimes procure?
And teach Mankind the horrid Pleasure to curse?
Describe the infinite Crowns, describe the Sin,
Endwiring SATAN, view the Scarce pain.

JURE DIVINO:

A SATYR.

Book I.

INſtructing Satyr, Tune thy uſeful Song, (a).
Silence grows Criminal where Crimes grow ſtrong;
Of meaner Vice, and Villains Sing no more,
But Monſters Crown'd, and Crime *Enrob'd with Power.*
At Vices high *Imperial* Throne begin,
And ſearch the ancient Prodigies of Sin;
With Pregnant Phraſe and ſtrong Impartial Verſe,
The Crimes of Men, and Crimes of (b) *Gods* reherſe.

Riſe, *Mighty Seraph*, from thy (c) fancy'd Grave,
And Speak, tho' 'tis to thoſe thou can'ſt not ſave;
What tho' thy Labour ſhall *to Men* be Vain,
And the World's Bondage muſt *its Time remain*;

(a) Satyr has always been allow'd to be Inſtructive, and perhaps more ſo than any other ſort of Poetry, if rightly apply'd.

(b) *Gods* here alludes to the particular Enumeration in this Firſt Book, where it appears that moſt of the Heathen Gods were Tyrant Kings, and more than commonly Wicked Men, Deifi'd by the Errors of the Time.

(c) This alludes to the particular Circumſtances of the Poet, who having been bound not to Write for Seven Years, had made his own Elegy, and ſuppos'd his Satyr to be Dead.

Let willing Slaves in Golden Fetters lye,
~~There's none can ſave the Men that chooſe to Dye;~~
Yet ſome to Voluntary Miſchiefs bow,
That fain wou'd ſhun their Chains, if they knew how:
And theſe from thy inſpir'd Lines will ſee,
How they choſe Bondage when they might go free.

Thy long Lamented Silence, Satyr, break;
Open thy Ancient Oracle, and Speak.
Tell us how (a) Man, by Heav'n it ſelf made free,
~~Has an~~ undoubted Claim to Liberty:
The Bondage which his Nature feels within,
~~Is not his Nature's Happineſs, *but Sin:*~~
And when he ſtoops to an unequal force,
It can't excuſe his Guilt, *but makes it worſe.*
~~The Freedom Heaven beſtow'd was giv'n in Vain,~~
Unleſs he does the Mighty Gift maintain.
And when he parts with the Supreme Bequeſt,
He ſlights the Bounty, and betrays the Truſt;
Riſe, Satyr, tell us *what's a willing Slave,*
And Speak, tho' 'tis to thoſe thou can'ſt not ſave.

Speak to reſiſting Ages in a ſtrain,
Shall bring the World to *Miracles* again.
When Reaſons wondrous Empire ſhall begin,
Tyrants without ſhall fall like thoſe within;
Nations ſhall liſten to thy Mighty Word,
When Satyr has their wandring Sence reſtor'd,
And ſet the (b) *Scepter* up, to Rule the *Sword.*

Then

(a) God Almighty preſcrib'd no Rules of Government to Man, only told him the Duties to his Maker; but as to the Article of Powers, he made him Lord of himſelf, and of the whole Creation.

(b) By the *Scepter* and the *Sword*, is underſtood ſettling the Civil Power in its juſt Superiority to the Military; *This*, as the juſt Defence of Right and Property; *That*, as the Conſtant Hand-Maid of Tyranny and Oppreſſion.

And

Then tell us, Satyr, let thy Lines explain,
What Thing's a Tyrant; Paint th' Infernal Man.
His Birth, his Fortune, and his Fate rehearse,
No Limner can describe him *like thy Verse*;
A Monster form'd of all the Shapes of Sin,
Something of Man without, *all Devil within.*
No Phrase his Sable Mystery can unfold,
His Story must be (a) *Felt*, it can't be *Told.*

He that with Mighty (b) *Ninus* hunts for Men,
Can Murther half the World at once, like (c) *Cain*;
Like (d) *Nero*, Suck the Blood that gave him Life,
And search Engend'ring Nature with his Knife;
Like (e) *Diocleſian*, Drink a Nations Blood,
Shall firſt Contemn, and then Uſurp the *God*; That

And this reſtor'd is what he means by *Miracles*; ſince when Juſtice is entirely reſtor'd, it may well paſs for a Miracle.

(a) Tyranny can never be deſcrib'd by Art; the People that feel the Burthen, that Groan under the Wrongs, and that Bleed under the Sword of a Tyrant, know what it is, but can't expreſs it.

(b) *Ninus* or *Nimrod*, call'd in Scripture a *mighty Hunter*, was the firſt Man that Uſurp'd Superiority of Power, and form'd Men into Governments, under his abſolute Rule; all Hiſtories agree him to be a Tyrant, and to Erect this Government againſt, and in oppoſition to the Divine Power; *Vide* Sir *Walter Raleigh*. Some will have him to be the firſt of the Heathen Gods, and call him *Saturn*, but of this by it ſelf.

(c) *Cain* may be very well ſaid to Murther half the World, or near half, the two Sons of *ADAM*, being the main Heads of Mankind at that time, and upon whom ſeem'd to depend the Peopling of the whole World.

(d) *Nero*, the moſt Unnatural Tyrant of all the *Roman* Emperors, who caus'd his Mother to be Murthered, view'd her Naked Body with Pleaſure after ſhe was Dead, and would have had her Rip'd up, to let him ſee the place he was conceiv'd in.

(e) This of *Diocleſian*, is Allegorically meant, of his Cruelty, in drawing the Blood of the Chriſtians, againſt whom he Rais'd the Greateſt of all the Perſecutions, and us'd the ſuffering Chriſtians, with all the Exceſſes of Blood, and Barbarous Torments; caus'd himſelf to be call'd the Son of the Gods, demanded Divine Honours to be paid him, and would have had the Prieſts offer'd Sacrifice to him.

That Paints the Kalendar with Sacred Red,
And lifts the Innocent among the Dead;
That blasts whole Nations with insulting Breath,
Pleas'd with Destruction, and makes Sport with Death.
Like *England*'s (a) *Crook Back*, Murthers and Entreats;
Like (b) *Charles* the Ninth, Embraces those he hates.

He that can Levy War with all Mankind,
Can Cut his Father's Throat, and sell his Friend;
Ravish the Chast, the Sanctifi'd Prophane,
Can pull down Right, and Wrong by force maintain;
Mortgage his Faith, and Trample on his Word,
And Hew his Crown out, by his Lawless Sword.
Like (c) *Cortez*, cam a Hundred Millions Slay,
Dream Death by Night, and finish it by Day.
With Pious (d) *Peter*, Cant of Heav'ns Commands,
Pray with his Lips, and Murther with his Hands.
Can Sleep with Blood, and never start at Crime,
And make his Mischiefs, like his Power, Supreme.
Buy Justice, Sell Oppression, Bribe the Law,
Exalt the Fool, and keep the Wise in awe;

Damn

(a) *Richard* III. the greatest Tyrant, and most Bloody Man, *England* ever had, that us'd all Arts and Entreaties to get the Sons of his Brother *Edward* the IV. from their Mother into his Keeping, with a Design to Murther them; that so their Blood might Pave his way to the *English* Crown.

(b) *Charles* the IX of *France*, Author of the *Parisian* Massacre, came to Visit the Admiral *Coligni*, embrac'd him, call'd him Father, wept when he saw the Wound which he receiv'd from an Assassin the Day before, gave him a Guard for his Safety, and the very next Morning caus'd him to be basely Murther'd in his Chamber.

(c) *Cortez*, tho' not a Monarch, yet trusted with Power, destroy'd almost all the Inhabitants of two vast Empires, *Mexico* and *Peru*, and unpeopled one of the Largest and most Populous parts of the World.

(d) *Peter* the *Cruel* us'd to go to Prayers immediately from the Murthers he committed; and so *Pray* and *Murther*, and *Murther* and *Pray* in Course.

Damn all Religion, Gods and Men deſie;
Theſe openly blaſpheme, and *thoſe* deſtroy:
Embrace the Guilty, Innocents condemn,
And execute without pretence of Crime.
Can ſacrifice whole Nations to his Luſt,
With Pleaſure kill, and think that Pleaſure Juſt.
Can (*a*) *burn* and *ſing*, dance to the waving Flame,
And in his Country's Aſhes raiſe his Fame;
Inſult the Wretched, Trample on the Poor,
And mock the Miſeries Mankind endure;
Can ravage Countries, Property devour,
And trample Law beneath the Feet of Power.
Scorn the Reſtraint of Oaths, and promis'd Right,
And *ravel* Compacts in the Peoples Sight;
With Indignation ſcorn to reign by Rules;
That Thing's a Tyrant;
And that People Fools.
Fools that, abandon'd by the Light of Senſe,
Deſpiſe the Subſtance, worſhip the Pretence;
Contemn their native Right to Liberty,
And bow to Bondage, when they may go free.

Examine then the antient courſe of things,
And ſearch the endleſs Roll of antient Kings.
When the firſt (*b*) Man uſurp'd upon his kind,
Aſſum'd exotick Right, aſſuming reign'd:

(*a*) *Nero* was ſaid to take his Lute and ſing to it a Song of the Siege and Deſtruction of *Troy*, while *Rome* was on Fire.

(*b*) By the firſt Man here, is to be underſtood the firſt King, who, uſurping Power into his own hand, began to Tyrannize over the People, and eſtabliſhing their Subjection by a Law of his own making, impos'd his Tyrannick Government upon them; and this afterward by the continuance of time, came to look like like a legal Authority, veſted in him from the Beginning. This is ſuppoſed to be *Nimrod*, *Ninus*, *Belus*, of whom Authors differ as to their Names; nor is it material to examine here which of them was firſt.

Supreme in Wickedneſs more wicked grew,
Firſt forc'd a Homage, then decreed it due.
Trace the firſt Tyrants to their fancy'd Thrones,
Plac'd in (*a*) that Heaven that all their Crimes diſowns.
If in the Royal Liſts ſome Monſters reign'd,
Abhorr'd by Heaven, and hated by Mankind:
By Luſt and Blood exalted to a Throne,
For all the Exquiſites of Tyrant known:
The meaner Name of Monarch they deſpiſe;
Alive, uſurp the Throne, and *Dead*, the Skies.
Above the Clouds th' incarnate Devil ſtands,
And Nations worſhip with polluted hands.

Old (*b*) *Saturn*, (*c*) *Bacchus*, and High-Thundring (*d*) *Jove*,
And all the Rabble of the Gods above;
Whoſe Names for their Immortal Crimes are fear'd,
Monarchs and Tyrant-Princes firſt appear'd;
With Rapes and Blood the Path to Greatneſs ſtain'd,
By Rapes and Blood the Gliterring Station gain'd.

The

(*a*) The prepoſterous Tranſlation is remarkable, That they ſhould place theſe Men in that Heaven, where their Crimes being abhorr'd it muſt be contrary to all manner of reaſon to expect them.

(*b*) *Saturn* is call'd the Father of the Gods; all Agree he was a Man, and a bloody Tyrant; that he reign'd in ſome of the firſt Ages: Authors differ who he was. Biſhop *Cumberland* proves him to be *Cham*, the Son of *Noah*, whom his Father Curs'd.

The Antients repreſent him eating his own Children, which I underſtand to mean Tyrannizing over his Subjects in a bloody devouring manner: for Subjects are called Children, from Monarchy being Patriarchal in its Original.

(*c*) *Bacchus* was the Son of *Jupiter*, and Grandſon of *Saturn*; Authors differ about his Original. *Bochart* ſays, that he was the ſame Perſon with *Nimrod*, and conſequently a bloody Tyrant. All agree he was a great Drunkard, for which reaſon the *Scythians* would not pay him Divine Homage, holding it ridiculous to worſhip a God that made People Fools and mad.

(*d*) *Jupiter* was the Son of *Saturn*, and was called the Father of the Gods, as well as *Saturn*.

Divum Pater atq; Hominum Rex. Virg.

The Mighty Wretches dwell among the Stars,
And Vice in Vertues Glorious Robes appears.
No matter if 'twas Good or Evil Fame,
For Gods of all Dimensions are the same.
The Poets Celebrate their Praises there,
As *Indians* Consecrate the Dev'ls they fear.
In Parasitick Praise their Crimes reherse,
And first debauch their Senses, then their Verse.
In mighty Strains the mighty Fury sing,
And Canonize the Vices of their King,
So soon the Flattring Pens false Tribute bring.

Thus mighty *Jove* above the Gods in (*a*) Seat,
Famous for Crimes that none but Gods commit;
Among the Sacred has (*b*) th' Imperial Chair,
Because he'd been a Royal (*c*) Monster here:
The Mortal Fury liv'd in Fire below,
And there his fancy'd Lightnings Learn'd to Throw;
Exalted now his Head's with Thunder Crown'd,
Enflam'd with Heav'n, with Hell encircl'd round.

These are the Hieroglyphicks of his Crimes,
The Wonder and the Horrour of his Times;
First for his (*d*) real Infamy design'd,
And to instruct the Ages yet behind.

By

(*a*) *Jupiter* was the Superiour of the Heathen Deities.

(*b*) *Regum Timendorum in Proprios greges,*
Reges in ipsos Imperium est Jovis. Horace.

(*c*) He persecuted his Father *Saturn*, and drove him out of the Country.

(*d*) There's no doubt the Thunders and Lightnings of *Jupiter* were first the Hieroglyphical Representations of his Wickedness, to hand a just Abhorrence of his Cruelties to the Ages to come. How the Devil deluded the Nations, so as to make an Idol of him, for those very things for which he ought so justly to have been contemn'd, is considered in the next Paragraph.

By (a) these his unheard Rapes and Murthers, they
In Metaphorick Similies display.

But length of Time, that taught Mankind to Lye,
Convey'd false Schemes of Vice to weak Posterity;
Leaving the gros Particulars unknown,
The Name of *Jove* remain'd, the Beast was gone.
The doubting Ages hardly understood,
Whether he was a Devil or a God;
And here the mighty formal Cheat began,
They lost the History, but found the Man;
Fond of some early wonder to present,
Mistook the Devil, and describ'd the Saint;
Above the Skyes they fix'd his blest abode,
And from the Darks of Hell fetch'd up the God.

Infernal Fury fill'd his vicious Head,
And all unnatural (b) Vices crown'd his Bed;
His unrefisted Lusts the World abhorr'd,
They're Modern Madmen only that ador'd:
His rampant Vices the Creation Vex,
And make one General Whore of either (c) Sex.
To such immoderate Lechery inclin'd,
He had contriv'd to ravish all the kind.

From

(a) The Detestation of *Jupiter*'s Lustful, Furious and Tyrannick Reign, were set forth by the Writers of those times, if any: or, if not, by Oral Tradition, in the Similitude of a Thunderer, and throwing Fire about him, the best Method those times had to describe a mad Man, a bloody barbarous Fury, a Tyrant, that over-run the World with his Lust and his Murthers.

(b) He was guilty of Sodomy and Incest; for *Ganimede* was a Boy kept by *Jupiter* for his unnatural Lust; and *Juno*, whom he marry'd, was his own Sister.

Jovisq; & Soror & Conjux. Virgil.

(c) *Danae*, *Calisto*, *Alcmena*, *Semele*, *Leda*, *Antiope*, *Europa*, and innumerable others, were his Whores; whom he debauched, some by one Method, some by another.

From hence *Blind Fame* that *Shining Fiction* made,
How he *Europa* to his Luſt betray'd;
In which the Poets might be underſtood,
All *Europe* felt *the Mixtures of his Blood.*
Glutted with Luſt, and Gorg'd with ſatiate Vice,
Th' Inceſtuous Parricide leaves off and Dies:
Quitted the ranſack'd World to ſearch for more,
Where he might be as wicked as before.
The Monſtrous Wretch left ſuch a Name behind,
Was ſo much made the Wonder of Mankind;
Fame ſuch Romantick Stories handed down,
The Native Truth *grew Fabled* like his Crown.
Poſterity the Villain Idolize,
And Poets fix his Name above the Skyes:
Blindly the *Nauſeous Deity* adore,
And he's the God, who was the Rake before.

Down to the *Mighty Bully* Nations Bow,
And he that Murther'd then, muſt Thunder now.
The Plagues of Mankind thus were Deify'd,
And High Superiour Crimes to Heaven Ally'd;
Succeeding Rogues ſucceeding Gods became,
And Sin aſpir'd to an immortal Name,

To Riotous *Jove* new Deities they join'd,
And Peopl'd Heav'n with Devils of every kind.
Mars (b) the Celeſtial Bully they adore,
And (c) *Venus* for an Everlaſting Whore;

(a) He is ſaid to be Maſter of the Thunder, and is call'd by the Heathen, *Jupiter Fulminans.*

(b) Is call'd the God of War; was born in *Thrace:* he Bullyed *Vulcan*, and lay with his Wife, but *Vulcan* trick't him, and expos'd him. *Venus*, *Rhea* and *Kebe* were his Whores.

(c) *Venus* was *Vulcan*'s Wife, but a common Whore: ſhe lay with both Gods and Men, and is not unwarily call'd the Goddeſs of Whoredom; ſhe kept *Cupid* for the Meſſenger of her Lewdneſs, and was Deified for her extravagant Luſt.

Bacchus for mighty Drunk'neſs ſtands on High,
And (a) *Juno*'s made the *Billingſgate* o'th' Sky:
(b) *Apollo*'s of a Madman made a Wit,
And (c) *Mercury*'s the Sacred Pimp of Fate:
(d) *Cupid* the Baſtard of Inceſtuous Love,
Son of Intrigue, and (e) *Harbinger* to Luſtful *Jove*;
Emblem of *Lechery*, and Shape of *Luſt*,
To Grace Diviner Lewdneſs with Celeſtial Guſt.

All theſe are Gods of Power and Government,
The Upper Houſe of *Satan*'s Parliament;
Who ſtill ſubſerv'd in Regions leſs Sublime,
Have Crowds of Partners in the Power Supreme.

There's

(a) The Wife of *Jupiter* jealous of him, as well ſhe might, and always quarrelling with him or his Whores, and therefore repreſented clamorous.

Tantæne animis Cœleſtibus iræ? Virgil.

(b) *Apollo* another of *Jupiter*'s Sons; he was a Dreamer of Dreams, and had the Lawrel given him, becauſe they ſaid it made People dream right: He was but a Raviſher, a Whoremaſter, and a Murtherer; and for his being a Lover of Muſick and Harmony, is honour'd by the Poets.

(c) *Mercury* was a Thief, is call'd, *Nuncius Deorum*, the Meſſenger of he Gods.

Calidus quicquid Placuit Jocoſo,
Condere furto. Horace.

He was *Jupiter*'s Pimp when he raviſh'd *Alcmena*.
Plautus in Amphitrio.

(d) *Cupid*: Authors differ whoſe Offspring this young Miſchief-making-Deity was; the *Pantheon* tells us, *Plato* calls him the Son of *Penia*, the Goddeſs of Poverty, and *Phocus* the Son of Plenty: *Heſiod* relates him born of *Chaos* and *Terra*; *Sappho*, derives him from *Venus* and *Cœlum*; *Simonides* from *Mars* and *Venus*.

But all allow him to be Son of *Venus*.

Nata, Meæ vires, mea Magna Potentia, ſolus. Virg. Æneid. 4.

(e) *Harbinger*—That is as *Cupid* is feign'd to create Love, or rather excite Luſt, which *Jupiter* was ſo addicted to, that he raviſh'd or debauch'd all the Women he could come at.

There's (a) *Æolus*, a Capital Buffoon,
Was but, as Story tells, a *French Dragoon*;
His Stormy Godſhip huffs about the Skies,
With two and thirty Pointed Deities.

(b) *Neptune*, an old *Dutch-Skipper*, born at Sea,
And Naturaliz'd to all that's Wild and Watery;
In *Holland's Buſs* for Herrings fiſh'd and Cod,
And knew the Seas, as Carryer's Horſe the Road:
In Northern Icy Oceans ſpread his Sails,
And taught the *Dutchmen* how to fiſh for Whales;
Born on a Billow lifted to the Sky,
And Tempeſt did the Midwife's Place ſupply:
He liv'd in Storms, and Waves were his Abode,
And from a drunken Pilot's made a God.

(a) *Vulcan*

(a) *Æolus*, fancied to be the Son of *Jupiter* by *Aeeſta* Daughter of *Hippota*; for moſt of theſe Gods and Goddeſſes were but *Jupiter's* Baſtards: The Truth is, this *Æolus* was a very skilful Aſtronomer, and particularly ſtudious about the Nature of the Winds; and becauſe from the Clouds and Vapours of the *Æolian* Iſlands, where this Philoſopher lived, he foretold Storms and Tempeſts a great while before they came; the ignorant People fancied them under his Power, and that he could raiſe them or ſtill them when he pleas'd: and from hence he was call'd King of the Winds, and ſo after his Death, a God of the Winds. *Juno's* Addreſs to him, when ſhe wanted to drown *Æneas*, is finely expreſs'd by *Virgil*,

Nimborum in Patriam Loca fœta furentibus auſtris,
Æoliam venit: Hic Vaſto Rex Æolus antro
Luctantes Ventos———

This is admirably Burleſqu'd by Mr. *Cotton* in his *Virgil Traveſty*.

(b) *Neptune* is feign'd to be *Jupiter's* Brother, the Son of *Saturn*, whom they ſay his Mother *Ops* ſav'd from *Saturn's* Fury, who eat up his own Children.

He is ſaid to marry *Amphitrite*, who in the *Greek* was call'd (Παρὰ τὸ ἀμφιτρίβεσθαι τῷ γῇ; (Vid. *Pantheon*, p.260.) *Quod Mare Terram Circumterat*; becauſe the Sea beats upon the Land all about; as *Neptune* is derived from *Nubendo*, *Quod Mare Terras Obnubat*; becauſe the Sea embraces, and as it were covers the Land.

(a) *Vulcan*, the Blackſmith, liv'd in Fire below,
Vile as his Smoke, and lewd as Sulphur too;
Who not for Perſonal Vice they Deify,
But as the *Sovereign Cuckold* of the Sky.

(b) *Pluto* of all the God's I like the beſt,
And if the Matter would endure the Teſt,
I doubt not, has the Cuſtody of all the reſt.

(a) *Priapus*

(a) *Vulcan* was the Son of *Jupiter* and *Juno*; but being caſt out of the Sky for his Deformity, he happen'd to light on the Earth in the Iſland *Lemnos*, and broke his Leg in the Fall, which perhaps being *ill ſet*, for want of good *Surgeons* in thoſe Days, left him Lame, and he went halting ever after; as by the old Song,

Limping Vulcan beat an Iron Bar

They tell us the *Lemnians* caught him in the Fall, or elſe he had broke his Neck; *which is not unlikely, it being a great Height to fall from Heaven to the Earth:* In Requital for which, he ſet up a Forge, and taught them the Uſes of Fire and Iron; from whence he receiv'd the Name of *Mulciber*, or *Mulcifer*, *a Mulcendo ferrum*, ſoftning or poliſhing Iron. *Pantheon*, *Cap.* 3. *Sect.* 1. *p.* 126.

A thouſand ſenſeleſs Fictions are related of this Monſter; as, that he was marry'd to *Venus*; but taking her in Adultery with *Mars*, he made Iron Chains, and bound them together: That he and his *Cyclops* made Thunderbolts for *Jupiter*, and abundance of ſuch ridiculous things.

The Obſervation of *Vulcan* ſignifying Fire, has ſomething more to the purpoſe in it; as *Varro* tells, who derives *Vulcan*, *A vi, ac violentia Ignis*; and, *Vulcanus*, *quaſi Volicanus*, *quod Ignis per aerem volitet*; and the *Spaniards* and *Italians* to this day, call Eruptions of Fire from the Earth, ſuch as *Ætna* and *Veſuvius*, *Vulcano's*: From hence he is ſaid to be caſt down from Heaven, becauſe Lightning comes from the Clouds; and to have fallen in *Lemnos*, becauſe that Iſland is particularly ſubject to Lightning. *Path. Cap.* 3. *Sect.* 4. *p.* 182.

(b) *Pluto* is another of old *Saturn*'s Sons, Brother to *Jupiter* and *Neptune*, by the ſame Mother *Ops*.

In the Diviſion of the World among his Sons, the Weſtern Parts fell to his Lot; which by their remote Diſtance, made them be thought, in thoſe Days, Lands of Darkneſs; others tell us, he was the firſt that gave Funeral Honours to the Dead, and forming Funeral Obſequies, and thence was thought to have a ſort of Sovereignty over the Dead, and from this thought ſprang the Fictions of *Charon*, *Styx*, *Cerberus*, and a thouſand Fancies about Futurity. *Pantheon*, *Cap.* 3. *Sect.* 1. *p.* 280,

(a) *Priapus* Deity I might rehearse,
But that his Life's *too lascious* for my Verse;
And Crowds of Minor Gods in Heavenly State,
I leave for Minor Poets to Create.
If Future Ages shall more Monsters yield,
We've Stars enough in the Celestial Field;
Immortal Legends they may now revise,
Turn Saints to Gods, Transpose them to the Skies,
And make *Red-Letter'd-Rakes* Divinities.

Nor need we search to Wild *American* Lands,
Peruvians, *Caribbeans*, *Mexicans*;
And dig for Idols in the Flaming Womb
Of Burning Mountains, where they fix the Tomb
Of (b) *Vistlipustli*, (c) *Agomog*, and *Voare*,
Gods of the Untam'd *Chileans* Golden Oar;

(a) *Priapus* was an Obscene Figure rather than a Deity, and call'd the God of Lust; he is said to be born of *Bacchus* and *Venus*, and the Emblem is Good, That Deformity and Filthiness must be the Production of Drunkenness and Whoredom; his obscene Image was usually set up in Gardens and Orchards to fright the Crows, *&c.* *Virgil*,

Et Custos furum atq; avium cum falce Saligni,
Hellespontiaci servet tutela Priapi.

(b) *Vistlipustli* was the great Idol of the *Mexicans*, to whom they offer'd human Sacrifices; and to such a Heighth had the Devil brought his Dominion over those poor People, that in two years time, 20000 People were sacrific'd to this Idol: The Walls of his Temple were sprinkled two or three Inches thick, on the Inside, with the Blood of these poor Creatures, who were put to Death at his Altar; and these Murthers were perpetrated with all sorts of Barbarous Torments, and horrid, execrable Methods of Torture: But the Credit of the Relators being not too much to be depended upon, I forbear the Particulars.

(c) *Agomog*, *Voar*, and a great Variety of Names, are given us by Mr. *Ogilby* and others; but, as I believe, a great part of their Accounts meerly fabulous, and the Names of their Idols invented, 'tis not insisted on here; only quoted in general to prove, That they had a vast

Whoſe Barbarous Accents as their Forms would fright,
And Names that Few can read, and None can write. (a)
Let theſe in high fix'd Stations ſtand and ſhine,
To Viſit Regions plac'd beyond their Line.

Europe has High Exalted Names in Store,
As bright in Guilt as any Crown'd before;
Who turn'd to Gods ſhall all exceed in Crimes,
And blaze in Helliſh Deeds, and ſhine Poets in Rhimes.
The *Bards of Fame* may all their Names ſupply,
And form a new Infernal *Galaxy*;
The vaſt *Impending Trophy* of his Shrine,
Exalted there will ſuit the Fraud Divine;
No ſtrong (*a*) Magnetick Charm, 'twill need to paint
The Sacred Cheat, *the God ſecures the Saint.*

And firſt, that every Nation may compute,
And each a Patron-Villian contribute;
Ther's (*b*) *Mahomet* might ſtand in proper Sphere,
With Godhead Equaliz'd to *Jupiter*;
The High Impoſtor there may Thunders throw,
'Twou'd do leſs harm than he has done below:

The

Variety of Gods in the *American* Countries, which is a Truth out of all Queſtion; becauſe we found it ſo in thoſe Parts we planted, as well as the *Spaniards*; and it remains ſo to this Day.

(*a*) *Mahomet*'s Tomb is fancied to impend by a Magnetick Power, and hang between Heaven and Earth.

(*b*) *Mahomet* roſe up as a General Idol in thoſe very *Eaſtern* Countries, where *Jupiter* began firſt to be reverenc'd as a God; and 'tis obſervable, That the *Eaſtern* Parts of the World have been moſt fruitful of Idolatry, from its very firſt Introduction into the World; alſo *Mahomet* in this ſeems to be the Succeſſor of *Jupiter*, ſince the Idolatry of the *European* and *Grecian* Nations hardly ended before *Mahometaniſm* began: And as the Heathen Worſhip of the Gods, died under the Encreaſe of Chriſtianity; ſo *Mahometaniſm* grew up on the Decreaſe of the Chriſtian Religion, and ſpread with the *Saracens*, *Turks* and *Moors*, all thoſe vaſt Empires where Chriſt was once acknowled'd. There's much more Ground to place *Mahomet* among the Stars, than *Jupiter*, *Venus*, *Vulcan*, and ſuch like.

The numerous Nations which his Name adore,
The ſame who Worſhip'd *Jupiter* before;
May with as juſt Pretences Sacrifice,
And view his Star in the Serener Skies.
Let them no more at *Mecca* kiſs his Shrine,
In brighteſt Orb the ſordid Wretch may Shine.

Then (*a*) *Judas*, mighty *Judas* let him ſtand,
With thirty ſhining (*b*) Stars in his exalted hand;
No Man will his Divinity refuſe,
Call him the *Patron-God* of all the *Jews*:
Let him the *God of Treaſon* too appear,
And when he Reigns let honeſt Men beware;
Who e're is in *his* (*c*) *Conſtellation* born,
May Storms and Gibbets, Swords and Bullets *ſcorn*:
So let the Fates Decree the Wretched *Elves*,
May always be aſſur'd *to Hang themſelves*.

His Brother (*d*) *Julian*, of Apoſtate Race,
Shall in the New Celeſtial Train take place;

Let

(*a*) The Story of *Judas* needs no explaining, his exorbitant Treachery may very well rank him among the exalted Criminals of the World.

(*b*) Thirty ſhining Stars are to repreſent the 30 Pieces of Silver the Luſtre of which was the *Medium* of his Temptation to ſell Innocent Blood.

(*c*) The Planets and Stars which, obtain'd their Names from the Gods of the Heathen World, were allow'd to have Influences on the Births and Actions of Men; and that Influence was without doubt more certain than the Reality of their Hiſtory and ſuppos'd Godſhip; but as the Author is here running Parallels, and erecting a new Conſtellation of Deities, he is ſuppoſing their Influence alſo: So if any Man were born under the Influence of the Planet *Judas*, he would moſt certainly betray his Maſter, and hang himſelf when he had done.

(*d*) *Julian* was the moſt harden'd Apoſtate that ever the World ſaw, and his Speech at his Death, abridg'd in the 4*th* Volume of the *Roman Hiſtory* will teſtify it; where it appears he dy'd with no manner of Reluctance, but a compleat Heathen, return'd as much to his Heatheniſm, as if he had never heard of the Chriſtian Life.

Continuation of the *Roman Hiſtory*, Vol. 3. p. 59.

Let him be God of all that *Love to change*,
And in unsettl'd Orbs his Star shall range;
Let those, whose Birth shall his *wild Influence* own,
Change their Religion first, and *Dye with none.*

(a) *Peter the Cruel* must stand fair for *Spain*,
And Great *De* (b) *Alva* wait another Train;
(c) *Cortez* and He, may for the Place contend,
And both shall have the Poet for their Friend.
Spian has too fruitful been in Men of Blood,
Who equally deserve the Title of a God;
These are the Heroes History extolls,
Who Mount in Flames of Crime the Heavenly Walls;
Millions have fallen by their Glorious Hands,
And by their Breath at once Dispeopl'd Lands:
Nor shall the Fam'd *Pizzaro* be forgot,
Whose *Merit's Equal*, tho' his *Fame* is Not;
His Grave's a Mountain of *Peruvian Bones*,
A Monument more lasting than of Stones.

Torrents

(a) *Peter the Cruel* was deposed from his Throne by the *Castilians*, for his most unsufferable Cruelties; but when restor'd again by the *English* under *Edward the Black Prince*, return'd to the former Excesses, but was Deposed again by his Subjects, and slain in Fight, and deserves to be reckon'd amongst the greatest Delighters in Blood, that History records.

(b) *D' Alva* is famous in History for Losing, as *Cortez* is for Gaining Great Dominions to the *Spaniards*, by his Cruelty; *D' Alva* boasted he had executed 18000 Men in cold Blood, by the hand of the Hangman in *Flanders*, and by the Cruelty and Barbarity of his Treatment, caused the Revolt of the *Netherlands*, and after 40 Years War, the Establishment of the States of *Holland*, as a Free People, from the *Spanish* Government. *Strada, Lib. 3. p. 173.*

(c) *Hornando Cortez* subdued the Empire of *Mexico*, destroying all the Inhabitants with the utmost Cruelty and Barbarity, unpeopling whole Kingdoms, and laying waste vast Tracts of Land, destroy'd 5 Millions of People in one part of it, and Peopled the Country with *Spaniards.*

(d) *Pizzaro* was a *Spanish* General sent by *Cortez* to invade *Peru* and *Chili*; while the other finished the Conquest of *Mexico*, he slew the Peo-

ple

Torrents of Blood he ſpilt, huge Nations ſold,
And (a) *Broil'd Peruvian Kings* in their *Peruvian Gold:*
The *Four United Heroes* let them riſe
And occupy the Center of the Skies.
Old *Jupiter* with all his High Extreme,
For Blood and Murthers but a Fool to them.
Theſe ſhall the high Compariſon diſdain,
They ſcorn to act by halves, and boaſt in vain;
Not Crowds of Men, but Crowds of Nations ſlain.

Who e're ſhall feel *their Influence* in their Blood,
And Date their Birth when theſe in *High Conjunction* ſtood,
Let the preſaging Mother *ſtop their Breath*,
And ſlay the early Monſter *in the Birth*;
Leſt Fate provide the Wretch with Arms and Power,
And he be born, whole Nations *to devour.*

Satyr, among the *Roman* (b) Relicks try,
To find an Object proper for the Sky;
To all the wondrous Shores of *Tyber* go,
The *Rhine*, the *Nile*, the *Danube*, and the *Po.*

Let Fruitful *Rome* the due Precedence have,
Two Gods of two Extremes in Crime ſhe'll crave:
Great (c) *Heliogabalus*, of all the Race,
Deſerves the High Imperial Starry Place.

ple with all poſſible Torments, and, deſtroying the Capital City, left a a Monument of his Cruelty, in an incredible Heap of the Dead Bodies of the Inhabitants, whoſe Bones remain there, as they ſay, to this Day.

(a) He burnt the King of the *Peruvians*, after he had contracted with him for the Delivery of an Immenſe Treaſure.

(b) *Roman* Relick means the Remains of the *Roman*, as continued in the *German* Empire; which tho' it has ſuffered ſo many Convulſions, as hardly to merit the Name, yet it is properly the Relicks of the *Roman* Empire.

(c) *Heliogabalus* was Emperor of *Rome*; he had this Name becauſe he

The God of Inceſt and of all Exceſs,
And Patron of the High Luxuriant Feaſts;
Let no new Birth in his Diviſion ſtand,
Leſt they ſhould make a Famine in their Land.
In the high Spheres let him give Light alone,
But Heaven forbid his Vices ſhou'd be known.
Satyr, forget the Crimes we ſhou'd conceal,
'Twou'd Taint the World his Story to reveal.

With him let Eating (a) *Maximinus* ſtand,
The God of Gluttons, born to ſtarve the Land;
Whoſe Birth ſo e're is in his Houſe begun,
Ye Fates, provide him Food, or he's undone.

(a) *Wen-*

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he was the Prieſt of the Sun before he came to be Emperor; he was choſen by the Army: He was ſo abominably Vicious, that he was call'd the *Roman Sardanapalus*; his Luxury was ſo boundleſs, That when he was on the Sea-Coaſts, he wou'd eat nothing but Fowl from the remoteſt Mountains; and when fartheſt from the Sea, would eat nothing but Sea-fiſh; he fed his Lamps with Balſam, and his Fiſh-ponds with Water perfum'd and ſcented: He forc'd a Veſtal-Virgin to marry him, pretending that he being a Prieſt conſecrated to the Sun, and ſhe a Devoted Virgin, their Iſſue muſt be Gods; his Luxury occaſion'd intollerable Expence, and *that*, all ſorts of Bribery, Extortion, Sale of Honours and Offices for Money; Murther was a Conſequence of the reſt; for he found himſelf oblig'd to deſtroy Men of Vertue, and that would oppoſe his Wickedneſs; he therefore cut off abundance of Innocent Men, and particularly Murther'd ſeveral Senators, becauſe they wou'd not agree to erect a Senate of Women: After ſuch a Brutiſh Reign of near three Years and a half, he was murther'd in the Camp, and with a thouſand Indignities from the enrag'd People, his Body was drag'd thro' the Streets, firſt thrown into a Privy, and then into the *Tyber*. *Collier's Geog. Dict.*

(a) *Maximinus* Emperor of *Rome*, was ſuch a prodigious Glutton, or had ſuch a furious Appetite, that it was his Common Diet to drink 8 Bottles of Wine, and eat 40 *l.* of Fleſh at a Meal; he was ſuch a Monſter of Cruelty, that he was call'd the *Cyclops*, the *Buſiris*, the *Sciron*, the *Phalaris*, *Typhon* and *Gyges* of his Age; when it was firſt heard at *Rome* that he was elected, it fill'd all the City with Lamentations, the Women and the

(z) *Wenceslaus* will the mighty Want supply,
No Fiend like him deserves Divinity;
Let him among th' exalted Crew advance,
And big with Crime, shall God of Crime commence.
The Fatal Star that shall import his Name,
Will all the Births that Date from him, inflame:
Th' unhappy Wretch with his own Vice o'rethrown,
Will sell the World for Gold, himself for none.

Satyr, give briefer Summons to the Sky,
And let each Nation name their Deity;
The *Russ* shall (b) *John Basilowitz* prefer,
And *Lombard*'s *Charles*, too justly stil'd *severe*.

The

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the Children run to the Temples to implore the Gods that he might never enter that City, which they foresaw he would act the Fury in, and fill it with Blood and Slaughter, which he effectually made out; he never spar'd any that he had the least evil Eye upon; but put to Death without Compassion, High and Low, Rich and Poor, by all manner of Tortures; the Senate at last Chose 20 Men to govern against him, and declar'd him a Publick Enemy; at last he was Butcher'd by his own Soldiers at the Siege of *Aquileia* in *Italy*.

(z) *Wenceslaus* Emperor of *Germany* in the Year 1400. so vicious and debauch'd, that he was depos'd by the Electors, and so exceedingly debas'd by Vice and Covetousness, that for Money he acquiesc'd in quitting the Government, and liv'd in *Prague* in all intolerable Beastliness and Vice.

(a) *John Balsilowitz* was one of the greatest Monsters of Tyranny that ever the World heard of, frequently putting whole Families to Death for his meer Pleasure; his Barbarities in *Livonia* are impossible to be related; and without other Particulars, all Histories record him the most cruel and barbarous Wretch that ever was heard of: He reign'd in *Muscovia*, and dy'd, *An.* 1584. *Puffend. Instit.* p. 352.

The *Grecians* challenge (a) *Phocas* for a God,
And (b) *Chriſtian* comes from *Denmark* to the bright abode;
And to enlarge the Roll of *Chriſtendome*,
Vile (c) *Hildebrand*'s detach'd from *Antichriſtian Rome*.
No wonder the infernal Roll's ſupply'd,
From that high Chair that Heaven it ſelf defy'd;
The God of *Witch-craft*, and of *Sorcery*,
A Conjuring, Poiſoning, B—ing Deity.

Proliffick *France* might People all the Skies,
With Villains qualify'd for Deities.
(d) *Richlieu* the new *Apollo* might have ſtood,
But that his Wit was mingl'd ſo with Blood;
Let him the God of Politicks appear,
And influence all the Arts of Peace and War.

Who

(a) *Phocas*, Emperor of the *Eaſt*, a barbarous and inhuman Tyrant, abandon'd to all kinds of Abominations and Debaucheries; he murther'd the Emperor *Mauritius*, and the Empreſs and her Daughters; he ſeiz'd upon the Wives of his Citizens at his Pleaſure, and then put to Death their Husbands for diſapproving it; he ſuffered all the *Eaſtern* Empire to be over-run by the *Perſians* and *Sclavonians*, while he, given up to his Luſts and Cruelties, neglected the due Defence of his Country; he follow'd altogether his own appetite, and took delight to cut off the Heads of the moſt Illuſtrious Perſons in the Empire meerly for his Pleaſure; at laſt he was ſeiz'd upon by Surprize by one *Photinus*, whoſe Wife he had raviſhed, who firſt degraded him, and clothed him with a filthy and ragged Robe, and ſent him to *Heraclius*, who caus'd him to be put to death by Exquiſite Tortures.

(b) *Chriſtian* II. King of *Denmark* over-run *Sweden*, excercis'd Great Barbarities, under the Sacred Engagement of a General Amneſty; and at laſt for his Tyrannies was not only driven out of *Swedeland*, but was alſo depos'd by his own Subjects, and dyed in Priſon, an Example to Tyrants.

(c) *Hildebrand* a Notorious Tyrannick Pope, a *Simoniack*, a *Sodomite*, a *Wizard*, and every thing that was vile and abominable; for which, after an unheard of Management of himſelf, Depoſing the Emperor *Hen.* IV. and a thouſand horrid Pranks, he was depoſed by the ſaid Emperor, the City of *Rome* taken by Storm, and himſelf narrowly eſcap'd out of the Caſtle of St. *Angelo*, and dyed afterward very miſerable.

(d) *Richlieu* was a Man of a vaſt Judgment, and prodigious Wit, founded the *French* Academy, and laid the Foundation of all their Improvement

Who in his Government their *Birth-day* had,
Will both be *Witty*, *Bloody*, *Wise* and *Mad*;

Nor can Great (a) *Charles the Ninth* be here forgot,
The Skies will want a Star, if he's left out:
He shall the God of Hypocrites be own'd,
And *Janus* from his Temples be post-pon'd;
The Birth this *Pointing Star* shall e're engage,
Shall be the best Dissemblers of the Age;
Like him they'll Smile and Kill, Embrace and Hate,
And under fawning Kisses prompt your Fate.
May (b) Nature Plant upon th' unhappy Brow,
Some Fatal Frown that Men the Wretch may know;
That all dissembling Art can never hide,
And Innocents may guilty Snares avoid.

Ten Mighty Monarchs from the *Gallick* Throne,
For Magnitude of Crimes might struggle to be shown;
They'd all contend for Room among the Stars,
And jostle one another from the Spheres;
In equal Vileness their high Names excell,
And in superiour Crimes, too black for Hell,
But by consent they all at once give way,
And let *Immortal Lewis* come in play.

ment in Letters which they have since made; but withal, was bloody, arbitrary and implacable.

(a) *Charles* the Ninth carress'd the Admiral *Coligni*, with all the Tokens and Marks of Friendship; visited him when he had been wounded, and assassinated, wept over him, and ordered him a pretended Guard for his Security, yet at the same time had resolv'd to murther him, and caus'd it to be done the next day.

(b) This is a Wish only, That Providence would place some Token in the Face of a Hypocrite, that an innocent Man might know when he is to be wheedl'd into his Destruction.

(*a*) His Anceſtor, whom Mony made a Saint,
And Legends full of Lyes his Glories paint,
Shall willingly his Luſtre all reſign,
To help th' exalted Wretch in Orbs to ſhine.
(*b*) See the New Growing Conſtellation riſe,
And with a Train of Tyrants mount the Skies:
The Anceſtors of his Immortal Crimes,
Blazon'd for Heroes by the Flattering Rhimes
Of Antiquated Poeſy; but now
Sunk down below our Praiſes, and below
The Dignity of High Immortal Verſe;
We Mightier Deeds, in Mightier Lines reherſe.

Behold the Mighty Thunderer and know,
The *Azure-Arch* can no ſuch Heroe ſhow;
(*c*) The Great, th' Invincible, are Names too ſmall,
To write his Fame in Letters Capital;
(*d*) A God's the only Title can explain,
And Suit the Mighty, the Immortal Man.

Great *Jove* ſhall vail his Leſſer Majeſty,
And to his riſing Godſhip now give way;
His forked Lightning he muſt now reſign,
The Title may be His, the Thunder's Thine,
Witneſs the Ravag'd *Belgiæ*, and the plunder'd *Rhine*.

If

(*a*) *Lewis the Holy*, who went on the firſt Royal Expedition to the *Holy Land*, and loſt his Army there, in fighting with the *Saracens*, where our Great *Richard*, Duke of *Cornwall*, alſo loſt his Life.

(*b*) The preſent King of *France*, ſuppoſed attended by all the bloodieſt Tyrants that ever Reign'd in that Kingdom.

(*c*) A Truer Thunderer than *Jupiter*, and much more worthy of the exalted Sphere.

(*d*) The Titles the *French* Academiſts and Poets frequently give their preſent Monarch in their Writings.

If Seas of Blood and mighty Numbers ſlain,
If Nations long oppreſs'd, if cries of Men;
If Devaſtation, Cruelty and Death,
And blaſting Nations with Tyrannick Breath:
If Flaming Towns, if raviſh'd Vertue lies,
As ſteps to mount a Monarch to the Skies:
Lewis to reign above the Gods may claim,
And *Jove* reſigns his Thunder and his Name.

Satyr, look back, and ſearch the World a while,
And find a Patron-God for *Albion*'s Iſle;
(a) *Britannia* muſt not all alone remain,
Without one *Star* in the Celeſtial Train:
Has ſhe ſo many Tyrants born in vain?

Heaven knows, the difficulty only lies,
In who's the fitteſt Monſter for the Skies:
Satyr, reflect with Care, due Caution give,
Some ------ are Dead, beware of thoſe Alive.
If thou too near the preſent Age begin,
Truth will be Crime, and Courage will be Sin;
The Mighty Gods of Vice thoul't paint in vain,
Unleſs thou think of ſome of thoſe remain.

Adjourn the eaſy Task, and let us ſee
Among the Sons of Crime to find *an Engliſh Deity*;
Let him be one that has enjoy'd the Crown,
That all the reſt may his Advancement own.

What

(a) *Britain* has had her ſhare of Tyrants, and the long Roll of them is more particularly referr'd to in the *9th* and *11th* Book.

What tho' Great (a) *Rocheſter* is left below,
And thou *Apollo*'s Seat on *Richlieu* didſt beſtow;
Let him be (b) *Pan*, whom Shepherd-Swain adores,
And all the Sheperdeſſes be his Whores;
His Royal Maſter beſt becomes the Place,
The old *Priapus* Glory to deface,
Yet have a care, leſt Female-Gods be ſpoil'd,
For he'll get all the Goddeſſes with Child;
His furious Luſt will Dignity Deſpiſe,
And ſpread his Viler Image through the Skies.
Let him be God of all unchaſte Deſires,
Where e're he Rules the Blood, the Blood he Fires;
He that's in this unhappy *Criſis* got,
Caſtrate him young, before his Brain's too hot.

Satyr, thy Countries Glory now purſue,
If other Lands have *one*, let thine have *two*;
Step back two Ages and exalt on High,
Great *J*—— the Modern *Bacchus* of the Skie;
But give him time before his Ghoſt appear,
Leſt his uneaſy Fame bewray his Fear:

Let

(a) In Wit and Crime the late Lord *Rocheſter* was hardly ever outdone by one Man in the World.

(b) *Pan* was call'd the *Sylvan* God, and is ſaid to have clear'd all the reſt with the Charm of his Pipe, in which he excell'd, and which he Invented, and with the Harmony of his Cittern, on which, they ſay, he plaid as he was born.

The Image of *Pan* too admirably ſuits the late Lord *Rocheſter*; *Pan* was Painted, half Man, half Goat; his upper Part's the Man, and his lower Part the Beaſt: Nothing can ſuit the Character better; he had a Head fill'd with the refined'ſt Wit, but the Vices of his other Part were Brutal and Intollerable juſtly ſuited to the Repreſentation of a Goat, and abhor'd by all Good Men.

Let him be Patron of the Timerous Race,
Fear in the Head, and *Frenzy* in the Face;
His Constellation, where it's felt Beneath,
Will make Men strive to *Dye for fear of Death.*
See how we worship in his House of (*a*) Sin,
His Exaltation with his Crimes begin:
(*b*) Aloft we view the *Bacchanalian* King,
(*c*) Below the Sacred Anthems daily sing;
His vast Excess the Penells Art displays,
And Triumphs in the Clouds above our Praise;
What can with equal Force Devotion move,
We Pray below, and he's Debauch'd above;
The Drunk'n Monarch all our Prayers defyes,
And boldly revels in th' exalted Skyes.
Satyr, thy Justice cannot well deny,
T'exalt him here, that's there set up so high:
Art had thy Verse anticipated there,
And God-like plac'd the Monarch in the Air.

Satyr, go back no further, leave a Space,
For future Heroes of Sublimer Race;
Content thy self with these, let all Men try,
To find out such another *Galaxy.*
These shall thy Class of Modern Gods Compleat,
And these alone enjoy the shining Seat,
Too Vile for Heav'n, and for the World too Great.

(*a*) The *Banquetting-House.*
(*b*) The Paintings on the Ceiling in the *Banquetting-House* represent all manner of *Bacchanalian* Excesses, and the King frequently crowned with the Triumphs of Drunkenness.
(*c*) The Place now turn'd into a Chapel-Royal, and the Divine Service sung by the Choir of the Houshold.

If any ask thee what High Place Remains,
And what bright Orb thy *WILLIAM*'s Star contains;
Tell 'em that he who pull'd down Tyrants here,
Proclaims Eternal Wars against them there:
Tell 'em he ſcorns the Fiction of Divine,
And lives an Age's Voyage beyond their Line.
There *he's a God indeed*, for th' Heavenly Face,
Gives High Similitude to the Immortal Race;
There he poſſeſſes Infinite, Compleat,
Whom here he cou'd no more than imitate,
A Guard of Glorious Lights form'd his Aſcent,
And wondring Stars ador'd him as he went:
The Planetary Gods Eclips'd and fled,
Reſign'd their Light, and vail'd the guilty Head;
Superiour Glory lightn'd all the way,
With Beams ſhot out from everlaſting Day:
Harmonious Muſick form'd in Quires of Love,
From the Immortal Symphony above;
In charming Meaſures all his Actions ſung,
And with Seraphic Anthems mov'd along.

Thus *William* went, I ſaw the Saint aſcend,
And Sympathetick Joy did optick Powers extend:
I ſaw th' Exalted Heroe at the Gate,
My Soul went up with him, 'tis hardly come back yet.
Wonder no more new Raptures fire my Pen,
When *WILLIAM*'s Name I chance to write, and when
I ſearch the Luſtre of his Memory,
The beſt of Monarchs, and of Men to Me.

JURE DIVINO:
A
SATYR.

Book II.

SATYR, Descend, thy just Resentments show,
From *Gods above*, describe the *Gods below* :
Yet let thy just Respect to Crowns be shown;
The *Monarchs*, not the *Monarchy* disown:
For Governments from Heaven might first appear,
But Governours came from *the Lord knows where.*

Tell us how Patriarchal Power began,
As Heaven's first Dictate how to model Man;
A Sketch of Monarchy, by which he knew,
What Methods of command he shou'd pursue.

If Patriarchal Power began the Line,
That Patriarchal Power was then Divine;

Sacred

(*a*) Kings are call'd Gods in Scriptures, and the Word Gods here is to be understood to mean Kings or Soveraign Princes of whom the Subject now particularly comes to treat.

(*a*) Sacred the High Original may be,
But how convey'd
To long Posterity;
There the yet unsurmouted Scruple lies,
Choak'd with the Throng of vast Absurdities;
If to the mighty Parallel we go,
What vast discording Parts appear below;
Succeeding Monarchs Sons of Time and Fate,
Derive no Line from Patriarchal State.

The first Majestick Father of Mankind,
That e're by Primogenial Title reign'd;
What Marks of Modern Tyrants could he show?
And where's the Streams of Blood that ran below?
Had he his Infant-Power set up by Force,
His very Sons would have rebell'd of Course.
(*b*) *Saturn* himself, who his own Sons devour'd,
Was by his own true Progeny o're-power'd;
And had extended Power at first began,
And wild Oppression mix'd the juster Reign:
Not all the Ties of Nature, or of Blood,
Could have the Laws of Self-Defence withstood.
Not all the Patriarchal high Pretence,
Could have prevail'd to supersede their Sense;
In Crowns or Families the Course of things,
The same Effects from the same Causes brings;
All things in Nature's proper Channel run,
The *Tyrant Father* makes the *Rebel Son*. Their

(*a*) Nothing in this Book is design'd, or can be construed to Decry or Expose Monarchy, or the Sovereignty of Government by Kings; but to prove that they have no Powers immediately Deputed from Heaven superiour and unsubjected to the Good of those they govern; and that when they assume such a Right, they become Tyrants, Invaders of Right, and may be Deposed by the People they Govern.

(*b*) *Saturn* who is feign'd to Devour his own Children, was banished by his Children; the Story is suppos'd Allegorick, *viz* that he Tyranniz'd over his Subjects, and was deposed and banished, or driven out of his Country for it.

Then View the ſmall Extent of Native Power,
And how Unqualify'd their Subjects to devour.

Small was the Bound of his Imperial State,
Confin'd within his own Paternal Gate;
The Dignity of Government was high,
But all his Kingdom was his Family;
To regulate the Decencies of Life,
The Monarch rul'd his Houſhold and his Wife;
By juſt Deſcent his narrow'd Rule went on,
And Government deſcended to his Son.

But how did Families to Nations riſe,
Join for Defence, and form Societies?
In the Paternal Right no Man could reign,
Farther than his own Houſhold did contain;
And every Son might from his Rule divide,
Be King himſelf, and by himſelf preſide.

If Families united by conſent,
There we come back to Laws of Government;
Compact and mutual Treaties of Accord,
Between a willing People and their Lord.

But ſince this Doctrine frights our Men of Power,
And leaves no room their Neighbours to Devour;
But lays Foundations of abhor'd Diſpute,
Rebellions, Revolutions, *God knows what*;
Subjects the Crown to barb'rous things, *call'd Rules*,
And Liberty, that *Bait* for Free-born Fools.

Let us the Patriarchal Scheme display,
While Nature in her Infant-Cradle lay;
Wise Providence, that all Events foreknew,
Directs the World their Safety to pursue:
While in the Infant-Ages of the Kind,
Nature *to first Paternal Rule* confin'd;
The Men untainted, and their Number few,
The Patriarchal Government *might do* (*a*).

But *as* to wider Regions Nations spread,
And weaker Numbers made the Great their Head,
Eternal Feuds the Petty Lords invade (*b*),
To *Lust and Crime*, by *Lust and Crime* betray'd;
Necessity Confederate Heads Directs,
And Power United, Power Expos'd Protects;
The Nature of the Thing directs *the Mode*,
And Government was born in *Publick Good*:
Safety with *Right* and *Property* combines,
And thus *Necessity* with Nature *joins*.

And here's the *Jus Divinum* truly found,
Confederate Heads with Sacred Titles Crown'd;

For

(*a*) No Man of Common Sense imagines, that at the first Propagation of Mankind there were such Governments as are among us at this time. But in those times each Father, without being subject to any superiour Power, govern'd his Wife, Children and Servants as a Sovereign.

(*b*) Nay it seems very probable to me, that even at the time of the Deluge, there was no Magistracy, or any Civil Constitution; but that the Government was lodg'd only in each Father of his Family: For it is scarce to be imagin'd that such abominable Disorders should have been introduc'd, where the Power of Magistrates and Laws was exercis'd; and it is observable, that after once the Rules of Government were constituted, we do not find Mankind in General did run into such Enormities, of which God Almighty was oblig'd to purge the World by an Universal Punishment. *Puffendorf*'s *Introduct.* to the History of *Europe*, *p.* 1.

For Safety and the General Welfare *join* (*a*),
And make the *Laws of Government* Divine;
They only could *Succeſſive Right* convey,
When *they* that had the Power to Rule, *obey*;
By *Forms and Stipulations* they Depute (*b*),
Who ſhall the Right *where Kings ſubmit* Diſpute?
With *Right Divine* they Conſecrate his Throne,
By Choice Convey what was by *Birth their own* (*c*).
The well ſubjected Families unite,
And Patriarchal Princes, by due Choice ſubmit;
The Publick Safety firſt directs the Choice,
And Patriarchal Suffrage, joins *Diviner Voice.*

Paternal Power at firſt was incompleat,
Too weak for Empire, and for Rule *unfit*;
The *numerous Monarchs* quarrelſome and proud,
Involv'd their little Governments in Blood;
Eternal Wars and undecided Strife,
Unhing'd Mankind, and croſs'd the ends of Life;
Immortal Struggles for pretended Right,
Proceed to Blood, and Men *for Trifles fight.*
Prompted by Crime the vicious Wretch Rebells,
And the juſt Force of injur'd Right repells;
And thus the World would to this day have flow'd,
In Seas of Troubles, and in Streams of Blood.

Satyr,

(*a*) 'Tis plain this Learned Author implies, that Patriarchal Power was not adapted to Rule great Nations, but that infinite Feuds and Petty Wars would ſucceed, which muſt end in Conqueſt and Monarchy.

(*b*) That Government preſcrib'd by Laws, Compacts and Agreements was produc'd by the Neceſſity of things for the Publick Safety.

(*c*) That theſe Compacts and Governments being made originally by the uniting of thoſe Paternal Heads who had originally that Divine Right, have the Inheritance of that Divine Right convey'd to them, and Divine Right is ſo convey'd in the People, not in the Princes.

Satyr, the Specimen, let's recommend,
Where Patriarchal Monarchy remain'd;
How (*a*) *Western Highlands* under every *Clan,*
The *old Mock-Magistracy* still maintain;
View their Good Laws and wholesome Government;
Divine the Form, *Infernal the Intent.*
All their first fansy'd Power, and ancient Right,
First form'd in Blood, and then maintain'd by Might;
View here the ancient Patriarchal Jest,
With *Target* arm'd, in *Plod* and *Bonnet* dress'd,
And from Paternal Government possess'd.

The Prince with *Whoop* and *Whistling Trumpet* shrill,
Summons his Slaves from ev'ry Neighb'ring Hill,
Tell's them, his Enemy's *Bull* has stole *his Cow,*
And *Dire Revenge* th' obedient Rabble Vow;
With mighty *Targ,* and Basket-hilted *Knife,*
Battle and Blood decide the Antick Strife;
The *Namelings* fight, because the *Clan* commands,
And wild Confusion Rules th' ungovern'd Lands.

Hence

(*a*) In the *High-Lands* of *Scotland* the Patriarchal Power seems to retain its Original, and the Nature of it is display'd, where the Men of a Name pay all an undisputed Obedience to him they call the Head of the *Clan* or Family; if he calls, they come with obedient Chearfulness; and nothing has been more frequent, than for the whole Body of a *Clan,* or all of such or such a Name, upon the least Trifle of a Quarrel between the Heads on either side, to meet armed, and fight desperately till the Quarrel was decided by Blood.

(*b*) Many times upon these Occasions hundreds of Men have been kill'd, or rather murthered, on a side for some Impertinent Wrangle; as, for a Cow or a Horse, or any such Country Trespass.

(*c*) This would certainly have been the Consequence of Patriarchal Monarchies, where the Governments must have been numerous, small, and only govern'd by Power and absolute Will; the strongest would of Course have subdued all the rest at last.

Hence Conqueſt ſhar'd the Patriarchal Crown,
And *Right by Power*, pull'd *Right by Nature* down;
Men that began the Sweets of Blood to taſte,
By Luſt of Rule puſh'd on, laid Nature waſte;
Scatter'd inferiour Force, and fix'd a Throne,
And all *their Power could graſp* they call'd their own.

If then to Conqueſt we would have recourſe,
We find the Wound as bad, the Med'cine worſe;
The ſtricteſt Search no Steps of Conqueſt find,
In all the early Ages of Mankind;
In Natures Youth, the Bond of Heav'n was ſtrong,
Ambition quite unborn, the World but young:
Rapin and (*a*) Root of Crime obtain'd no Place,
And Sin had made no Wrinkles in her Beauteous Face;
The Seeds of Crime, no Cauſe of Crime entail'd,
But univerſal Honeſty prevail'd:
Then Patriarchal Innocence might reign,
But what did all the Dignity contain?
Juſtice in Peace might Native Truth attend,
Rather to Pilot Nations than defend;
No Sword was drawn to make his Power be known,
Age was his *Scepter*, and *Grey Hairs* his Crown;
The High deciſive Voice Rever'd, becauſe
Heav'n ſpoke by him the Voice of Nature's Laws;
And all he ſaid was echo'd from Mankind,
By God's Eternal (*b*) Witneſs in the Mind:
Had he impos'd his viler Will for Law,
And drove the Subjects he was rais'd to draw;

(*a*) Covetouſneſs, which is call'd the Root of all Evil.
(*b*) Conſcience.

Strife and *Oppoſing Nature*, wou'd have ſhown,
The Small Extent of his corrupted Throne.

But Men and Crimes, as they in Numbers grew,
Old Rules laid down, and Vice directed new;
Pride and Ambition hand in hand invade,
Nations, by equal Seeds of Crime betray'd;
Method their *abſent Honeſty* ſupplies,
And Crime extenuates Crime:
The Guilty flies,
To Shifts and Shams, and *Refuges of Lies.*

Thus Pride brings Strife, and Wars to Strife ſucceed,
Truth yields, and Falſhood governs in his ſtead;
Juſtice and Honeſty by Inches fail,
And Violence and Injury prevail.

Hence Tyrants, and from theſe Infected Springs,
Flows the beſt Title of the beſt of Kings:
Conceiv'd by Pride, and born of Violence,
So free from claim they wanted the Pretence;
Invaded Right to growing Force ſubmits,
Oppreſſion *Charges Home*, and Honeſty Retreats;
Weak Truth gives way to Power, and Power prevails,
And Univerſal Slavery entails;
The firſt Oppreſſion's the produce of Sin,
And always follows where our Crimes begin.

Then liſten, *Satyr*, to the General Voice,
And let the Men of Murmur take their Choice.
Let 'em in Sociate Compacts place a Crown,
Or let 'em Conqueſt and Invaſion own:

'Tis

'Tis all the ſame, the Right's alike Divine,
The ſame in Juſtice, and the ſame in Line;
Heav'n has no hand in the Politick Fraud,
Nature directed, Conſequence obey'd.

Th' immortal Laws of Moral Right were giv'n,
As Guides of Conduct by indulgent Heaven;
Juſtice and Truth kept all the World in awe,
And Right and Wrong were ſettled firſt by Law;
The Rules of Worſhip and Subjection ſet,
(*a*) What things we ought to do, and what omit:
Due Knowledg firſt infus'd by Providence,
And Bounds mark'd out to Man's Obedience.

But, as to Government, he left him Free,
Nature directed: Rules of Politie;
Needleſs to Dictate, to his Reaſon known,
'Twas in himſelf, the *Hint was all his own*;
Reaſon the eaſy Methods did contain,
And Heaven, that never ſpeaks or acts in vain,
Wiſely foreknowing Nature wou'd direct
Plainly omits, for Heaven can't neglect.

Why did not Heaven preſcribe the Laws of Life,
As when to eat, or Sleep, or kiſs his Wife;
But that directed Nature knew its Law,
And faithful Inſtinct wou'd Performance draw.

Let

(*a*) In all the Moral Laws, in all the Inſtitutions of Providence read of in the early Hiſtory of the World, Heaven was obſerv'd never to direct them in Matters of Government, as a thing left wholly to their own Choice.

(*a*) Society to Regulation tends,
As naturally as Means purſue their Ends;
The Wit of Man could never yet invent,
A Way of Life without a Government;
Subordination is the Soul of Law,
And Rules of Life to Rules of Living will draw;
What need had Power to preſcribe the Man,
Let him go on without it if he can.

Had he in State of Innocence remain'd,
His Happineſs had all that's Good contain'd;
No Property, no Right or Wrong had known;
Each Men had all the World, and all his own:
'Twas Crime put Man in need of Government,
To Guard juſt Right, and Injury prevent;
That Government that does not this way tend,
Deſtroys it ſelf as it deſtroys its end.

Nor ſhall we here diſpute the Name of King,
The Method ſeems as nat'ral as the thing:
That whoſo'ere Society ſhall chooſe,
All Men ſhould him obey, and none refuſe;
And 'tis as juſt that he ſhou'd *Reign by Rules*,
Elſe he muſt be a Tyrant, *they* of Courſe *be Fools*:
No Man agrees to be by Force oppreſt,
'Tis Force *alone* muſt reconcile us to the Jeſt;
Cuſtom and want of Means may keep Men low,
And make Submiſſion ſeem like Nature too;
But of all Nations let them find me one,
That ſtrove to ſink, and choſe to be undone.

Compacts

(*b*) This is according to he ſtated arguing from the Laws of Nature and Humane Underſtanding. *Vid. Oceana. Algernoon Sidney*, Mr. *Lock*, &c.

Compacts, *the Womb* of real Majesty,
The rest is all *Excentrick Tyranny*;
By Force attempted, and by Fraud maintain'd,
Fraud only *can Uphold*, what Force *has Gain'd*.

How can that Foot of Government be best,
Where none obey, but those who can't resist?

Why Providence has left the World so long
To Violence, shall now employ our Song;
Put the *Inquiring Nations* out of Doubt,
Satyr will find the *Easy Riddle* out:
How it began, how native Freedom fell,
" Form'd in the dark Confed'racy of Hell,
" Speak, *Satyr*, for there's none like thee can tell.

But first examine the *Diviner Race*,
And search the *Heavenly Image* in their Face:
For if the Sacred Power were all Divine,
How comes the Devil *has thus Debauch'd the Line?*
How came these God-like Men *in Power sublime*
To mingle their Divinity with Crime?
In Place Supreme, and God-like in their Reign,
But Soil'd with Vice below the worst of Men.
How came they void of Sense *as well as Grace*,
And tainted Blood Debauch'd the *Sacred* Race?
Incarnate Mischiefs center in their Heads,
And *Surfeited Debauches* in their Beds;
Gorg'd with Insatiate Avarice and Blood,
And Troops of Hellish Lusts about 'em Crowd;
From whence does all their *sordid Crimes* proceed,
Which makes *Fate Groan*, and *ruin'd Nations bleed?*

If they from (*a*) Heav'n poſſeſs'd a Power Supreme,
From God receiv'd, and held of none but him;
Above the Laws, accountable to none,
But by Immortal Right poſſeſs'd the Crown;
In Perſon Sacred, of Seraphick Line,
By Birth and Place inherently Divine:
The High Exalted Office all their own,
And by their Perſons Sanctify'd the Throne:
Then Kings were (*b*) *Gods*, the Race Celeſtial,
And Sacred Majeſty becomes the Stile:
He that blaſphemes the Name ſhou'd be deſtroy'd,
And they as well be Worſhip'd as Obey'd;
Temples be dedicated to their Fames,
And Anthems ſung to their Immortal Names:
Poets in their juſt Praiſe employ their Song,
And Virgins Dance it in the rural Throng:
Rebels by Thunder ſhou'd from Heaven be ſlain,
Their blaſted Projects always Form'd in vain:
Heav'n wou'd not fail his Handy Work to bleſs,
But as he gave the Crown he'd give Succeſs;
Proſperous Rebellion would in *Embrio* Dye,
And Plots would be Suppreſs'd by Majeſty;
The Pointed Lightnings wou'd their Throne protect,
And High Omniſcient Sight would Treaſon ſoon detect:
The Mighty Sovereign Power that Rules on High,
Would with unconquerable Power ſupply;
Heaven

(*a*) If all theſe Heads of Argument were true, as Sir *R. Filmer*, and the Patrons of Divine Right alledge, the King muſt be ſomething more than a Man: for a Creature veſted with all the Sanctions, they thus place in the Perſon Reigning, muſt be ſo exalted, as to merit ſome other Title than that of a Man.

(*b*) The Power aſcrib'd to Kings by this Doctrine, wou'd denominate them to be Gods; and they may as well demand Adoration, as ſuch a kind of Obedience, as theſe Men alledge is due to them.

Heaven would his Image conſtantly Defend,
Seraphick Legions would their Power atttend:
The *Titans* of the World would ſtrive in vain,
Juſtice would compaſs the Celeſtial Man.

But Heaven has witneſs'd by his High Command,
And Doom'd down Tyrants by the Peoples Hand;
Declar'd his equal Anger at their Crimes,
And own'd the Revolutions of the Times;
He has pull'd down the Tyrants of the Age,
And bleſt the juſt Effects of Pop'lar Rage;
Tumbl'd the *Jus Divinum* from the Throne,
And ſet the foot of Freedom on the Crown;
The Laws of Nature bind the Truth ſo faſt,
That 'twill as long as Laws and Nature laſt;
Heaven can no Fiction ſo abſurd, *Decree*,
That Men ſhou'd date their Crimes from his Authority.

Shall Tyrants plead their Miſſion from on high,
And Guard their Miſchiefs by their Majeſty;
Entitle Heaven to all they can commit,
And ruine Nations by the Sacred Cheat:
With Rapes and Murthers firſt Debauch the Throne,
And make the Text thoſe Rapes and Murthers own;
Preach the Religion of Obedience due,
To ſuch as no Religion ever knew;
Princes that give their Will its eager Guſt:
And Sacrifice the Nations to their Luſt,
Are theſe the Perſons ſanctify'd by Line,
Then *Lucifer himſelf* may be Divine?

Forbid it, Heaven, that Governours ſhould prove,
The Right of Blood and Murther from above;

The

The Royal Crimes of Princes blaſt the Senſe,
And ſhow the Weakneſs of the Sham Pretence;
We find no real Merit in a Throne,
To ſanctify the Perſon by the Crown;
Since ſuch as wiſer Heaven deſigns to curſe,
Are not made better by it, but the worſe;
It cannot be that Men of Luſt and Blood,
Can in the Right Divine be underſtood;
It quite deſtroys the Nature of the thing,
That Heaven ſhou'd ſo uphold a Monſter King;

But Kings are Gods:
That Title owns they muſt,
Like him be Sacred, and like him be Juſt;
If o're the laſt the vicious Luſt prevails,
The Sanction dies, and all the Godhead fails;
His high Deſert's a Jeſt, a Ridicule,
And he's more Vile than thoſe he ought to Rule;
Abandon'd to his Crimes he ought to find
Himſelf abandon'd too by all Mankind;
With the (a) *Aſſyrian* Monarch turn'd to Graſs,
As much a Tyrant, and as much an Aſs;
I know no meaner, abject, monſtrous Thing,
Than *an Exalted Devil*, made a King.

Satyr, thy Verſe to th' Pencils Art prefer,
They paint the Face, but thou the Character;
Poets may wicked Princes ſo adore,
We cannot Gil'd their Crimes; *A Whore's a Whore.*

Periſh

(a) *Nebuchadnezzar*, whom God depriv'd of his Senſes, and his Subjects excluded him both from the Government, and alſo from Humane Society.

Periſh thoſe Poets and *be* (a) *Damn'd*, the Song
Which with *this Nonſenſe* Charm'd the World ſo long,
That he who *does no Right*, can *do no Wrong*.

The Claim of (b) Conqueſt thus deriv'd from Sin,
Where will *the Sacred*, where *the Right* begin?
And when did this *Entroaching Cheat* come in?

Ancient as Sin, and cloſe Ally'd in Time,
With Miſchief Born, and *Midwif'd* in by Crime;
Tyrannick Power invaded Common Right,
And *Juſtice Sunk* Beneath the *Arms of Might*.
If this be Right, if this entails a Crown,
It much more makes it juſt to pull it down;
For Crowns that by Oppreſſion are obtain'd,
May by the like Oppreſſion be regain'd;
(c) Th' Injuſtice will be in the firſt Offence,
And 'tis the Cauſe Defends the Conſequence.

Heaven had no hand at all in the Deſign,
'Twas wild Oppreſſion taught Men firſt to Reign;
Belus and *Nimrod*, who, as 'tis ſuppos'd,
Large Families in Kingdoms firſt Enclos'd;

(a) The Reader is deſir'd to underſtand this Word in the Language of the Poets, who uſe it when any of their Works are generally diſlik'd, or condemn'd and cenſur'd; and not in the vulgar Acceptation of the Word; and therefore 'tis aſcrib'd to the Song, not to the Poets, and I ſhould have inſerted none of this Note, but for the captious Diſtemper of the Age, which is apt to condemn a Work for a Word; and that Word, not becauſe it merits the Cenſure, but becauſe they do not underſtand it.

(b) Conqueſt muſt begin in Covetouſneſs and Ambition; for all offenſive War, except ſuch as is ſincerely Preventive, muſt be unjuſt.

(c) If it be juſt to Conquer, it muſt be juſt in another to Conquer him; and ſo on, till the World was fill'd with Invaſions and Eternal Encroachments of Growing Power.

Who made the Patriarchal Power comply,
And Sociate Rule ſubmit to Monarchy;
Were they Inſpir'd? Did *God* the Crime Command,
And Introduce Deſtruction in the Land?
Forbid it, *Satyr*, let's no more Blaſpheme,
Worſhip Sham-power, and banter the Supreme;
It cannot be, Heav'n can't ſupport a Throne,
Erected purely to pull down his own;
Almighty Power, 'tis own'd, can all things do,
But Power does Nature conſtantly purſue;
Th' Eternal Attributes go hand in hand,
And this muſt firſt direct, what thoſe Command;
This Governs firſt of all, and that Protects,
And that muſt execute, what this directs;
Heaven muſt its Nature change, and ceaſe to be,
Corrupt in Will, and weak in Majeſty;
When e're it ſhall againſt it ſelf command,
And own the Miſchiefs which it has condemn'd.

Firſt Government was Nat'ral all and Free,
And fixt in Patriarchal Majeſty,
From (*a*) thence convey'd by Right *to Property*,

Where

(*a*) This is the plain Original of Government; Men found the Patriarchal Power deficient in many things when the World began to multiply, and that it was wholly unqualified for large Communities; and ſome, encroaching upon others, threatned, and began to grow Formidable to the reſt: To preſerve therefore the Rights and Properties theſe Families enjoy'd in the World, they firſt Confederate ſeveral of theſe Patriarchal Families or Kingdoms together for mutual Defence againſt Invaſion; and finding this their only Safety, they continue thus United, chooſe one Supreme above the reſt, and he obtain'd the Name of Duke or Captain; and after of King, or, which is to be underſtood, Grand Captain: Theſe had the ſame Right of Election as they had before of Rule, and this Right was always annex'd to the Property of the Lands they enjoy'd; and ſo it remains to this day.

Where he beſtows the Soil, and gives the Land,
The Right of that's the Right of the Command,
There can be no Pretence of Government,
Till they that have the Property conſent.

Here all the Kinds of Government began,
And here will (*a*) end; prevent it he that can:
'Twould be a Contradiction too abſurd,
Satyr, Mankind would Bluſh at every Word;
Should we ſuppoſe Heav'n could its Laws diſpenſe,
So contradictory to Common Senſe;
To ſend a Nation to poſſeſs a Land,
But from Poſſeſſion take away Command;
'Twou'd turn his Providence to Ridicule,
To give the Property without the Rule:
If the Command's withheld, Poſſeſſions die,
No Man Poſſeſſes what he can't enjoy;
And all Enjoyment's Lame, but that which knows,
A Power to keep, as well as to diſpoſe.

What other Title does Mankind enjoy,
And leſs would all we call a Claim deſtroy;
Of all the wide extended World *he's* (*b*) *Lord*,
What are the Conſequences of the Word?
How was the Title firſt to him convey'd?
How has inſtructed Nature ſince obey'd?

Seizin

(*a*) Government muſt certainly terminate in the Right of Property, becauſe Nature dictating to Men to defend their Property, they will upon all Occaſions aſſert it, and obey that Law they find within their own Breaſts.

(*b*) God gave him, as Man, Dominion over every Creature; and this muſt certainly imply, that he gave him Property in thoſe Creatures which his Poſſeſſion made his own.

Seizin and *Livery* he gave the Man,
Poſſeſſion did his Government explain,
For Property does Power it ſelf contain.

Here, and here only Monarchies begin,
Such Governments as theſe *are all Divine*:
The Perſon the Proprietors erect,
All the Proprietors are to protect;
His Perſon's Sacred, and his rightful Crown,
No Men, *but they that gave it*, may pull down:
Nor they, unleſs he proves to be unjuſt,
And then they all *not only may*, *but muſt*.

And what's the Reaſon elſe when Tyrants Reign,
Heaven blaſts them not before we can complain;
If they from Heaven directly had the Crown,
Heaven would when they Rebell'd, *Diſmount the Throne*;
When with exalted Crimes *they plague Mankind*,
And ruine thoſe they *rather* ſhou'd *Defend*;
When they with Murthers, Maſſacres, and Blood,
O're-flow the Land, and *Revel in the Flood*;
Why does not Sovereign Thunder blaſt the Crown,
And he that ſet them up, ſoon *thruſt them down*?
Will they entitle Heaven to their Miſtakes,
And think he *owns the Miſchiefs* for the Monarchs Sakes?
No Man was ever yet ſo void of Senſe,
Or Own'd ſo great a Stock of Impudence.

The Reaſon's plain, and may be eas'ly known,
'Tis not Heaven's proper Buſ'neſs, but our own:
The Gift he gives he looks that we maintain,
And till we ſtrive, *we Cry to Heaven in vain*:

Prayers

Prayers and Tears no Revolutions make,
Pull down no Tyrants, will *no Bondage Break*;
Heaven *never will* our faint Petitions hear,
Till *Juſt Edeavours* ſupersede our Prayer;
Not always then, but Nations may be ſure,
The *willing Bondage* ever ſhall endure;
Heaven thinks it juſt, if we ourſelves betray,
That when we ſtrive to be undone, *we may*:
Chriſtians muſt no more Miracles expect;
And they that *will be Slaves*, he'll not protect;
They that would have his Power to be their Friend,
Muſt with *what Power they have* their Right Defend;
In vain they for Divine Aſſiſtance ſtay,
Unleſs they learn *to fight* as well *as pray*;
This will their Wiſh and his Deſign fulfill,
But Mankind's *never ſav'd* againſt his Will;
He Works by Means, and *Means he'll always bleſs*,
With Approbation, often with Succeſs.

Nor is it juſt Mankind ſhould look for Aid,
Where he himſelf, *is by himſelf betray'd*;
He that will not his willing Arms extend,
Muſt drown of Courſe, and is for Death deſign'd;
Thoſe that the Agency of Man deny,
Allow *he always has a Power to die*;
He that will hang himſelf, and then expect
Th' Almighty Negative muſt him protect;
Expoſes Providence to Ridicule,
Banters his Government, *and dies a Fool*;
Heaven has thought fit by Silence to direct,
Where Nature Dictates, no Man ſhould neglect;
What tho' his Bounteous Hand does Plenty Carve,
He that will never eat, will always *ſtarve*;

What tho' th' Oppreſs'd his ready Goodneſs ſaves,
He ne're prevents the Men *that will be Slaves*;
'Tis left indiff'rent to the General Choice,
Mankind may chooſe, *Nature obeys his Voice:*
If he's a Coxcomb, and reſolves to die,
LET HIM, not God or Nature will deny;
If he will be a Fool, to Force ſubmit,
Heaven's not concern'd to free him of the Cheat,
But leaves him to be puniſh'd for *his want of Wit.*

Thus Soveraign Grace does ſinking Worlds Redeem,
And *Paſſive Man* reſigns the Praiſe to him;
But when he will the Mighty Gift throw down,
He Damns himſelf, and makes the Crime his own.

This is the *firſt Great Law of Government*,
Reaſon ſubmits and Signs her free Conſent;
All other Forms of Living are Humane,
Empty like them that made 'em, *and in vain*;
Cannot the Ends of Government ſupply,
Nor finiſh *what we call Felicity*:
They all began in Crime, by Crime maintain'd,
Pervert the *Means of Rule*, and *miſs the End.*

Divine Commiſſion knew *no Claſs of Kings*,
Deſpotick Governments are *ſelf-made* things;
'Twas all uſurp'd, 'twas all Tyrannick Power,
Which made Great Families the Small Devour:
The firſt wild (*a*) Huntſman *Beaſts leſs wild* purſu'd,
But quickly for a Kingdom *left the Wood*;
He

(*a*) *Nimrod*, who is in Scripture call'd a Mighty Hunter, we find Hiſtorians agree his Hunting was of Men more than Beaſts; and that he erected a Tyrannick Government in the World, moſt believe; and therefore call'd a Mighty Hunter *before the Lord.*

He Form'd the *First Banditty* of the Age,
And learnt the Men as well as Beasts t' Engage:
Thus *Captains* they commenc'd, and then grew Kings,
And Tyrants by the Consequence of things:
For Lawless Power by Lawless Power they toil'd,
And *Mankind* soon with *Mankind* they embroil'd;
Till he grew King that first subdu'd the rest,
As he that *Rob'd the most*, could *Rule the best.*

Was this Divine? Was Heaven concern'd in this,
Heaven that is all made up of Truth and Peace?
Oppression's born of Hell, the Mischief came
Big with Ambition, Nature to enflame,
And has no other Prospect or Design,
But to Debauch and Ruin all Mankind;
It's Nature's such, *'tis Tainted from below*,
And by the Crime you may its Birth-place know:
Effects in spight of Arts their Cause reveal,
The *Devil himself* cannot the Mark conceal;
It smells of that *Dark Vault* from whence it came,
Such Kings and Tyrants always were *the same.*

And as the Modell's of Infernal Birth,
'T has spread the *Devil's Image* thro' the Earth;
Eternal War with Heaven till now maintains,
And wheedles Men to *please themselves with Chains*;
Perswades them to believe the Cheat's Divine,
And calls in Heaven to sanctify the Line.

Religion always makes a Crime compleat,
And sacred Masks the only dangerous Cheat;
The Regal Power was all their own Design,
Built on the Rubbish of the Power Divine:
The Patriarchal Right oppress'd by Weight,
Sunk in the General *Casualty of Fate:*

Thus

The first Paternal Government made void,
And *Right Divine* by *Right Usurp'd* destroy'd.

Thus *Power by Conquest* was at first begun,
And by Oppression has been handed down;
The Crown at first upon the Sword depends,
And what the Sword *set up*, the Sword *Defends*;
Nor does it sink the Value of the Crown,
Only it pulls *the Mask of Sacred* Down:
For Conquest is a Title Heaven permits,
And few Crown'd Heads can boast of better Rights.

But this does personal Sanction all confound,
Where Conquest Reigns *Divinity's a-ground*:
Title and *Right*'s an empty formal Word;
And all the *Jus Divinum*'s in the Sword;
The Crown's a *Hieroglyphick* to the Steel,
Subjects may *think of This*, but *That they Feel*:
'Tis Force supports the High Tyrannick Jest,
And Men Obey, *because they can't Resist*:
So Heaven it self, as Learned Men have said,
Wou'd have no Subject, *if the Dev'l were dead*;
Religion may in some few things appear,
But all Submission is produc'd by Fear;
The High Pretences may perhaps be Great,
But 'tis Subjection makes a Law compleat,
And Sense of Punishment preserves a State:
'Tis Power alone which keeps the World in awe,
As 'tis *the Penalty supports the Law*;
Without it 'twou'd be but an empty Sound,
A Cloud in which no Thunderbolt is found:
Rule without Power's an empty senseless Word,
And Justice Nonsense is without the Sword.

Satyr,

Thus

Satyr, the Sons of Argument diſmiſs,
And ſtand the Teſt of High Authorities:
Let us to Sacred Hiſt'ry now Appeal,
Heaven may perhaps in theſe the Doubt reveal;
What tho' it ſeems *embarraſs'd* and perplext,
You'll find the Doctrine if you find the Text;
That very Article our Champions boaſt,
Shou'd moſt confirm 'em, *will confound 'em moſt.*

When *Iſrael* with unheard of Murmurs firſt,
Pray'd to unwilling Heav'n they might be curſt;
Rejected God, and ſcorn'd th' Almighty Rule,
And made themſelves *their Childrens Kidicule*;
Th' Eternal Banter, Future Ages Jeſt,
And Damn'd to Slavery *at their own Requeſt*?
How did juſt Heav'n the mad Demand receive,
How with their wild deluded Reaſon ſtrive:
With what juſt Arguments did *Samuel* plead,
Give 'em *the Tyrants Character to read*;
Explain'd the Luſt of *an Ungovern'd Man*,
Show'd 'em the Danger, Preach'd to them *in vain*:
Told 'em the Wretched things they'd quickly find,
Within *the pleaſing Name of King* Contain'd;
With their bewildred Crowds expoſtulate,
And open'd all the Dangers of their Fate.

The Text is plain, Heav'n the Deſign abhorr'd,
(a) *And left his High Diſlike upon Record*;
Not that he does the *Name of King* diſclaim,
The Miſchief's in the Man, *and not the Name:*

(a) 1 Sam. 8. 7, 8. *They have not rejected thee, but they have rejected me, that I ſhould not reign over them.*

But his Juſt Anger plainly he expreſt,
Againſt *the Madneſs* of the wild Requeſt;
They were a Monarchy, himſelf their King,
Free from the Miſchiefs, *yet enjoy'd the thing*;
Govern'd by him their Freedom they purſu'd,
He fought their Battles, and their Foes ſubdu'd;
But glutted *with the Freedom* of their Fate,
They Bought their Ruin *to Exalt their State*;
Sought their Deſtruction with unwearied Pains,
And beg'd for *Fetters*, *Slavery* and *Chains*.

But Heaven, *ſay we*, thought fit this Prayer to hear,
Himſelf choſe out the King, and plac'd him there;
Diſown'd the Pop'lar Right and fix'd the Choice.
In Providence, and not the Peoples Voice;
From whence the Claim of Right by Regal Line,
Made *Iſrael*'s Kings be Kings by Right Divine.

'Tis own'd if e're *Almighty Power* thinks fit
To Chooſe a King, the People ſhould ſubmit;
His Sovereign Power has an undoubted Right,
As he has made the World to *Govern it*;
And he that has the Right of Government,
Can *Give a Right* by his Divine Aſſent;
By Proxy may the Kingdom execute,
For if he *may Command* he may (*a*) *Depute*.

Thus Saul *was King* by Heaven's immediate Hand,
But *'twas in Judgment* to afflict the Land;

To

(*a*) And conſequently may Depute a Tyrant who ſhall execute his Judgments for the Puniſhment of a Nation: and ſo it was here, for the Scripture ſays expreſly, *Saul* was given them in Anger.

To have his Anger plainly underſtood,
And *Samuel*'s black Predictions to make good;
In *Granting* he *corrected* the Requeſt,
Gave them the Man, but he *withheld the reſt*;
He gave what they pretended to require,
But in the Gift he puniſh'd the Deſire:
(*a*) He gave a *Plague*, the very ſelf-ſame thing
They ask'd, when they petition'd for a King.

For 'tis remarkable when *Samuel* ſaw,
(*b*) They'd have a King in ſpight of Senſe or Law;
He drew the Picture of a Monſter Crown'd,
Ask'd them, *if ſuch a Villain could be found,*
Whether they'd like him? and their Tribute bring,
They anſwer, YES: *Let ſuch a one* be King.

And is a Tyrant King your early Choice?
(*c*) *Be Kings your Plague, ſaid the Eternal Voice;*
And with *this Mighty Curſe* he gave the Crown,
And *Saul* to *Iſrael*'s *Terror* mounts the Throne.

Satyr, the Parallel with Caution bring,
On what Conditions was this Man their King.

Tho'

(*a*) 1 *Sam.* 8. *v.* 9, 19. God bids *Samuel* hearken to the Voice of the People, and make them a King; but proteſts ſolemnly to them, and ſhews them the Manner of the King that ſhall reign over them.

(*b*) This I take not to be improperly turn'd in *Satyr*, and bring in *Samuel* talking to them thus:

God is very much diſpleaſed with you, that you have rejected his immediate Government, and choſen a King; and therefore has bid me tell you, if you will have a King, you ſhall; but he will be ſo and ſo: as from *v.* 10. to 18.

(*c*) The People reply; Nay, but we will have a King over us: As if they had ſaid;

Well, with all our Hearts; let us but have a King, we'll venture that, we don't trouble our Heads; let us have him, let him be never ſo bad, ſo be but a King, that we may be a Match for our Enemies.

Tho' *Heaven Declar'd* him, Heaven it ſelf ſet down
The Sacred *Poſtulata* of the Crown;
Samuel examin'd firſt the High Record,
(*a*) Then *Dedicates the Subſtance* to the Lord;
(*b*) This is the *Coronation-Oath*, the Bond,
The Steps on which the Throne and Kingdom ſtand;
Which when the future Kings unjuſtly broke,
God and the People juſter Vengeance took.

Then Mark the *Needful Steps* to make him King,
How Sacred Ends, concurring Means muſt bring;
Not *Samuel*'s *Ointment*, not the Mighty *Lot*,
Could *make him King*, nor hew his Title out;
They ſaw no Worth in his *Mechannic Race*,
No Lines of Government in his *too Youthful Face*:

The

(*a*) This muſt be meant by that Text, 1 *Sam.* 10. 25. *Samuel told the People the Manner of the Kingdom, and wrote it in a Book, and laid it up before the Lord.*

1. His Telling the People the Manner of the Kingdom.

'Tis plain this Word *Manner* ſignifies the Conſtitution of the Government; by which is meant, the Conditions on which *Saul* was to be King, and they his Subjects; for tho' God had given him the Crown, it was to rule the People according to Juſtice and Laws; and this is meant in frequent Expreſſions, by going in and out before them; referring to Juſtice being executed in the Gates, and Peace and War; the King was to lead them in one, and direct in the other: This *Manner* of the Kingdom was told to all the People, that implyed the Conſent of the People requir'd to make him King, without which, tho' *Samuel* had anointed him, he was not own'd by the *Iſraelites*, but went about his private Affairs till after the Victory over the *Ammonites*.

(*b*) Then this Manner of the Kingdom was wrote in a Book; a Token of its being a Compact between *Saul* and the People; and his laying it up before the Lord, is a very good Equivalent to an Oath Recorded on both Sides.

For it was there as a Witneſs between the King and the People, and ſerv'd both as their Oath of Allegiance, and his Oath of Government.

All this being done; What follow'd? *All the People went to* Gilgal; *and there THEY*, mark the Word, *made Saul King*.

The *Baſhful Boy* for Crown and Power unfit,
As *loth to Rule*, as they were to ſubmit;
Declin'd the *Gawdy Trifle*, call'd a Crown,
And loth to Change the *Stable* for a *Throne:*
Backward the *Weighty Load* to undergo,
The wiſeſt Action ever Saul *cou'd do.*

(*a*) *Is this the Monarch ſhall our Foes deſtroy,*
Does Heaven deſign to rule us by a Boy?
The floating *Rabbies* Cry, *we ſcorn to own,*
A Man that has no Merit *for a Crown,*
Give us a better King, or give us None.
Is this the Tyrant whom you bid us Fear?
Is that young Cowardly Boy *to Govern here?*
Is he the Man ſhall Judah's *Scepter Sway?*
And are we mad enough, d' ye think, t' Obey?
Our King *muſt lead the Glorious Tribes to Fight,*
And chaſe the Thouſands of the Ammonite;
From Iſrael's *Chains* releaſe her, *and defy,*
The mighty Chariots of the Enemy;
His perſonal Valour *muſt our Triumphs bring,*
'Tis ſuch a Man we want, *and ſuch a King.*

Away they go, (*b*) *reject* his Government,
Not Heavens High Choice could force their due Conſent;

(*a*) 1 Sam. 10. 27. *How ſhall this Man ſave us? And they deſpis'd him.*

(*b*) They ſaw no merit in the Man they expected; the King that God would have given them, ſhould have been a Man of ſome Figure, whoſe Conduct had been tried, and his Valour and Bravery had made famous among the Tribes; but when they ſaw a Youth mean and deſpicable in his Original, of the youngeſt Tribe of *Iſrael*, a *Benjamite*, and every Circumſtance concurring to Diſappoint them; they go away dejected, and refuſe him, notwithſtanding all *Samuel*'s Anointing or God's Singling him out by Lot.

Samuel ſubmits, adjourns the ſtrong Debate,
Suſpends the King, he offer'd to Create;
Owns *their Diſlike's a High Material Thing*,
And without *their Conſent* he never could be King:
Nor would even God himſelf the thing deny;
Nay Heaven the Scruple ſeems *to Juſtify*:
Nature was here oppos'd to Providence,
And Duty ſeem'd to bow to Rules of Senſe:
Almighty Power declar'd it (a) *worth his while*
By Miracle the Caſe to reconcile.

Why did he not his high Diſtaſte expreſs,
Reſent the Slight, and puniſh their Exceſs;
Extort Obedience by expreſs Command,
And Crown his Choice by *his immediate Hand?*

Deſtroy the Rebels with his Blaſting Breath,
And puniſh *Early Treaſon* with their Death:
With Mighty Thunders *his New King* Proclaim,
And force *the Trembling Tribes* to do the ſame?

Becauſe he knew it was the *Courſe of things*,
And Nature's Law, that *Men ſhould Chooſe* their Kings;
He knew the Early Dictate was *his own*,
And Reaſon acted from *himſelf* alone.

'Tis juſt, ſays the Almighty Power, *and Senſe*,
For Actions are the the Words of Providence;

The

(a) It ſeem'd as if God had own'd there was ſome Appearance of Reaſon in the Peoples diſlike of their new King; and therefore he was not pleaſed to expreſs any Anger at the Contempt: their rejecting *Saul*, put upon the Divine Deſignation, as it were owning that a King ought to have Perſonal Merit to recommend him; and therefore directs his Providence to work upon the Peoples Judgments, and even by a Miracle gives *Saul* that Merit which he knew would obtain upon the People's good liking.

The Mouth of Conſequences ſpeaks aloud,
And Nature's Language is the Voice of God:
'Tis juſt, ſays he, *the People ſhould be ſhown,*
The Man that wears it, can deſerve the Crown.
Merit will make my Choice appear ſo juſt,
They'll own him fit for the intended Truſt;
Confirm by Reaſon my Exalted Choice,
And make him King by all the Peoples Voice.

Let Ammon's *Troops my Peoples Tents invade,*
And Iſrael's *trembling Sons, to fear betray'd,*
Fly from th' advancing Legions in the Fright,
Till Jabeſh *Walls Embrace the* Ammonite.

I'll Spirit Saul, *and Arm his Soul for War,*
The Boy *they ſcorn, ſhall in the Field appear;*
I'll teach the unexperienc'd Youth to fight,
And fleſh him with the ſlaughter'd Ammonite:
The General Suffrage then he'll juſtly have,
To Rule the People, he knows how to ſave;
Their Willing Voices all the Tribes will bring,
And make my Choſen Heroe be their King.

Great God! how Glorious are the Works of (a) Fate!
And how prepar'd for us *to wonder at!*
Th' Immortal Harmony of Providence,
What Muſick is it to th' enlighten'd Senſe!
By which Almighty Light is pleas'd to ſhow,
The ſtrange Connexion ſecret Matters know
Between the things above, and things below!

He

(a) A Word us'd as expreſſive of Providence, but not to leſſen Providence, or ſuggeſt an independant thing, call'd Fate or Fortune, as the Heathen Determin'd it.

He ſpeaks, and all the high Events Obey,
The mighty Voice of Nature *leads the Way*;
Convincing Reaſon Conquers willing Senſe,
And Heaven's Decrees *come out* in Conſequence.

The Troops of (*a*) *Ammon Iſrael*'s Tents invade,
His *Mighty Fighting Sons*, to Fear betray'd,
Fly from th' advancing Squadrons in the Fright,
'Till *Jabeſh* Walls Embrace the *Ammonite*.

Saul Rouzes; (*b*) *God had Arm'd his Soul for War*,
The Boy they ſcorn'd does in the Field appear;
His Perſonal Merit now beſpeaks the Crown,
He *Wins* his Enemy's, and *Wears* his Own.

The willing Tribes their purchas'd Suffrage bring,
And Univerſal Voice *Proclaims him King*;
As if *Heaven's Call* had been *before in vain*,
Saul from this proper Minute *Dates his Reign*:

For

(*a*) 1 Sam. 11. 1. *Then* Nabaſh *the* Ammonite *came up, and encampea againſt* Jabeſh Giliead.
Here was a Siege and a Capitulation upon baſe and diſhonourable Terms if they were not reliev'd in ſeven days.

(*b*) Now the Deſigns of God in his Providence were ripened for Execution; *Saul Rouzes*, 1 Sam. 11. 6. *The Spirit of God came upon* Saul, *when he had heard theſe Tidings*, i. e. *The Errand of the Meſſengers of* Jabeſh; *and his Anger was kindled greatly*. God had arm'd his Soul for War, and immediately he ſends that famous Meſſage about the Yoke of Oxen; to ſignify, That the Defence of their Country from the Invaſion of Enemies was of much more Signification to them than their Farms and Lands; which, if the *Ammonite* ſhould conquer, their Oxen would ſoon be a Prey——And the Conſequence is plain, God work'd by his ſecret inviſible Influence on the People, *v.* 7. *The Fear of the Lord fell on the People, and they came out with one conſent.*

The Text is plain, and proper to the Thing,
Not God,

But all the (b) *People made him King.*

Satyr, ſubmit to Human Cenſure here,
And for the Party's Banter now prepare;
For what haſt thou to do with Texts and Rules,
Fancies to *wheedle Boys*, and manage Fools:
Pretend no more to keep Mankind in awe,
Immortal Cuſtoms, *Seniour to the Law*;
All Men againſt the Scripture will Proteſt,
Tradition's Sacred now; *The Book's a Jeſt.*

Satyr, New *Troops of Arguments* prepare,
To Cuſtom now, and Hiſtory repair;
Speak to the Ears of *Wiſe Experience*,
And tax them with the plainer Conſequence:
Reaſon *will* to thy juſter Cauſe *ſubmit*,
Let Fools and Knaves alone *to own the Cheat*;
Reaſon and *Nature* are thy Vouchers here,
Cuſtom and Hiſtory alike Concur:
Kings, *tho' by Art* they raiſe themſelves too high,
Receive *from thoſe they Rule* their Majeſty:

(a) 1 Sam. 11. 15. *And all the People went to* Gilgal, *and there THEY made* Saul *King before the Lord*; that is, *they the People:* for God had nominated him to the Crown before; but *THEY* made him King, that is, Accepted of him.

The free Subjection of a willing Land,
Creates the only Title of Command;
The mighty Suffrage-Right at first procur'd,
The Reſt is all Exotick, *and Abſurd.*

JURE

JURE DIVINO:

A

SATYR.

Book III.

WERE I permitted to Inſpect *the Rolls*,
The Sacred Archieves hid beyond the Poles;
Had I a Title, cou'd I make Pretence,
To ſearch the *Awful Books* of Providence;
Cou'd I the hidden Acts of Fate reviſe,
And ſee the *Antient Sibyls* of the Skies;
The *Chain of Cauſes* cou'd I but diſplay,
And ſee how Conſequences *there Obey*;
Diſcover mighty Works of Majeſty,
And know not only *what he does*, but *why*.

This ſhould be firſt of all that I'd enquire,
And this the utmoſt Bounds of my deſire;
Why Heaven permits the worſt of Men to rule,
And binds the Wiſe Man to obey the Fool?

Why he gives Power to Princes to deſtroy,
And waſte the pleaſant World they ſhould enjoy;
Why Fame beſtows her *I'll-deſerv'd Applauſe*,
Where Violence *Triumphs* on Nature's Laws;
Where Juſtice feels th' oppreſſive Load of Might,
And Uſurpation ſets her Foot on Right;
And he that's Mightieſt grown in Luſt and Blood,
Scorns human Praiſe, *and Claims to Rule from God.*

Why Heaven provok'd with Inſults, and with Pride,
Lets Haughty Vice the Spoils of Heaven divide;
And the Rewards of Vertue are poſſeſs'd,
By him that *ſinks the Man*, to raiſe *the Beaſt*.

Why *Private* (a) *Miracles* concern'd for Blood,
And *ſecret Murthers* are by Heaven (b) purſued;
Nature's at Wars, and all the Brutes combine,
To mix their Vengeance, *with the Wrath Divine*;
The Secret Horror of the bloody Fact,
(c) *Aſſiſts* the Malefactor to detect;
The Guilty Trembling Hand, the *Faltring Tongue*,
Hurries the Vengeance of his Crimes along;

Yet

(a) Hiſtory is full of Relations where private Murthers have been detected by Miracle.

(b) While Heaven purſues ſecret Murther by ſecret Juſtice; it ſeems hard Publick Murtherers of whole Nations ſhould eſcape the Divine Vengeance.

(c) 'Tis Frequent to have *Murtherers* contribute to their own Ruine, by evident outward Diſcoveries of inward Guilt, which have even made them ſometimes deliver themſelves over to Juſtice, before they have been diſcovered by any hand of Common Juſtice.

The wandring Steps the wish'd for Flight (a) *refuse*,
And make the guilty Wretch *himself accuse* ;
Conscience the hated secret will betray,
And make himself the Debt to *Justice pay* ;
Hasten the Punishment *the Laws defer*,
And make *himself* the Executioner ;
Why shou'd Just Heaven pursue the *junior* Crime,
But leave *exalted Criminals to* Time ?
For Princes guided by the Gust of Power,
In their *Ambitious Heat* the World devour.

They that have Nations in their Lust destroy'd,
And strove to make *the whole Creation void* ;
That sacrifice *whole Kingdoms* to their Pride,
Revel in Blood, and Nature's Spoils divide ;
These *with Impunity* in Peace remain,
And Heaven seems *so far* to command in vain.

In Conquest uncontroll'd they Tyrannize,
And *Seas of Blood* can scarce their Thirst suffice ;
Vertue and Innocence *resist in vain*,
Whole Nations Groan, and injur'd Lands complain ;
The *Dying Breath* of Millions Vengeance calls,
And *Cries of Orphans* scale the Heavenly Walls ;
Yet deaf and unconcern'd *he Neut'ral stands*,
Deaf to *th' Expecting Eyes*, *Uplifted Hands* ;
As if he'd bid them *not look up to him*,
Referr'd the Vengeance back again to them,
As their own proper Business :
Let them know,
What's their known Duty, *he expects they'll do* :

(a) When the Criminal has endeavour'd to fly, and has had Opportunity, his Feet have denied their Assistance, and have brought him back to the place he wou'd shun.

He gave them *Reason* to direct the State,
And *Power* that Rules of Power might Create;
He plac'd it as *the Soveraign Test* of Law,
That *this* must drive, where *that* no more will draw;
If *that* Erects a Government and Throne,
This must, when it Encroaches, *pull it Down*;
Heaven made no Kings, 'twas our own Act and Deed,
Heaven pulls none down—'Tis otherwise Decreed:
When he at last to plague the *Restive Tribes*,
Consents to give a King—*The Text Describes*
The Groaning People, by those Kings oppreſt,
Looking *in vain* to him for Liberty and reſt.

Till mov'd by juſt Complaints, *he lets them ſee*,
The Works their own, their Reaſon ſets them free,
And *Reaſon calls* to uſe their Liberty.
He only clear'd their long incumber'd Sight,
Opened their Senſes to their Native Right;
Taught them wherein Obedience did conſiſt,
Wherein they muſt obey, and when reſiſt.
Taught them their Underſtanding *to obey*,
Show'd them their Right, and let them *ſee the Way*,
That *once to Fight* does more than (*a*) *twice to Pray*.

Satyr, *Recover* from the Miſts of Doubt,
And let *thy Reaſon* ſearch the Matter out;
Let no falſe Scruples in thy Breaſt ariſe,
For he who ne're will think, *will ne're be Wiſe*;
Reaſon's the Oracle, and there enquire,
We find no need to trace the Cauſes higher.

Wou'd

(*a*) 'Tis hop'd none will be ſo fooliſh or malicious to Cenſure this Simily, as if I deſpis'd or undervalued *the Agency of Prayer* eſpecially; of Publick Humiliations, the thing particularly meant here—But it is an Expreſſion made uſe of to inculcate the Neceſſity and Advantage of joyning our Endeavours, in every Lawful Manner, *to our Prayers*.

Wou'd you know why *the Injur'd Nations* Groan,
Why Kings by ſtrong Oppreſſions *Mount a Throne*,
And *why they proſper in them* when they have done;
Why Kings contemn the *Slavery of Rules*,
And *rob Mankind*;
Becauſe Mankind *are Fools*:
Wheedl'd to act againſt their Common Senſe,
And *jumble Tyranny* with Providence;
For what they ought to do, *look up to him*,
Expect from Heaven what he expects from them;
Lift up the Hands they ſhould Employ *below*,
And not perform the Duties which they know;
Reaſon wou'd tell them *what they ought to do*,
Wou'd Men its mighty Dictates but purſue.

Reaſon's the Sovereign Guide of Humane Things,
Which Leads the Subject, and Commands their Kings;
The Pole-Star and the Pilot of Mankind,
The Soul of Senſe, and Optick of the Mind;
The Arbitrator of the Grand Diſpute,
Betwixt the (a) Humane Nature *and the* Brute;
The Dignity and Honour of the World,
Without it all's a Chaos——

The Light of Heaven which ſhining in *the Soul*,
Inſtructs the Parts, *and Luminates* the Whole;
And, if it correſponds with Light Divine,
It makes the very Soul it ſelf *to ſhine*;
Reaſons

(a) Reaſon is the Gift that diſtinguiſhes Men from the Brutes; and 'tis obſervable that where a Man is depriv'd of the Uſe of his Reaſon, the ſenſitive Life that remains in him is leſs ſagacious than in the Common Brutes; he's much more helpleſs and deſpicable, and being abſolutely deprived of Reaſon, makes the meaneſt ſort of Beaſt you can think of.

Reaſon's the Sovereign Image in the Mind,
Can all things Judge, and moſt things *Comprehend;*
The very Life *and* Subſtance *of the Man,*
Carcaſs *will all his other Parts contain:*
By this he knows, *can with himſelf* Debate,
Purſue *his Intereſt, and* Avoid *his Fate,*
And much of future Joys Anticipate.
By this *he can Organick Powers employ,*
Diſtinguiſhes, *and is Diſtinguiſh'd by;*
The Great Reflection *of the Heavenly Ray,*
Which makes the Soul enjoy Eternal Day;
Fills it with Sovereign Knowledge of things ſublime,
And makes it judge *of Circumſtance,* and Time.

The (*a*) *Faithful Councellor in all Debates,*
The (*b*) Teſt of Law, *the Charm* a Tyrant hates;
The Frame of Peace, *and* Shape *of Government,*
Eſſence *of Speech, and* Teſt *of Argument.*

The Heavenly Image *in the Minds of Men,*
Which qualifies them for that Heaven agen;
The Regulator *of Digeſted Thought,*
By which *the Senſes are to* Mediums *brought;*
The Great Corrector *of the wandring Brain,*
Which without Reaſon *wou'd but think in vain;*

Notion,

(*a*) Reaſon is a faithful Counſellor, with whom, would Men conſtantly conſult without the Agency of their Paſſions they would be guided to more regular Actions than they are; as appears in the Lives of the old Philoſophers, who by the Maſterſhip of their Reaſon kept their Paſſions, Appetites and Affections in a conſtant due Subjection to their Underſtanding.

(*b*) Reaſon is the Teſt of the Law; for Laws which are contradictory to Reaſon, are void in their own Nature, and ought not either to be made or regarded.

Notion, Idea, Fancy *and* Design,
The Unconcocted Chaos of the Mind;
Are all a Deep of indigested Air,
Till Reason *makes them just and regular*;
The fluttering Wind of *incoherent Thought*,
Midwiv'd by Reason *brings Contrivance out*;
She forms, *from things Incongruous and Dull*,
And Hews the Man of Sense *out*, *from* the Fool;
For Thought's a Vapour *fluid and unfixt*,
With inconsistent Clouds of Fancy mixt;
But when Condens'd by Reason, *and reduc'd*,
Science *and Argument are soon infus'd.*

Satyr, To *this Great Spring* the Wonder lead,
Reason the unknown Characters will read;
Reason, abstracted from the *Mists of Sense*,
Will read the Darkest Lines of Providence.

Would Men *this* (*a*) *Glorious Faculty* obey,
It would *new Vigour* to their Thoughts convey;
By proper Lines they'd needful Truth discern,
What Reason dictates, all Mankind may learn;
But when the thinking Operation's *Lost*,
They *will be mad sometimes* what e're it Cost:
Nothing can stranger uncouth Doubts afford,
Nothing be more *Abortive* and *Absurd:*

(*a*) Reason would either Comprehend and Discuss all the Systems of Religion, or make it appear to be rational that others should be believ'd; for, to make it reasonable that Faith should supply, is the best Foundation *from without*, to build Religion upon; and this makes it plain, that Religion is from a Divine Original, that a Man cannot renounce it, but in Opposition to his Reason.

To tell us Heaven ſhould *Rapes and Murthers own,*
And Sanctify the Tyrant *by the Throne;*
Defend the barb'rous Ravages they make,
By Reaſons from *the very Laws they Break;*
This is a Story ſo directly bent,
To ruin all the Ends of Government:
Nothing *but Bedlam* can the Thought endure,
Like *Melancholy Mad,* too hard to cure.

What Notions muſt ſuch People entertain!
What ſtrange Deluſive Whymſies feed the Brain!
What muſt *that thing they call a God* be like,
With Thunder in his hand, but *dares not ſtrike?*
How can they call him by *the Sacred Name,*
For *Infinite and God* are all the ſame?

If Wiſdom's Self admits of no Diſpute,
And Goodneſs is his Darling Attribute;
Who when he is unjuſt *muſt ceaſe to be,*
Be weak in Will, and dark in Majeſty;
That he ſhou'd Patronize a *Tyrant's Luſt,*
Dethrones the God, to make the Man be juſt;
Diſſolves the Conſtitution of the Skies,
And quite unhinges Poſſibilities.

For where's the Notion of a Deity,
Supremely Great and Good, Supremely High,
Unmixtly Pure Eſſential Sanctity?
How can they make it *correſpond with Vice,*
And fix the Harmony *'twixt Truth* and *Lies*?

Can

Can they make *Fire and Water* correſpond,
Couple the Poles, meaſure the (*a*) *Pathleſs Round*;
Untie the (*b*) *Bond of Nature*, and explain,
The hidden *Fluxes* of the fluid Main?
Can they the *two great Ends of Nature* twine;
And *Generation* to *Corruption* join?
The *Locomotive Faculty* Deſcribe,
And reconcile *the Story of the Rib*;
When they can theſe, and ſuch as theſe Diſſect,
Then, Satyr, let them Solve what we Object;
How *the Immortal Juſtice* can invade,
And Ruin the Creation *he has made*;
Combine with Tyrants, and *with Beaſts* engage,
And Sanctify the Monſters of the Age.

If Kings may *Raviſh*, *Plunder*, and *Deſtroy*,
Oppreſs the World, and all their Wealth enjoy;
May *Haraſs Nations*, with their *Breath* may kill,
And limit human Life *by human Will*;
Then Nations were for Miſery prepar'd,
And God gave Kings the World *for their Reward*;
Kings were *the General Farmers* of the Land,
Mankind their Cattle,
Made for their Command;
Meer Beaſts of Burthen, Couchant and Suppreſt,
Whom God, the Mighty Landlord, *made in Jeſt*;
Deliver'd with Poſſeſſion of the Farm,
And he that *quite deſtroys them* does no harm;
They're only Bound by *Tenor of the Leaſe*,
To leave it Peopl'd at their own Deceaſe.

Had

(*a*) The Circle of the Heavens.
(*b*) By the Bands of Nature I underſtand here the Central Tendency of things, by which Confuſion of Matter is avoided, and the World preſerv'd from returning into its Original *Chaos*.

Had it been *Vertue* which disturb'd the Mind,
Was *Blood* and *Theft* adapted to the Kind?
Had human Lust *the least Pretence* of Good,
Something conceal'd might here be understood;
But to believe that Heaven *in vain Creates*,
And gives up *what he loves*, to what he *hates*;
Has numerous Nations wholly sacrifiz'd,
To be by *Slights* of Government surpriz'd;
That Nations were *Created for* a Crown,
And Millions born to be the Slaves *of one*:
Nations on purpose *Peopl'd to be slain*,
And half the World of Mankind *born in vain*;
That Truth was made to be oppress'd with Lies,
And Vertue bow'd beneath the Feet of *Vice*:
'Tis horrid incoherent Blasphemy,
Gives Nature, Sense, and Soveraign Truth *the Lye*:
It Contradicts the Notion *of a God*,
And all the Rules by which he's understood.

The Laws of God, as I can understand,
Do never Laws of Nature countermand;
Nature Commands, and 'tis Prescrib'd to Sense,
For all Men to adhere to *Self-defence*:
(*a*) *Self-Preservation* is the only Law,
That does *Involuntary Duty* Draw;
It serves for Reason and Authority,
And they'll defend themselves, *that know not why*;
The meanest Creature is upon *its Guard*,
By Nature *Guided*, and in part *(b) prepar'd*;

There's

(*a*) Those Creatures that have no Reason, yet by the Power of Sense diligently defend their Lives, and provide for their own Safety.

(*b*) Most Creatures have some Weapon given them for their Defence, against common Injury; and Nature directs them how to make use of them to that end.

There's *not an Animal*, a Life of Senſe,
But has *ſome Native Weapon* for defence;
Nature provides Oppreſſion to oppoſe,
And Nature *all the Rules and Method* ſhows;
Inſtinct the needful Force of Skill ſupplies,
By this *he fights*, or elſe by that *he flies*.

The Brutes no (*a*) Paſſive Ordinance receiv'd,
Tho' their Subjection's ne're to be retriev'd;
Man was *their* (*b*) *Maſter* by their *Maker's Law*,
And Nature *fill'd them* with proportion'd *Awe*;
Yet *they're inſtructed*, and with *Arms* ſupply'd,
As if their juſt Submiſſion they deny'd:
Boldly reſiſt *the World's great Magiſtrate*,
And may delay, tho' not avoid their Fate:
Take Arms againſt *his* (*c*) *Lawful Government*,
And may oppoſe what they cannot prevent.

How much more bleſt are Brutes than Paſſive Men!
For theſe when they'r oppreſs'd may turn again
Not Man himſelf reproaches their Deſign,
Tis fair they ſhou'd *reſiſt* and *countermine*;
Plot, *Lie in wait*, *Surprize*, and if they can
Revenge themſelves on their *Deſtroyer Man*;
And if the bold Purſuer is oppreſt,
We blame (*d*) *the Blockhead*, never blame *the Beaſt*.

(*a*) God gave no Command, either Verbal or by ſilent Nature working by Inſtinct, that the Beaſts ſhould not oppoſe their Governour, *Man*.

(*b*) 'Tis true, he put under his Subjection every Creature; and there is an awe even upon the Beaſts, of their Common Lord, *the Man*; but they are not bound to be Paſſive under all his Oppreſſions, and are allow'd to reſiſt Force with Force.

(*c*) The Government of a Man over the Creation is by an undeniable Right, and of Divine Original, and yet the Creatures may reſiſt.

(*d*) For coming in their way, who he muſt needs know would fall foul upon him, if they could; and that it was their Nature to do ſo.

But *Man* gives *Man* no Latitude or Law,
But Reigns by Laws that Nature *never ſaw*;
If the exalted Tyrant Claims his Right,
The *Paſſive Slave* muſt patiently ſubmit;
His *Wife*, *Life*, *Land*, his *Sword* and *Gun* reſign,
And neither *muſt* Reſiſt, nor *may* Repine;
If to be murther'd, muſt to Fate give way,
And if to *Hang his Paſſive Self*: *Obey*.

But O! *the* (a) *Chriſtian Legion* thus behaves!
Why then the Chriſtian Legion muſt be Knaves;
Knaves to themſelves, and to their own Defence,
And might *have Liv'd, and Fought* in Innocence;
Ought to have Liv'd and Fought, and ought to be
Puniſh'd for yielding *to Unjuſt Authority*;
He that his *own moſt juſt Defence* Declines,
Felo de ſe, againſt himſelf Combines:
For Life's a Debt, which no Man can deny,
'Tis due to Nature and Poſterity:
'Tis Lent us to improve and propagate,
And no Man may anticipate his Fate;
But *he betrays* the High Orig'nal *Truſt*,
Is to himſelf and Family Unjuſt;
A Traitor to the Laws of Common Senſe,
And Contradicts the Ends of Providence;
Rebels againſt his Reaſon, and Defies,
The Rules of Life, and *puts out Nature's Eyes*.

If

(a) The Story of *Mauritius*, Col. of the *Theban Legion*. See *Clark's Martyrol.* fol. 127.

If no Man then may his own Life deſtroy,
But what Heaven gives, *it binds him to enjoy*;
'Tis plain from hence it never can be juſt,
That what *he mayn't* Deſtroy, *another muſt:*
And ſtill as clear the meaning muſt extend,
That what *he mayn't* Deſtroy, *he muſt* Defend:
He's Damn'd without Retrieve, *if he lets go*
The Reins of Life, and Nature Tells him how,
With *Hand and Tongue* his Life he ſhou'd maintain,
Or elſe his Hands and Tongue *are given in vain:*
Self-murther's puniſh'd by the forc'd Event,
He can't be pardon'd, 'cauſe he (*a*) can't repent:
The High Offence ſo many Laws offends,
Beyond the Place of Mercy it extends:
Since the encreaſing Crime is ne're compleat,
'Till Death muſt Penitence anticipate:
And 'tis but juſt to ſuffer this Offence,
That's worſt in Crime, be worſt in Conſequence.

Nature's juſt Argument from this is plain,
That if he muſt *the Gift of Life maintain*;
With equal Care he's bound to the Defence,
From Foreign or Domeſtick Violence:
It can't be juſt that Heaven ſhou'd e're intend,
We ſhou'd *our Selves* againſt *our Selves* defend:
And then to let *another hand* procure,
The Miſchiefs we're *forbidden* to endure:

This

(*a*) The Sin of Self-murther cannot be repented of, becauſe the very act it ſelf carries us beyond the Space of Time allotted for Repentance; and the Fact is no ſooner finiſh'd, but the Man is Launch'd into the Ocean of an irretrievable State.

This Conſequence for ever will be true,
He muſt not ſuffer what he *muſt not do*;
And 'tis as Nat'ral ſtill, and full as juſt,
That what he muſt not bear, he may reſiſt.

Reaſon from theſe juſt Conſequences draws,
The *firſt Neceſſity* of human Laws;
Laws were for Common Safety firſt deſign'd,
To help Men this *High Truſt of Life* Defend;
Unjuſt Encroachments calmly to reſtrain,
That What we *may Defend*, we *may Maintain*;
And Laws in Form, and Figure, wiſely ſent,
This is the mighty thing *call'd* GOVERNMENT;
The ſolid Baſe of Order and Delight,
Safety of Innocence, and Guard of Right.

Satyr, Thy Senſe of Government explain,
Without *juſt Laws* our Freedoms to maintain,
Power's a Jeſt, and Government's in vain.

But who muſt (*a*) *latent Power* of Law ſupply,
And fill *the Spaces* of Authority;
(*b*) Reſtore good Rules, and all the bad reſtrain,
Support the Crown, and yet *controul the Man*?
Shall *they that are to rule*, what Rule direct,
And chooſe the Rules that ſhall themſelves detect?

Will

(*a*) Law being allow'd to be the Rule of Government, here will riſe a Queſtion, and, which is ſtarted by ſome who Defend, the inherent Right of Princes, who the Legiſlature remains in, Whether the Prince or the People.

(*b*) Beſides, if Kings pretend to Power of Law, they may Diſſolve as well as Make Laws.

Will this the End of Government purſue,
When he's *both King and* (*a*) *Legiſlator too* ?
Such Laws will *never fail* to be in vain,
When he's to make 'em *who they ſhould reſtrain* ;
Such Kings are Abſolute, and when they pleaſe,
May cancel Juſtice, and the (*b*) Laws diſmiſs ;
This wou'd invert *the Order of the Thing*,
Set up the Tyrant, and *pull down* the King.

The *Laws of Government* were ſtamp'd on high,
Came down from Heav'n for Men to manage by,
And bear the Image of Divine Authority.
The Characters *are Capital and plain*,
Printed by Nature on the Mind of Man ;
Which all the Malice of the Paſſive Race,
Can never quite *blot out*, nor *much deface*.

Laws are th' Immortal Springs of Government,
The *High Original* from Heaven was ſent ;
Fix'd in the Minds of Men, from thence they flow,
And form the Order of the World below ;

(*a*) If the Power of making Laws be in the Prince, he is then Abſolute of Courſe, and needs no other Authority, than that of making Laws to declare him ſo.

(*b*) But all this is anſwer'd by one Maxim in the Law it ſelf, That Laws are always to be ſquar'd by the Publick Good ; if Laws ſhould be made, by whatſoever Authority, repugnant to the Publick Good, they ceaſe to be Laws, and are no more binding ; as in another Caſe, if Laws are made repugnant to the Laws of God, the Subject ought not to obey or regard them : Now let either King or People make the Laws according to the Cuſtoms of the ſeveral Countries, if they are bleſt with theſe Sanctions, that they are agreeable to the Laws of God, and ſquar'd by Reaſon and the Publick Good, they become Sacred, and muſt be obey'd.

Nature the high Intention will explain,
And *Inſtinct* ſhows the Model of the Man;
For Government's the Life-Blood of the State,
Subordinate to theſe is Magiſtrate;
Subordinate becauſe in Power confin'd,
For Means are all *ſubſervient to their End.*
To ſet the Magiſtrate *above the Law*,
Wou'd all to Hurries and Confuſion draw;
Superiour Right muſt firſt erect a State,
Before there can be any Magiſtrate:
Kings are th' Effect, but Government's the Cauſe,
And he's no King that's not preſcrib'd by Laws.

Kings cou'd not *to themſelves that Power convey*,
To make the Laws which they themſelves obey;
For then they would a lawleſs Power enjoy,
And what they made, they always might *deſtroy.*

For Power has always claim'd this ancient Right,
It might deſtroy the thing it could create;
The Legiſlature muſt this Power enjoy,
The Laws it makes 't may when it will deſtroy.

And no Man can the Laws of Right invade,
But that ſame Power by which that Law was made;
All Laws this Native Property enjoy,
That none but thoſe that made them can deſtroy;

Laws

(a) If it be ask'd who ſhall be Judge, 'tis plain God has fix'd the Determination in the Nature of the thing, the Diſcovery is in every Man's Reach, Nature is the Common Judge; if a King makes a Law that it ſhall be lawful for him to ſeize the Goods, Deflower the Wives and Daughters, burn the Houſes, and deſtroy the Lives of his Subjects; Nature dictates, theſe things being deſtructive of Human Society, and the General Good, are not to be ſubmitted to; and if ſo, the Conſequence is plain, they may be reſiſted and oppoſed.

Laws muſt depend *upon the Maker's Will,*
And he alone who can create may kill.

Law is the Mighty Subſtance, *Magiſtrate*
Is but *the Upper Servant* of a State;
Law is the mighty Soul, and King the Head,
The Organ thorow' which the Life's convey'd.

All the Diſtempers which *the Head* endures,
Bring *Feavours in the Blood* and Calentures:
But if it ceaſes from the high Intent,
The Soul informs another Tenement;
The Organ may by Accident be ſlain,
The Life's immortal ſtill, and muſt remain;
Kings are the Engins *Nature governs by,*
And muſt, *when ſhe withdraws her Influence,* dye;
But Government's Eternal human Laws,
Are firm as Truth, *for Truth's their mighty Cauſe.*
But if we can *the Power of Law* o'rethrow,
We Ruin *King* and *Conſtitution* too;
If theſe Decay, or are deſtroy'd by Force,
King dies, and Government's *Diſſolv'd of Courſe;*
For Law and Juſtice are the very ſame,
Laws are *the Eſſence,* Magiſtrates *the Name:*
King's but the Shadow of the Government,
Laws Conſtitute the Frame, and repreſent
The Order of the mighty thing to Man,
And Juſtice *does the Principle* contain.

Laws *Recognize* the Sovereign Attribute,
Reaſon ſubmits, and no Man can diſpute,
And then the King comes in to execute.

If

If e're this Syſtem comes to be made void,
The Ends of Government are all deſtroy'd;
(*a*) Antiquity gives in her juſt Conſent,
And Nations join their due Acknowledgment;
Cuſtom the mighty Doctrine will confirm,
Allows the Practice, and explains the Term.

But firſt let's ſearch the Nature of the thing,
To Nature's Laws the Weighty Matter bring,
And there *unfold the Meaning* of a King.

Nature ſubjects *the Dignity of things*,
To their Deſign, Manner and Method brings;
Superiority of things decides,
And by Subſervient Rules the Claſs divides;
Subordination does her Laws attend,
And Actions all obey their proper End;
Priority the Dignity retains,
And ſo the *End's ſuperiour* to the *Means*.

He that to Arbitrary Power Inclines,
Subjects the End of things *below the Means*;
Inverts the World, and Croſſes Providence,
And mingles mighty Cauſe with Conſequence;
Confounds the Order Nature fix'd at firſt,
Makes all the World *a Crow'd*, and Heaven *unjuſt*;
Would Reaſon from the Minds of Men *withdraw*,
And ſet the *Foot of Power* upon the *Neck of Law*.

All

(*a*) In the Courſe of things, the End is more worthy and more Honourable than the Means; becauſe the Means are created for the End, not the End for the Means.

All things on proper Cauſes do depend,
Kings are the Means, 'tis Government's *the End*;
Juſtice is the Foundation of the thing,
The Reaſon of the Name, *the Cauſe of King:*
If any will the Claſſick Right debate,
And ſet *the Law below the* Magiſtrate:
Let them *by Primogenial Birth* divide,
Priority will all diſpute decide.

When they can juſt Authorities procure,
That Law's the younger Blood *to Kingly Power*;
That Juſtice is the Means, *and King's* the End,
And therefore Laws muſt on the Kings depend;
If they can *turn the Tables* on Mankind,
And prove *Us* for Tyrannick Power deſign'd;
Chain'd from the Womb, and born ſubjected Slaves,
And Doom'd by Fate, *to Drudgery and Graves*;
Then Kings have right to call themſelves ſupreme,
And all the World was only made for them.

'Tis ſtrange ſo weak a *Whymſie* ſhou'd prevail,
And Reaſon's Empire ſeem ſo much to fail;
That Men ſhou'd all their Senſes ſacrifize,
And cloud their Minds with deep Abſurdities.
The Cheat's *a Manufacture* of the Deep,
Contriv'd *to lull the wheedl'd World* aſleep;
From Hell deriv'd, *a meer Original*,
And Providence is not concern'd at all;
Mankind's drawn in by Pious Fraud of Words,
To make them *quit their Senſes*, and their Swords;
To tell us Tyrants act by Power Divine,
And muſt be ſuffred for *the Sacred Line:*

That they may Government it ſelf diſmount,
And none but Heaven may call them to account;
This is a Doctrine *Heaven it ſelf Arraigns*,
And binds the World *in Tyranny* and Chains;
Impeaches Sacred Wiſdom as unjuſt,
Subjecting Innocence to Soveraign Luſt;
Wanting in Conduct, and in Power *too weak*,
Making juſt Laws, *which 'twou'd be juſt to break*:
Forming incongruous Nonſenſe in the Brain,
Forbidding us to do, what *we muſt not refrain*;
Directing Men to contradict his Law,
Which one while *this way*, one while *that* muſt draw;
Making his Pleaſure contradict his Will,
And Contradictions his Commands fulfil;
Damning the Laws of (*a*) *Reaſon* as unjuſt,
And forcing (*b*) Nature to betray her Truſt;
Bewildred Senſe muſt ſurely loſe her way,
Both ways Rebel, and muſt *both ways* Obey;
And all the Bond's of *Being* firſt unty'd,
Life's left at Will, and Nature Diſobey'd:
The wandring Thought's in Miſts of Error toſt,
Stifl'd in Contradiction till its loſt;
And the unthinking Animal reſigns,
His Captiv'd Senſe *to Hell's unjuſt Deſigns.*

Thus *Tyrants* raiſe their too High Dignity,
And cloath themſelves *with Self-made* Majeſty;
Challenge the Sanction of the Power Divine,
And ſtrive t' entail the Bleſſing *on their Line*;

Build

(*a*) Reaſon is condemn'd as dictating falſe Notions of Government.
(*b*) Nature is entruſted with Human Life, which, if ſhe reſigns to a Tyrant, ſhe betrays her Truſt as much as if ſhe deſtroy'd Life her ſelf.

Build the Chimerick Fabrick *in the Air*,
And Cloth'd with Error, *Crown their Fancy there*;
Suppoſing Heaven would their Contrivance *own*,
And bleſs the Wretch *becauſe he wears* a Crown:
Cheriſh *the Fury* in his wild Miſtakes,
And *follow* with the Bleſſings *he forſakes*.

Satyr, diſtinguiſh here the Kinds of Power;
Leſt Pop'lar Heat thou'd Government Devour;
Explain *the Terms* of Juſt Authority,
And ſearch the Sacred Right of Majeſty;
Greatneſs, as by the Moderns underſtood,
Reſpects the Wicked Princes, not the Good.

Forbid it, *Satyr*, ne're debauch thy Verſe,
The empty Praiſe of Tyrants *to Reherſe*:
'Tis Juſtice ſanctifies a Magiſtrate,
And Vertue only makes a Monarch Great;
Kings that by *Law* the Government obtain,
And Rule *by Law*, can never Rule *in vain*:
Their juſt Behaviour does the Sanction bring,
This juſtifies the Law, and *that* the King;
While they within the Bounds of Truth remain,
No Man's Oppreſt, and therefore *none Complain*;
For *Juſtice has a Right to Rule Mankind*,
And *this* it may maintain, and *that* Defend;
The King that juſtly Reigns is *ſo Divine*,
And Honeſty *entails it* on his Line;
But 'tis while his Succeſſors *Reign ſo too*,
And the *ſame Line*, the *ſame Deſigns* purſue:

As ſoon as they the *Path of Light miſtake*,
The Sanction will the *Faithleſs Race* forſake:
Where 're the Lawleſs Powers of Luſt begin,
They let *the King go out*, the Tyrant in:
The Subject feels the Swift Effects of Force,
(*a*) And Obligation *will decay in courſe.*

Kings that by Law and Juſtice *Rule the Lands*,
Have Heaven's High Name Impreſt on their Commands;
For Right derives its ſelf *from the Moſt High*,
And *is the Teſt* of all Authority;
He that Reſiſts, and dares to Diſobey,
Inſults his Maker, and *demands to Dye*;
The Laws the Guilty Criminal *Deteſt*,
For *God and Nations join* in one Requeſt.

Such Kings are Sacred, Rights Divine appear,
Law lets them in, and *Law maintains 'em* there;
Juſtice ſupports him who by Juſtice Reigns,
The *Law the King*, the *King the Law* maintains.

This

(*a*) *Sane ex quo Civiles Societates inſtitutæ ſunt, certum eſt Rectoribus tujuſque ſpeciale quoddam in ſuos jus quæſitum: at ſi Manifeſta ſit injuria; ſi quis* Buſiris, Phalaris, Thrax Diomedes, *ea in ſubditos exerceat, quæ Æquo nulli probentur, non ideo præcluſum erit jus humanæ Societatis. Imo etiam ſi daretur, ne in ſumma quidem neceſſitate, Arma recte à ſubditis ſumi, (qua de re dubitare vidimus illos ipſos, quorum inſtitutum fuit Regiam Poteſtatem defendere) non tamen inde ſequetur non poſſe pro ipſis ab aliis Arma ſumi. Sic Seneca exiſtimat Bello à me peti poſſe, quia mea gente ſepoſitus, ſuam exagitat. Quæ res ſæpe cum Defenſione innocentium conjuncta eſt.* Grotius, de jure Belli & Pacis, lib. 11. cap. 25.

This is the mighty thing *call'd Government*,
By Nature form'd does Nature repreſent,
God and the People joining their Conſent.

If either part this (*a*) Order diſobey,
That Breach the Conſtitution *muſt betray*;
The Obligation's equally Divine,
And both concur in the ſupreme Deſign;
Juſtice and Peace the mighty thing explain,
This is what *when we talk of Laws*, we mean,
And what both King and Subject *muſt maintain.*
The *High Collateral Principle's* ſo juſt,
Both muſt with Care defend the mighty Truſt;
Both muſt the ſafe Depoſit guard and ſee,
'Tis left *uninjur'd to Poſterity:*
Juſtice is thus to Peace the only way,
People muſt Kings, as *Kings the Laws* obey:
If either ſide the High Engagements break,
Reaſon direct the Courſe *the reſt may take*;
'Tis plain that *Right and Peace* muſt be ſecur'd:
If once they happen to be over-power'd,
Order of Government of courſe *expires*,
And God himſelf *from ſuch a Place retires.*

People in vain to him *for ſuccour Cry*,
He never ſaves the Man that ſeeks to die;
They that reſolve their Liberty to loſe,
Heaven is too juſt that Freedom to refuſe,
But lets them have the Slav'ry which they chooſe.

(*a*) *Subditi obedire non debent Magiſtratui, ſi quid juri Naturali aut Divino adverſum ſtatuat.* Grotius de Jure Belli & Pacis.

Till Reaſon opens *their deluded Eyes*,
Blinded with Notions and Abſurdities;
Inſtructs them *in the Rules* of Providence,
And Guides *by Natures Laws* to Self-defence.

Then Heaven returns, its needful Aid affords,
And with its Bleſſing conſecrates their Swords.

JURE DIVINO:
A
SATYR.

Book IV.

SATYR, to (a) *Parent-Cuſtom* now repair,
And ſearch the antient *Laws of Nations* there;
Uſage beyond the Memory of Time,
And *Long Preſcription* Naturalizes Crime;
Cuſtom Legitimates a Nation's Shame,
Serves for a Law, and *ſometimes Gains the Name.*

Cuſtom's the long Tradition handed down,
From antient *Erring Nations* to our own;
Antiquity's its only proper Plea,
And *long forgotten Ages* raiſe its High Authority.

(a) It is ſtrenuouſly argued by the Patrons of Arbitrary Power, that it has been the Cuſtom of Nations to ſet up their Kings to a Superiour Heighth above all Law, and that a Preſcription of Ages will produce Examples of the profoundeſt Submiſſion in the People; and that in all the firſt Goverments of the World, even down to the *Roman* Empire; and that among the Subjects of the *Roman* Empire, none gave a more abſolute obedient Deference to the Command of the Emperors, than the Chriſtians, who on all hands choſe rather to ſuffer Death, than to oppoſe their Emperors.

This weak Support, *this wandring empty Cloud,*
Puffs the Crown'd Wretch, and helps to make him proud;
Perſwades him to believe it muſt be true,
The Homage Fools have paid *becomes his due;*
A Debt to Cuſtom, and *by Cuſtom* draw,
The willing Ages *to believe 'tis Law.*

Cuſtom's the ancient Uſage of Mankind,
Cuſtom may guide, but never ought *to bind;*
Becauſe *the Nature of the thing* conveys
New Light, and *by its Self* directs our Eyes.

Cuſtom ſupplies Deficiences of Law,
And may *our voluntary Homage* draw;
But where the Laws of Nature are ſo plain,
Cuſtom's Impertinent, Tradition's vain;
'Tis needleſs to refer *to Ages paſt,*
Where Nature's *ready to direct the laſt;*
Antiquity's a mean and empty Proof,
Where Reaſon dictates we have Laws enough.

Cuſtom's the Baſtard of Antiquity,
The Light that *Error cozens Coxcombs by;*
The Juggling Fraud has plagu'd Religion long,
With double Face, with *Looſe and ſtammering* Tongue;
Conveying Fragments on from Age to Age,
While Humane Doctrines *with Divine* engage;
Prevailing there, it creeps into the State,
And *Apes the Law* to cheat the Magiſtrate.

No *Rules,* no *Nat'ral Dictates* it obeys,
But *chiefly ancient Errors* it conveys;

Modern

Modern Encroachments on our Vertue makes;
And backs it with *our Fathers old Miſtakes*;
As if our Rev'rence to their Aſhes due,
Should recommend *their Crimes, and Follies too:*
And make us like ſome *Modern Rakes* appear,
Who *will be damn'd (a)* becauſe their Fathers were.

Beſides, this Weapon's of too weak a Birth,
The Exhalation's low, and *near the Earth*;
Cuſtom's a weak, abſurd, and empty thing,
Too much below the Dignity of King;
Ill-ſuited to the deep contriv'd Deſign,
Of *building Regal Power on Right Divine*;
For if the ſacred Race from Heaven came down,
What need of Cuſtom to Support a Crown?
The High Deſcent wou'd all ſo plain appear,
There'd be no need of ſuch *Ænigma's* here.

Of all Pretences Mankind cou'd invent,
Cuſtom's the wideſt from the High Intent:
Its long Original's to all Men known,
Born of the Mob, and in *the Crowd* begun:
Cuſtom's the ancient Uſage of a Nation,
Handed to Rolling Times for Imitation;
Improv'd by Craft in Error's Publick Schools,
Brought in by Knaves, and then *Maintain'd* by Fools;
The Practice of the People *made the Name,*
For *Practices and Cuſtoms* are the ſame;

(a) A ſtanch Argument, which is in Common the Defence made about Religion, *viz. its Antiquity,* and its being the Religion of our Anceſtors; and many People inſiſt upon this or that Choice as to ſeperate Opinions, that it was the Opinion they were bred in, and which their Fathers were brought up to before them.

From whence *Prolifick Vice* this Maxim takes,
The Crime one Age commits, *no Age forsakes.*

And yet this Hetrogeneous Ill-born thing,
Fails in the Point, fails to support the King;
Customs falls off from the weak grounded Cause,
And Baulks the Tyrant *to restore the Laws*;
It can't concur to make our Reason void,
The Sense of Nations has the Fraud destroy'd:
Kings have indeed from the beginning strove
To propagate the Crime that all Men Love;
'Thas been *their Custom* to insult Mankind,
And Tyranny *was always in their Mind*;
Mankind was always with this Temper curst,
That all Men wou'd be Tyrants *if they durst*;
Custom has always taught the Kings to ride,
Oppress the Subject to support *their Pride*;
But People *always* have oppos'd the Cheat,
It never was their (a) *Custom to submit*;
Custom this one unhappy Truth will tell,
When Kings grew Tyrants *Subjects wou'd rebell:*
'Twas always so, and Monarchs strive in vain,
Nature *to Time's Decease* will the just Rule maintain;
It must be thus, Heav'n so design'd the thing,
The Tyrant's inconsistent with the King;
The People may, *Custom* gives her Assent,
Dethrone the Man to save the Government:
The Laws to their own Channel *may* restore,
And still the Crown's *as Sacred as before.*

Satyr,

(a) The Custom of Resisting Tyrants is much more antient than that of absolute Submission, and the Instances given in the *9th* Book prove this as in the Case of *Sardanapalus*, *Nebuchadnezzar*, and all the Ancient Monarchies of the World; so that Custom is directly against them here, and Resistance of Tyranny plainly prov'd from it.

Satyr, with Indignation let's Review
Their Cuſtom who believe this Doctrine True;
Of all the Nations in the Univerſe,
None preach it more, and *none obſerve it leſs*.

If Godſhip muſt attend on Majeſty,
This Nation's Damn'd down to the Tenth Degree;
From *Forty One*, to this unhappy time,
We're all debauch'd with this Paternal Crime;
By Turns have all the fatal Fault embrac'd,
By Turns Rebell'd, and Monarchy *by Turns* Defac'd;
Heav'ns High Vicegerent *twice reverſt* by Force,
Once *Sword in Hand*, and once a Way that's worſe;
To make out all the Articles of Truſt,
And tell the World that either way *'tis juſt*;
The Unbelieving Crowd the (*a*) Father Slew,
The (*b*) Church the Son, and yet *believ'd it true*;
Declar'd him Sacred blind Allegiance ſwore,
And Hang'd the Whigs for Killing Kings before:
Heaven muſt ſuch Infidelity deteſt,
Or elſe the Crown's Divinity's a Jeſt.

Poſterity when Hiſtories relate
This Paſſive Sham, will ask, *What Monſter's that?*

The

(*a*) They ſlew him in effect for they drove him into Baniſhment; and afterwards fought againſt him, ſhot at him, and if they did not kill him, 'twas becauſe they could not.

(*b*) The Church of *England* here is taken not for the Church, as ſuch; for the Church never own'd this Doctrine, but they that would have been call'd Members of the Church, and profeſſing her Doctrine, pretended to believe this prepoſterous Doctrine, were the firſt that acted contrary to it, and abandon'd, fought againſt, and in the Senſe of their Actions, murther'd their Prince, which I call a worſe way than the former murther'd his Father, becauſe it was firſt deluding him, and then a betraying him.

What inconſiſtent, indigeſted thing,
Which *mocks the Subject firſt*, and then the King;
The *Ignis Fatuus* of obedient Slaves,
Who promiſe *in the Groſs*, perform *by halves*;
The Dream of *Contradictive Loyalty*,
Which makes Men (*a*) *ſuffer firſt*, and *then obey*;
The *Jeſt of Subjects*, and the *Snare* of Kings,
Which theſe to *Rebels*, thoſe to *Ruin* brings.

And when ſucceeding Ages ſhall retire,
And of our High Performances enquire;
When they ſhall ſee *the Sacred Mask* thrown by,
The People arm'd againſt the Monarchy;
The Oaths the Doctrine, *and the Men* forgot,
And *Non-reſiſtance* die upon the Spot;
The Paſſive Swearing Clergy up in Arms,
Defending *Glebe*, and *Dean and Chapter* Farms;
Their Liberty and Property protect,
And Loyalty and *Forty Oaths* reject.

They'll Bluſh, and ſearch the Regiſters of Time,
In hopes to *ſhift the Race off* with the Crime;
With forc'd Regret they'll own *the unhappy Breed*,
That ſuch a *Race of Coxcombs* ſhou'd ſucceed;
They'll cancel all the Records they can find,
To blot their *baſer Conduct* out of mind;
Strive *to forget the Line* from whence they came,
And *blaſt* the Practice when *they bleſs* the Name.

They'll

(*a*) Paſſive Obedience is a Contradiction in Terms; for, if they ſuffer, it muſt be for firſt diſobeying; if they obey'd, there could be no Penalty inflicted; if they firſt merited the Penalty, How could they Obey?

They'll own their *Erring Fathers to be Fools,*
Whoſe Penitence their Practice ridicules;
Fools that *to Fancies* ſacrific'd their Senſe,
And plac'd *their Kings Supreme to Providence;*
Till *Nature, ſpight of Art* reſtor'd their Eyes,
And made them *their own Innocence* deſpiſe;
Till injur'd Reaſon reaſſum'd its Reign,
And forc'd them their own Fredoms to maintain;
Forc'd them *to own* they had been mad before,
And made them (*a*) *juſtly break* what they (*b*) *unjuſtly ſwore.*

Monarchs too may, by late Examples, ſee,
The *utmoſt Bounds* of Human Loyalty:
Tho' big with Words the Airy Fraud may ſwell,
When e're they are oppreſt, *they all rebell.*

What tho' they're Churchmen *zealous and ſevere,*
Who Preach'd it firſt, and to perform it ſwear;
By Fine Diſtinctions they abandon'd both,
Bound by their Int'reſt *faſter than their Oath:*
'Tis vain on empty Notions to (*c*) depend,
They'll all fall off, whatever they pretend;

(*a*) It was juſter in them to break the Oath of Paſſive, Abſolute Submiſſion, than it was to take it; for the taking an Oath, which they that take it have no Deſign, or indeed Power to perform muſt be unjuſt.

(*b*) It was alſo impoſſible to keep ſuch an Oath, without being guilty of betraying the Liberties of their Country; and therefore it was juſt to break it.

(*c*) He that Truſts to Subjects, who will ſwear to perform what his own Reaſon might dictate to him, they have neither Power to do, nor he Right to claim; deceives himſelf, and will always be abandon'd in his Extremities.

Reaſon the ſecret Riddle will untie,
When Nature Contradicts, they muſt obey:
Their *blind Obedience* may in Words prevail,
But when *they ſhou'd perform*, they always fail;
(a) *Self ſteps* between with new Authority,
Int'reſt is Nature's Law, and will not lye;
Politick Frauds may other things pretend,
But all things in their Conſequences end.

Men may *ſometimes* by Subtilty and Slight
Oppoſe themſelves, and Sacrifice their Right;
But all's a Blaſt, the empty Fraud's in vain,
Int'reſt Inſtructs, and all's reſtor'd again;
(b) *Self-Love's* the Ground of all the things we do,
Which they *that talk on't leaſt* do moſt purſue;
For *This we hope*, for This believe, and pray,
Heaven's no Heaven to us if Property's away;
'Tis *Hopes of Good* is Nature's chief Deſign,
And no Man can his native End decline;
When e're he deviates from the juſt Intent,
The Lunatick to Bedlam ſhou'd be ſent;
His Head's diſorder'd, Nature's in a Storm,
And when his Senſe returns, he will reform.

Would

(a) Self-Intereſt is ſuch a prevailing Bond, eſpecially where Reaſon concurs, that it never fails to open Mens Eyes to their own Advantages, when they are brought to Extremities; and that's the Ruin of all thoſe People that depend upon them.

(b) Some have affirm'd there is no other Principle, either Religious or Civil, than our Love of God is bounded by, and can extend no farther than our Senſe of Ptoperty in him; and thence came that Ancient Expreſſion, *Tolle Meum, & Tolle Deum* — There are ſome Objections and Diſtinctions to be allow'd in the Caſe; but in this Caſe the Argument is juſt, That the Good of the People, or Self-ſupport, is the End of Government, and conſequently the Teſt of Obedience: They that obey Tyrants, do it from ſome abſolute Neceſſity, as being void of Means to reſiſt, or muſt be eſteemed as Men depriv'd of their Civil Underſtandings; and whenever Extremities reduce them to their Senſes, they will certainly put a ſtop to their ſordid Submiſſions.

Would Men give Reaſon its extended Scope,
No Man can act, when *he deſiſts to Hope*;
'Tis Hopes of Heaven, for which we Heaven obey,
For Fear's a Bondage, not a Loyalty;
No Man *regards the Law* that once deſpairs,
The Madman his expected End prepares;
That Government which makes Men *hope in vain*,
May for a Seaſon forc'd Submiſſions gain,
But ne're can long their Loyalty maintain.

From hence 'tis worth obſerving, when we find
Undue Subjections have debauch'd the Mind;
The Wretches freely propagate the Jeſt,
When any *but themſelves* are ſo oppreſt;
Or when *in ſpecial Caſe* their Kings prepare,
To let them *of the Plunder* have a Share;
But *when the Paſſive Thieves* the Burthen feel,
They'r always firſt to draw the Angry Steel.

No Man can ſurely ſo much Folly ſhow,
And not *the Meaning of the Maxim* know;
'Tis vain with Words to make our Volumes ſwell,
If Speech betrays 'em not, *their Actions will*;
The Meaning's plain, when they careſs the Crown,
They'll bear with all Mens Ruin but their Own.

If ever Prince ſhou'd after this pretend,
On Non-reſiſting Zealots to depend;
Tho' *the firſt Fraud* might well trepan the Crown,
When e're they're *Trick'd again*, the Faults their own:
If they *from Pulpit-Loyalty* expect,
That Men *ſhould not their Property protect*;

And

And from ſuch Notions *venture to oppreſs*,
Preſuming on the Doctrine we profeſs;
Who e're he be that ſhall *this Fraud* advance,
Let him to Bedlam *go, and not to* France.

Thus Tyrants are in their own Schemes deceiv'd,
And (*a*) Perjury by Perjury retriev'd;
The Devil *by his own Darling Sins* betray'd,
And Lyes and broken Oaths become a Trade;
Kings firſt their Oaths of Coronation break,
And ſo their Peoples Perjury beſpeak.

Then, *Satyr*, give Antiquity *a Call*,
And ſearch *this Crime* to its Original;
From what *Foul Root* the ſtrong Deluſion grows,
How Subjects *came to ſwear*, and Kings t' impoſe;
How *theſe did firſt Demand*, and thoſe Pretend,
Subjects *firſt Swear*, and Princes *firſt depend.*

The (*b*) Jealouſy of Tyrants was the Cauſe,
Who *doubted the Protection* of the Laws;
For 'twas convenient that they ſhou'd prepare,
By Rules unheard of, Laws unheard to bear:
Tyrants *by this* confeſs when we obey,
W'are *honeſter and greater Fools* than they:

Fools

(*a*) 'Tis evidently explain'd, the Breach of Compact was a Perjury in the King, the Breach of an Excentrick Loyalty illegally and impolitickly ſworn to in his blind Slaves of Subjects, was a Perjury in them; but the time of that Perjury ſeems to be at the taking of the Oath; of which after.

(*b*) The binding Subjects by the Obligations of Oaths, has its Original in the ſuſpicious Fears and Apprehenſions of Princes; and thoſe chiefly founded upon the conſcious Senſe, that they were impoſing things upon them, which Reaſon would direct them to oppoſe; but being bound by their Oaths, would bear for fear of Perjury.

Fools to ſuppoſe, when Royal Oaths are vain,
The People's Obligation *ſhou'd remain*:
That the void Contract ſhou'd the Subject bind,
Should leave the Monarch free, *the Men confin'd*;
And Honeſter *they muſt be* to retain,
The Force of that which binds the Prince in vain.

Tyrants are always jealous, breach of Laws,
Shows the too conſcious Wretch the Native Cauſe
Of all Reſiſtance; Common Reaſon ſpeaks,
Subjects *will ne're obey the Laws* he breaks;
Kings who reſolve the *People to oppreſs*,
Will be reſiſted: They expect no leſs;
And therefore to *Exotick Projects* fly,
To Paint a new unheard of Loyalty;
By Oaths oblige, where nature left them free,
And Fright Men with the Mock of Perjury.

None has ſuch *Right to be oppreſt* as they,
Who can in ſuch ſublime Degrees obey;
To *Couchant Iſacher*'s old Tribe Ally'd,
For Slaves, *and not for Subjects*, qualified;
Kings that have brought their People to ſuch Rules,
Theſe muſt be Tyrants own'd, *and thoſe be Fools*;
The Caſe is plain, the Conſequence is juſt,
The laſt appears the Reaſon of the firſt.

'Tis pitty they who Liberty deſpiſe,
Shou'd want a Tyrant for their Exerciſe;
'Tis pitty but they ſhou'd be all oppreſt,
Who covet Chains, and *make themſelves the Jeſt*;
Kings *ought to ride* when People ſo ſubmit,
That they may *feel the Nature* of their Wit;

As they who ſcorn the Light ſhou'd never ſee,
So they who wou'd be Slaves ſhou'd ne're be free;
I know not who live moſt unnatural Lives,
The Subject *that his Liberty* ſurvives,
Or Kings that trample Law and Freedom down,
And *make free Juſtice* truckle to the Crown.

But this one Caution let them take *that do,*
Law flies at firſt, but 'twill at laſt purſue;
Art may by mighty Dams keep out the Tide,
Check the ſtrong River, and mighty Streams divide;
Pen up the Swelling Waters and deny,
The *eaſie Waves* to glide with Pleaſure by.

But when *the injur'd Stream*'s retain'd *too long,*
And *Nature calls it* to reſent the Wrong;
It breaks th' Illegal Oppoſition down,
And *Claims by Force* the Channel for its own:
So Tyranny may govern for a Time,
But *Nature ſinks the Monarch* with the Crime.

Cuſtom from Nature *juſt Concluſion* draws,
And *Serves the Nations now* inſtead of Laws;
The General *Practice of the World* appears,
And Cuſtom old Precedents now prepares;
The Antient well defended Rules ſets down,
In Nature's Book to all the People known:
The *Weakeſt Senſe the* Dictates underſtands,
And *all Men freely ſtoop* to her Commands.

Of all the numerous Champions of the Cauſe,
Who ſet up Kings above the Power of Laws;

I never found *the willing Martyr* die,
A *(a) Party-Sacrifice* to Loyalty;
I never found a Man *ſo void of Senſe*,
As freely to abandon *Self-defence*;
Baſely from Senſe of Loyalty and Law,
Shou'd from *his juſter Liberty* withdraw;
That to a Tyrant wou'd his Life Subject,
And not his *injur'd Property* protect;
That, *bleſt with Power*, ſhou'd all that Power lay down,
And die a Victim, to *That God, the Crown.*

The trueſt Subject will to Truth Appeal,
And if that Truth's oppreſt, *(b) in Truth Rebel:*
Will *Force to Force*, and Right to Wrong *Oppoſe*,
And Nature's Laws engage *with Nature's Foes.*

If any Prince *is flatter'd* to believe,
Subjects will *blind Obedience* to him give:
Let him be wary how he comes to try,
They'll all *by Practice* give their Words the Lye:
Cuſtom's the *juſt Authority* they'll plead,
Cuſtom is *Nature's Book*, and all Mankind *may read:*
If any doubt the Caution is not ſo,
Let them *to England for Examples* go.

England

(a) Not one of our Preachers of the Paſſive Doctrine ever gave an Inſtance of it in themſelves, but unanimouſly oppoſed their Sovereign, as ſoon as he began to touch their particular Rights.

(b) Innumerable Inſtances of it are to be found in both Sacred as well as Prophane Hiſtory, almoſt from the beginning of Monarchies in the World, to this time.

England the Doctrine openly (*a*) profeſt,
And all the Marks of Slavery Careſt;
We courted Chains (*b*) but 'twas in *Court-Diſguiſe*,
And *Holy Fraud conceal'd* the Sacred Lyes;
The Church the Mountebank, *the King the* Jeſt,
The *Wheedl'd Monarch*, and the wheedling *Prieſt*;
For *when Coercives* firſt began t' appear,
They made their Monarch *buy the Jeſt* too dear;
Told him they'd willingly ſupport *his Crown*,
In any ones Oppreſſions *but their own*;
But when their own Deſtruction they foreſaw,
They cry'd out loudeſt, *Liberty* and *Law*:
Their vow'd Allegiance *early* they withheld,
Firſt *beg'd their Monarch's Pardon*, (*c*) then rebell'd;
Softly *diſmiſs'd him* from his *Right Divine*,
And (*d*) *unſwore* all Allegiance to his Line;
How natural 'tis to Man to Save his own!
And rather to be perjur'd, *than undone*:

That

(*a*) The Doctrine of abſolute undiſputed Obedience was never ſo publickly Profeſs'd, and ſo far extended, as in *England*, where the very Clergy preach'd, That the Kings Command extended even to the Lives and Liberty, as well as the Eſtates of his Subjects, and his Attempts muſt not be reſiſted, but ſubmitted to a Judgment from God.

(*b*) 'Tis to be obſerv'd, That in the late Revolution ſome of thoſe Gentlemen who were the open Profeſſors of the Doctrine of Divine Right and Abſolute Subjection, were the firſt that threw off the Mask, when the Practice of Royal Impoſition came to bear hard upon themſelves.

(*c*) And even ſtill ſome of theſe that now preach up this Doctrine afreſh, and pretend Kings can do no Wrong, and muſt not be reſiſted, were ſome of the loudeſt Exclaimers againſt the Affair of *Magdalen* College, and the Impoſitions of the Reign of the late King *James*.

(*d*) In their taking new Oaths to the preſent Eſtabliſhment they relinquiſh'd their former Allegiance to the late King *James*; but in the Abjuration, they perfectly Renounc'd his Race.

But *all the Villany is plain* from hence,
Not *in the Change*, but in *the firſt Pretence*;
That Kings the Soveraign Power *ſo repreſent*,
That when *they Tyrannize* in Government,
Men ſhou'd ſubmit to be by them oppreſt,
And ſuffer *only to uphold* the Jeſt;
A Jeſt indeed, and ſo the *Monarch found*,
Charm'd with the Airy empty *Fab'lous Sound*;
For when he prov'd the *Patient Paſſive* Tribe,
His Suffering may their Loyalty Deſcribe.

Satyr (*a*) *go down*, and ſearch the Pathleſs Deeps,
Where *Pluto* all his *Treacherous Legions* keeps;
There make Enquiry 'mong the *Faithleſs Race*,
This Treaſon ſhines of that infernal Place;
Kneel to the *Black Baſſa*, and ask of Hell,
This one kind ſecret Sin but to Reveal;
Ask them *what Name*, *what Phraſe* deſcribes the Crime,
Repeat the Circumſtances and the Time;
My Life for thine, *the Honeſt Dev'l* Replies,
The Fact beyond infernal Knowledge lies:

(*a*) This is an Excurſion upon the Horrid Crime of Wheedling a Prince to believe ſuch incongruous Nonſenſe, as, that his Subjects, whatever they might be brought to Swear, would ever be brought to ſubmit to his abſolute and uncontroul'd Power, that they would ſit ſtill and ſee their Laws, Religion, Liberties and Eſtates ſubverted, deſtroy'd and plunder'd, and only with Prayers and Tears invocate Heaven for Redreſs——And that they ſhould, to delude him the more, ſuppoſe ſuch Abſurdities of themſelves to him, and Swear to it alſo; and as all this muſt be againſt their own Knowlege and Nature, and done on purpoſe to betray him into Miſchiefs they thought they ſhould get by for the preſent, but as they knew muſt ruin him at laſt; I think 'twas a Treachery, will be hard to be found in the World before, and therefore I ſend the Satyr down to enquire, if there be any particular Name for ſuch a Villany among the Devils.

Lends thee a Spirit or two, the thing t' explore,
And owns *'twas never heard of there* before.

The Het'rogeneous Crime no Parent finds,
'Tis born *of falſe Conceptions* in the Minds;
And Vice engender'd *with corrupted Fumes*,
The Vapour *ſtrange incongruous Flights* aſſumes;
This Ill-decocted in a vicious Brain,
Muſt *Crimes unheard*, and *Crimes unknown* contain;
Thus Hell's out-ſinn'd, and Hypocritick Fraud,
Spreads *the black Manufacture* firſt abroad;
Improv'd to *Politick Death* the vile Extreme,
Throws Kingdoms Down, and levels Crowns to them.

When Subjects *(a) Court the Prince* to tyrannize,
And ſwell *the Bladder of his Pride* with Praiſe;
Prompt him to exerciſe Tyrannick Power,
And tell him *they're the Men* he may Devour;
Bow to the exalted Idol they erect,
With Homage Lower *than his Vanity could e're* expect;
Tell him to Rule by Law's to rule by Halves,
And *own themſelves* his Cattle and his Slaves;
Pray, cant, and ſwear, exotic Ways contrive,
To make *their Bubl'd Prince* the Fraud believe;
Bind their diſſembl'd Homage to the Crown,
And bend the *Solemns of Religion* down;

Call

(a) 'Tis certain, that the Flattery of Court-Paraſites, and Men of Deſign, who too often have the Care and Favour of Princes, have led them on to the moſt Tyrannick Methods of Government, by the Bait of theſe fooliſh Suggeſtions; thus they have prompted them to tyrannize, who would otherwiſe have been tolerably ſober, ſwelling their Thoughts with the Fancy of being God's Vicegerents, and accountable to none but him; and all, by the Hypocritical Promiſes of that blind Obedience on their own Parts, which they never deſig'nd to pay.

Call in the Sacred to uphold the Cheat,
And make the (a) Sacrament confederate;
Join Heaven and Hell in one united Crime,
And mix th' Infernal up with the Sublime:
Such Men are paſt the Power of Argument,
Nature Condemns them with a known Conſent.

Satyr, think on, contrive *ſome new-made* Word,
For Speech denies, and can no Phraſe afford;
Study *the Language of the Gulph,* and ſee
Th' Infernal Dialect of Treachery;
Learn ſome *New Term* the Modern (b) Crime t' expreſs,
Suited to its *Politer Wickedneſs;*
That we may ſee the Picture of the Times,
And *know the Men* in their exalted Crimes.

For theſe are always foremoſt to betray,
And with their early Treaſons lead the way;
Theſe are the Famous *Knights of* Sal'sbury,
(c) The Tribe of *Life and Fortune, Loyalty:*
The

(a) An Oath is call'd a Sacrament in other Languages, and the Sacrament here is frequently made uſe of as an Oath, and as a Bond of Sincerity.

(b) It was a Horrid Deceit, and cannot be enough exploded, to draw the late King into the Arbitrary Methods he fell by, only to make him ruin his Subjects, that they might ſhare the Plunder; and afterwards abandon and overthrow him, that had hearkned only to their Advice, and I know no General Word to give it, but of the blackeſt Villany.

(c) The Common Phraſe of the Addreſſes, which the Gentlemen of the Non-reſiſting Party in King *James*'s Time uſed to him, was, That they would *STAND BY* Him with their *Lives and Fortunes.* Vid. *New Diſcovery,* p. 17.

Vow'd that if ever he his Fate ſhould try,
With Life and Fortune they wou'd all ſtand by;
So afterwards they did, at Sal'sbury.

When that King came to Face the Prince of *Orange* at *Salisbury,* they all forſook him, and firſt or laſt went over to his Enemy.

The *Stand-by Men*, the Old (a) *Abhorring* Race,
Who had no Courage, 'cauſe they had no Grace;
Yet boldly ventur'd only to look on,
And ſee their injur'd Monarch fight alone:
Deſert him in the Quarrel *they had made,*
As Men too guilty not to be affraid.

Treaſon and Loyalty go Hand in Hand,
Till on the dangerous Precipice they ſtand;
Embroil'd with Laws, and injur'd Nations Arms,
Guilt breaks the Circles, and diſſolves the Charms:
The Wretch that fawn'd with Hypocritick Breath,
(b) *Deſerts him* in the Agonies of Death:
What Verſe *the Blackn'd Party* can expoſe,
Art ſinks, as the *Infernal Miſchief* grows;
No Words the *Horrid Principle* can tell,
'Tis born of Crime, and *laid too Deep for Hell;*

Since

(a) *Abhorring Race*, taken from the Famous Addreſſes for abhoring Petioning in the Time of King *Charles* the Second, when the Subjects being injur'd, Petitition'd for redreſs of their Grievances; and theſe Gentlemen addreſs'd the King on the contrary, applauded his Oppreſſions, and declar'd themſelves to be Abhorrers of Petitioning.

(b) When King *James* was taken at *Sheerneſs* in the County of *Kent*, and falling into the Hands of the Rabble of *Feverſham*, whether there was real Danger of his Perſon or not, is not material; but the King apprehending it, his Majeſty applied himſelf to a Clergyman who was there, in Words to this Effect; Sir, *'tis Men of your Cloth, have reduc'd me to this Condition, I deſire you will uſe your endeavour to ſtill and quiet the People and diſperſe them, that I may be freed from this Tumult.* The Gentleman's Anſwer was cold and inſignificant; and going down to the People, return'd no more to the King: And ſeveral of the Gentry thereabout and Clergy, who had formerly Preach'd and Talk'd up this mad Doctrine before, never offered the King their Aſſiſtance in that Diſtreſs; which, as a Man, whether a Prince or no, any Man would have done; which therefore to me renders them ſuſpected in the Integrity of their Deſign, when they pretended to an abſolute Submiſſion, *viz.* That they meant only that they expected it from their Neighbours, whom they deſign'd to oppreſs under the Protection of this Notion; but reſolv'd never to practiſe the leaſt part of it themſelves if ever it ſhould look towards them.

Since then we never can the Cheat explain,
Let's quit the Fact, and *dwell upon the Men.*

C——on with Eccleſiaſtick Dignity,
Supports the Regal Power, and (*a*) *gives the Lye*;
To all the Uſurpations of the Church,
Leaves *Becket*, *Laud*, and *Sibthorp* in the Lurch:
The High Canonick Grandeur he pulls down,
And ſets the Mitre *underneath the Throne:*
Owns the Supremacy of Kingly Right,
And makes the *Croſier* to the *Crown* ſubmit;
Believes the *Jus Divinum* freely ſwears,
His Paſſive Homage to the unknown Heirs;
Lays all his Senſes in a Miſty Sleep,
And took thoſe Oaths *he knew he* (*b*) *cou'd not keep:*
And as with *Hair-braind Loyalty* he ſwore,
H'had ſcrupl'd none *had there been Forty* more.

Had he been faithful to his Sovereign Lord,
And fought him with *the Weapons of the Word*;
Had he *with Honeſt Duty* firſt appeal'd,
And all his Senſe of Liberty reveal'd;
'T had been *leſs Crime his Sovereign* to inſtruct,
Than firſt deceive the Prince *he wou'd reject*;
In's future Conduct we ſhou'd all confeſs,
H'had ſhown the *Stateſman* more, the *Villain* leſs;

(*a*) He gave the Lye by his Practice to all thoſe former Prieſts that had rais'd the Power of Eccleſiaſtick Authority for he abſolutely ſubmitted it all to the Regal Dignity and Divine Right of the Prince.

(*b*) They that took this abſolute Oath, knew when they took it, they were not able to keep what they ſwore, if they were put to the extremity; and ſo it afterwards appear'd.

Rebellion would have had *ſome fair Pretence,*
He might have reconcil'd it *to his Senſe*;
Some juſter Reaſons *then*, he might have ſhown,
To put the *Mitre* off, the *Helmet* on;
Law, Right and Juſtice would in League appear,
To make the *Man of God* a Man of War.

(*a*) But he that had his *Blinder Duty* ſwore,
And *dip'd his Hands* in Abitrary Power;
That *Leagu'd with Hell* his Country to betray,
And *pull the Church down firſt*, The Shorteſt Way;
What Right had he to Liberty and Law,
Whom neither *this could drive*, nor that *could draw?*
The Paſſive Prieſt with Sword and Piſtol rides,
And for the Churches Safety *now provides*;
Obedience *buckles down* to Preſervation,
And quits Allegiance to ſecure the Nation:
Forgets his Random-Oaths conſults his Senſe,
And *Clouds his Perjury* with Providence.

Satyr, *Diſtinguiſh Crimes*, and let us ſee,
Wherein conſiſts the Guilt of Perjury.

The Crime in his *unlawful Swearing* lay,
For none may ſwear *what he muſt not* obey.

'Tis he forſwears (*b*) *that takes the* wilful Yoke,
He *can't be further guilty* when 'tis broke.

For

(*a*) Had not the Perſon who this Character belongs to, ſupported the Doctrine of abſolute Obedience to the Crown, his after Conduct had been leſs liable to Cenſure; for though, without queſtion, he was in the Right of it at laſt, yet by his own profeſs'd Doctrine, which he taught and encourag'd in all People, it was down-right Perjury and Rebellion in him, whatever it would have been in another.

(*b*) The Perjury ſeems plain to me; in the firſt Act, he that takes an Oath, which he knows he cannot keep, takes an Oath with a Deſign to break

For he that binds himſelf in *ſuch a Senſe*
As *cannot be perform'd* without Offence,
The Perjury *will in the Oath* remain,
And he's oblig'd *to ſwear it off again*;
'Twas *a falſe Oath*, as it reſpected him,
And muſt be broke (*a*) *the taking its the Crime.*

To take an Oath *with which we can't comply*,
Muſt be premeditated Perjury;
And equal Guilt on both ſides muſt appear,
In they *that give the* (*b*) *Oath*, or thoſe that ſwear:
To break the Strong Prepoſterous Bond's no Crime,
All things ſubmit to Circumſtance and Time;
Contingent Nature ſuch Proviſion makes,
To bear with unavoidable Miſtakes;
Nature the Obligation *will revoke*,
Becauſe it can't be kept, it muſt be broke;
But he that in *the willing Chain* ſtands bound,
Does Faith and Honeſty *at firſt* confound;
The Oaths *the juſt Condition* ſhould explain,
Or tho' the Oaths are void, *the Crimes remain*;

As

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break it, which is premeditated Perjury, and the Crime is double; the Oath it ſelf is unlawful, and the Senſe 'tis taken in is unlawful; an Oath that cannot be perform'd is an unlawful Oath, and he that knowingly takes it, ſwears unlawfully, and the Crime of this lies in the Beginning, in the firſt Fact; and the Man is not more guilty in breaking than he was before in taking this *Oath*.

(*a*) 'Twas never known before the Days of King *Charles* II. That an Oath of Allegiance was worded to extend to the King and the Heirs of his Body indefinitely — But to the King's Perſon, or at moſt to his Heirs and Succeſſors, Kings or Queens, *&c.* that is, provided they come to be Kings and Queens; for this would oblige us upon any Change to raiſe War in behalf of the Immediate Heir, or to rebel againſt whatever Government ſhall be ſet up.

(*b*) The Incongruity of the Circumſtances in this Oath, makes it very unlawful to take it; but it doubly aggravates the Guilt of thoſe that impoſe it, who are equally guilty of Perjury, as they that took it.

As they that Lawful Oaths *ſhall fairly* take,
Are perjur'd when thoſe lawful Oaths *they break*:
So they that Swear unlawful things to do,
Are perjur'd whether they're perform'd or no.

He that an abſolute Allegiance ſwears,
Implicitely (*a*) for Martyrdom prepares;
Ought, *when the Monarch orders him to die*,
Submit to his unjuſt Authority;
With Freedom execute his High Commands,
And *let out Life* with his obedient Hands:
He can no *Non Obſtante* here pretend,
Not God himſelf, the Crime can countermand;
Heaven's quite foreclos'd the poſitive Deſign,
Muſt ſuperſede the Rules of the Divine.

But if *the Laws of Heaven* are brought in play,
And Reaſon dictates *where* we ſhould obey;
A limitted (*b*) *Obedience* then comes on,
And owns a greater Head *than his that* wears the Crown;
Damns the Supremacy of Human Power,
And owns 'tis ſomething leſs, and ſomething lower,
Than the Divine, than the Eternal Hand
That Guides, who ought t' Obey, and who Command.

If

(*a*) For an abſolute Oath muſt imply, That if the King Commands a literal ſtrict Obedience, tho' in Life or Eſtate the Perſon will comply; and ſo he either expects Death, or is a cunning Knave, and takes the Oath, with a Deſign to keep it no longer than it ſerves his Real Deſign; and, if ſo, he's Perjur'd intentionally, whether ever he breaks it or no.

(*b*) The Paſſive Slave, in this blind Senſe, is bound at the Command of the Prince, to reſiſt both the Laws of God and Nature; and, if he requires it, to deſtroy himſelf, and ſave the Tyrant the Labour; and this is as poſitively a Debt in the Sence of Paſſive Obedience, as any other Act of Submiſſion.

If Heav'n can limit us to *Who* and *What*
We muſt Obey; It may direct, *when not*;
The Limitation muſt come down from him
Who made all Power, and *therefore* is Supreme.

And *this High Law's* from Heaven declar'd Supreme,
No Power's Legitimate *that Rivals him*;
When Human Laws, or Human Powers invade
That Power, *by which all Powers and Laws* were made:
They're (*a*) *void of Courſe*, of Courſe the Sanction dies,
And there's an End of all Authorities;
We muſt no more Obey, no more Submit,
For all's ſubjected to Immortal Right.

Subjects, that *abſolute Obedience* ſwear,
Engage with God himſelf in open War;
By the pretended Sacrament they're bound,
To that *Uſurping Mortal* they have Crown'd;
For him they're bound to Arm themſelves, and Fight
With *God* and *Reaſon*, *Law* and Native *Right*;
All things without diſtinction are their Foes,
Tho' *Jove*'s *Almighty Thunder* ſhou'd oppoſe;
They neither muſt *to Heaven nor Earth* ſubmit,
Unleſs the Royal (*b*) Mandate ſuffers it.

(*a*) It is a Univerſal Rule, that all Humane Laws are ſubject to the Divine; and if a Law is made by Humane Power, which contradicts the Laws of God, it is void in its Nature; and the Scripture gives a ſtated Rule for it in thoſe Words, *Whether it be lawful to obey God rather than than Man? Judg ye*; and the Practice of all Chriſtian Ages agree to it.

(*b*) Paſſive Obedience is a thing gives Human Power a Superiority over the Divine Law, and raiſes War and Rebellion againſt God in the World.

If leſs than this be true, it muſt confute
The Paſſive (*a*) *Debt*, and end the ſhort Diſpute,
For *Power reſtrain'd*, can ne're *be abſolute.*

If 'tis reſtrain'd at all, *'tis ſo reſtrain'd,*
As *to ſubject it* to (*b*) the High Command;
Immortal Power has the Imperial Sway,
This People *muſt obſerve*, and *Kings obey*;
If the Crown'd Wretch rebels, and fights with Heav'n,
The *Voice of Nature ſpeaks*, the Signal's given;
People muſt never with th' Invader join,
His Crown falls of Courſe, his Scepter's held in vain,
By whatſoever Right he *came to Reign:*
Subjection's always to be underſtood,
Saving the Laws of Nature, and of God.

The Laws of Nature dictate to the Senſe,
That all Men claim the Right *of Self-defence*;
And they that ſwear a larger Debt to pay,
Inſult their Maker when they thus obey;
Depoſe the Rightful Rule of Providence,
Confound their Reaſon, and diſſolve (*c*) their Senſe:

Subject

(*a*) Paſſive Obedience is a partial Doctrine; for it makes Men paſſively Obedient to the Prince, and actively diſobedient to God; and ſo gives that to Man which they deny to their Maker.

(*b*) If he will come off from this, and ſay the Laws of God are ſo to be excepted, the very Word limits the abſolute Obedience he inſiſted upon before, and all the Machine of Power falls to the Ground at once; for if Subjection to the Laws of God are allowed, Self-Defence, Property, and Reſiſtance, have all their Original in the Law of God; and ſo the whole Doctrine falls to the Ground of Courſe.

(*c*) 'Tis Bantring God Almighty as well as the Prince, to ſwear to pay a larger Obedience to Princes than the Laws of Nature have furniſh'd the Man to perform; Mankind can't, and Nature will not ſuffer him to bear the Inſults of Tyranny; the Raviſhings, Plundrings and Murthers of a Tyrant, his hands will diſobey, and he cannot help it.

Subject the Human Nature *unto Rules*,
Not fit to *govern any Brutes* but Fools;
From this just Cause it always comes to pass,
Let the Fool Man be ne're so much an Ass;
The Laws of Nature ne're so much suppress,
And the blind Wretch *be ne're so much* a Jest:
The just Dominion *of Eternal Right*,
Dissolves the mist at (a) *last*, and clears the Sight;
Does all the Sense of Injury *restore*,
And brings things back to where they were before;
The *thin vain Vapour* which Eclips'd his Eyes,
Dissolves of Course, and Reason naked lies;
His Judgment to its Exercise (b) retires,
And Reason all *the Exhalation* fires;
The Man enjoys himself, and sees by Rule,
That all his Life before *he's been a Fool.*

From this new Life his (c) Reason dates her Reign,
And after this all new Attempts are vain;
His Native Liberty he will pursue,
The Fetters *of his tangled Sense* undo;
Dissolve the hated Bonds of Slavery,
And let his Body *as his Mind* be free.

Tyrants

(a) That Man is abus'd and impos'd upon, in the supposing a Superiority in Human Power to the Divine is most certain; and the Cheat may remain a while, and sometimes ill Consequences may come of it; but the Majesty of the Divine Law always gets the Mastery of this Delusion, and at one time or other clears up the Sight; the Men come to be undeceived, and then they reassume their Original Power.

(b) All these Delusions are only from the Clouds and Mists of Interest or Education, which flee away before the Custom of our abstracted Reason, as Vapours from the Sun.

(c) 'Tis natural for Men to pursue their Liberty, to covet it, and endeavour to procure it; and this Love of Liberty blows up all the Schemes of a Set of Men, who stand against this Doctrine.

Tyrants *in vain attempt* the enlightn'd Man,
The *Guilded (a) Snare's propos'd to him* in vain;
He loves the Monarch governing by Laws,
He Scorns the Tyrant, *for he Hates* the Cauſe;
The Principles by which juſt Monarchs Sway,
Are all the ſame *by which he would* obey;
Theſe Reign by Right, *thoſe* Rights their Title prove,
And they obey by Right, *becauſe they Love:*
(*b*) Juſtice engages all the Nations Parts,
It rules *their Purſes*, and Commands *their Hearts:*
This *is the ſtrongeſt Bond* of Government,
And perfectly agrees *with Heavens Intent:*
The High Engagement's in the mutual Truſt,
The *People Honeſt*, and the *Monarch Juſt;*
The Bond's Reciprocal, and form'd above
The *Monarch's Juſtice*, and the *Peoples Love.*

Who e're for *Paſſive Doctrines* wou'd appear,
Will gain but very few Believers (*c*) *here;*
Plain Arguments will run their Senſe a-ground,
Their own Examples their Pretence confound;

For

(*a*) If the Man's Eyes have been open'd by Circumſtances or Perſons, it's in vain ever again to bring him into the Snare; he always then ſubmits to the Government of his own Reaſon.

(*b*) Juſtice as it is the Foundation of Government, ſo it is the Bond of Government; it directs the Duty of every Relation, and maintains an Equality in due Proportions on every ſide; it obliges the Prince to proper Syſtems and Limitations, as the Bounds and preſcrib'd Extent of his Government; it obliges the Subject to ſuch Submiſſions and Subjections as are properly their due, and as 'tis juſt they ſhould, yield to their Prince.

(*c*) *Here*, that is in *England*, where our Eyes are open'd, and where the Sovereignty of Senſe and Reaſons has ſo lately prevail'd over all theſe Deluſions and Chimeras of Projecting Stateſmen.

For (*a*) *where's the Man* with Paſſive Zeal o're-grown,
That Cares to make a Footſtool to a Throne;
That for the Crown would *his own Life* deſpiſe,
And Calmly *make himſelf* the Sacrifice:
That to obey the Princes High Command,
Wou'd *bow his willing Neck* to his Deſtroying Hand:
Would his Obedience *to his Life* prefer,
And be himſelf *the Executioner.*

(*b*) *Some have been ſo abſurd* as to bring in,
(*c*) Divine Commands *concurring* with the Sin,

(*a*) Such a Subject is very hard to find in theſe enlighten'd Ages of the World, but more eſpecially in *England*, where the Experiment has been ſo lately made, and where the higheſt Pretenders to it have been the forwardeſt to explode it by their Practice.

(*b*) Sir *Robert Filmer*, who writes very largely upon the Subject, and was very well anſwer'd by *Algernoon Sidney*, who fell into the very Arbitrary Tyranny, he wrote againſt, and paid his Life for the Experiment, at the Proſecution of thoſe very Men, who afterwards own'd the Doctrine to be true, which they put him to Death for, and practis'd the very ſame thing which he was murther'd for defending.

(*c*) The Authors of this Notion ſhow'd one of the moſt exact Specimens of their abſolute Doctrine that theſe latter Ages had ever known; and from whence the Strength and Force of their Principle may be fairly determin'd, as follows;

Sir *Robert Filmer* being the Great Champion of this Doctrine, had defended it in print, *Algernoon Sidney*, an Ancient Branch of the Noble Family of the *Sidneys*, and Brother to the then Earl of *Leiceſter*, drew out a true Syſtem of Original Power, and the ſtated Bounds of Government and Subjection by the Laws of God, Nature and Reaſon; and tho' it might be deſign'd for the Preſs in anſwer to Sir *Robert Filmer*, it was not yet perfected or finiſh'd for the Preſs, nor had it been expoſed to View; but the Manuſcript being ſeized, and the Subject examin'd, it was thought fit inſtead of anſwering him with the Pen, to anſwer him with the Axe, and conquer his Argument by the Extent of that very Power he exploded.

This muſt paſs for an Admirable way of diſputing, and is ſo natural to the thing, that it may paſs for a Maxim, That Arbitrary Power is only to be defended by Arbitrary Power, and Paſſive Abſolute Subjection can only be exemplifyed by it ſelf.

He that when he is argued againſt, can anſwer with his Sword inſtead of his Pen has certainly a full power in his hand to confirm this Doctrine, and need no other Method; nor is it any other way to be defended:

When

That Heaven the High Performance so requires,
And *God himself Commands* what e're the Prince desires;
From whence this juster Consequence they draw,
The King's Command's become *a Heavenly Law*;
The *Sacred Sanction*'s by his Breath convey'd,
And they *without Dispute* must be obey'd.

And thus *they make it plain*, the Royal Breath
Must be obey'd, and to repine, is *Death*;
When once the High Command is past, *the thing*
Is no more his, but his that made him King;
Soon as his mighty Words are heard abroad,
The Voce *o'th' King*, becomes *the Voice of God*;
And he that disobeys the Heavenly Voice,
Is Damn'd of Course, and goes to Hell by *Choice*.

But here the Contradiction is *so plain*,
No room for Possibilities remain;
For then Mankind may come *to such a Case*,
He may be (*a*) Damn'd, *in spight of Sovereign Grace*.

Sup-

When therefore they found *Algernoon Sidney*'s Argument unanswerable by Words, the only way left them was to lay aside debating with the Book, and fall upon the Man—So they cut off his Head, meerly because they could not answer his Book.

The Book has since been printed, and remains unaswerable to this day; and a Man would desire no better Conquest over the Adversaries of Liberty, than to desire them to reply to it now, when they have Freedom to speak, and won't be answer'd, as the Author was, by the Scaffold or Gibbet.

(*a*) The Author desires to be understood here not to suggest the possibility of opposing the invincible Agency *of Soveraign Grace*; but the Simily aggravates the Absurdity: for, to put a Man into a Condition that may force him upon inevitable Rebellion against God, is to drive him to Hell headlong, and put him into a necessity of eternal Damnation——*He that resists receives to himself Damnation*, says the Text; now if obeying puts the Man upon an Act which has the same inevitable Consequence, the Man must be ruin'd without Relief, and there can be

no

Suppoſe the Tyrant Dooms the Wretch to die,
And *bids him* (a) *hang himſelf*, if he'll obey;
Let Mankind anſwer for his future State,
'Tis my Opinion *all Men* (b) *know his Fate*;
This Doctrine damns him too *if he refuſe*,
Th' unhappy Wretch is *left no room* to chooſe;
Fate has hedg'd up his undirected Way,
He dies if he'll Refuſe, (c) *he's damn'd* if he'll Obey.

---

no better way of aguing againſt this Doctrine, than by driving the Defenders of it into ſuch inextricable Labyrinths that both ways they muſt allow Heaven to force the Man upon ſinning, which is contrary to the Nature of God, and Meaning of all Religion.

(a) 'Tis no Intrenchment upon the Gentlemen that defend the Doctrine of Paſſive Obedience, to ſuppoſe a Tyrant ſhould command a Man kill himſelf; becauſe, whether there has been Examples of the kind or no, it anſwers the thing; if they will except Self-murther, they except ſomething; if any thing be excepted, then the Monarch's Power is limitted; if in the leaſt 'tis limitted, 'tis not abſolute; and if it is not abſolute, it may be reſiſted.

'Tis not material in what it may be reſiſted; for the Argument is, whether it may be reſiſted at all—if at all, they muſt determine wherein, and then they come to the Point; which is, that when the abſolute Will of the Monarch commands any thing contrary to the Laws of God, Nature or Reaſon, he may be diſobey'd; if he attempts to impreſs thoſe Commands by Force, he may be reſiſted by Force; and this is the Sum of the Argument: If it be not true, then this muſt be true, that a Man by this Doctrine may be reduc'd to ſuch a Neceſſity of Sinning, that as in the Line above,

He'll come to ſuch a Caſe,
He may be dam'd in ſpight of Sovereign Grace.

(b) 'Tis hardly any Breach of Charity to believe a Man loſt, that is his own Excutioner, becauſe it ſeems inconſiſtent with the Rules of Religion, by which we judge of Salvation, and by which it is to be obtain'd, *viz.* Faith and Repentance, which the Fact ſeems to leave no room for.

(c) The Abſurdity of this Doctrine, I think is ſuch as can never be replied to, and one would wonder at the Supine Temper of thoſe who can argue for one, and yet be convinc'd of the other; the abſolute Will of a Prince contradicting the Divine Law, and in its Conſequence forcing the Subject upon his own Deſtruction can never be of Divine Original it ſelf; becauſe nothing that is ſo, can command any thing that is in it ſelf ſinful, or that tends to bring Men under the Neceſſity of doing what is deſtructive to themſelves, either Soul or Body.

I woul

I would be glad to have the Gentlemen, that Dispute for an absolute unlimitted Subjection to the Command of the Prince, as to the Command of God, come fairly into the Merit of this Argument.

They must at last submit to a necessity of subjecting the Commands of the King to the Laws of God, and Nature; which if they do, they bring in a *LIMITATION*, which is the thing they would avoid, and not without good ground: For if any Limitation, they must next submit to a Determination of those Limits, and a Judge of those Determinations; all which must be equally Supetiour to the King, and will most inevitably ruin the Passive Doctrine, or run the Defenders of it into inextricable Difficulties and Absurdities.

JURE DIVINO:

A SATYR.

Book V.

SATYR, the Quest of Tyranny pursue,
And bring the Infancy of Time in view;
Look back to old Originals of Power,
Long before Men knew how each other to devour;
Bring out the Mortal from his Maker's Hand,
Lord of the World, and fitted for Command;
Not yet disturbed with Tyranny or Pride,
But with his pregnant Reason fortify'd;
Vested with Judgment to direct his Way,
And chuse how he should rule, or who obey:
While his succeeding Sons were just and few,
Paternal Modes of Government they knew;
But as the kind increas'd, they soon found Cause,
To limit Forms of Government by Laws:
Degenerate Nature soon seduc'd by Crime,
Quickly incroach'd upon the Power sublime;
And Reason found it needful to explain,
Laws to prescribe, and Limits to restrain;

For Man's a lawleſs Wretch by Inclination,
If once let looſe to his ungovern'd Paſſion;
No Brute has half ſo little Senſe as he,
When Vice prevails upon his Honeſty:
The Man that would his paſtleſs Hand times trade,
When Reaſon ſleeps, and Crime uſurps the Place;
In untrod Mazes will be ſtrangely loſt,
And in vaſt Seas of Difficulty toſt:
Laws are the juſt Reſtraint of wilder Senſe,
And Reaſon form'd them for its own Defence:
What tho' by Crime they're introduc'd at firſt,
The Crime, not the Contrivance, ſhou'd be curſt;
For Laws are Reaſon's Outworks to incloſe,
And fortifie the Man againſt his Foes;
Built from immediate Dictate from on High,
To ſtrengthen and defend his Property:
Laws in their Nature led Men to equal,
A Perſon and a Power to execute;
Whoſe Office was to ſettle Right and Wrong,
And ſee *the Juſt* protected by the Strong.

Had there been no Offence, no Seeds of Crime,
In vicious Men, the Senſe of Power Supreme,
Had been ſufficient all Men to awe;
For Law came both to limit and correct:
Thus *Crime* the firſt Deſign of Power muſt bring,
Reaſon directs *the Form*, Nature directs *the Thing*:
The People *muſt* the Perſon firſt create,
And ſo the Man became a *Magiſtrate*.

If any Right directed in this Choice,
'*Twas Property* obtain'd the gen'ral Voice;
He had the juſteſt Title to command,
Whoſe Property prevail'd *and own'd the Land*;

And ſo Elective Power *commenc'd its Reign,*
Where *equal Right* of Property began:
The Land divided, Right to rule divides,
And univerſal ſuffrage then provides:
The Government lay in the general Voice,
They only had the Power, *that had the Choice*;
The undiſputed Right is plainly trac'd,
Where Nature firſt had due Poſſeſſion plac'd:
Thus the Collective Body of a Land,
In Right of Property, had Power contain'd,
And all Original Right *with them* remain'd.

They had the Right, becauſe *the Land's their own*,
And Property's the Baſis of a Throne:
He that had all the Land, had all the Power,
The Property, the Title muſt ſecure;
If he enjoy'd in Common with the reſt,
While Right remains in Common, Title muſt;
No Man can claim a Power of Government,
Where they *that own the Land* will not conſent.

If any ſingle Man poſſeſs'd this Land,
And had the Right, he muſt have the Command;
If once he was but (a) *Landlord of the Iſle*,
He *muſt be King*, becauſe he *own'd the Soil*;

No

(a) The Nature of Government is ſuch, that as it removes with the Inhabitants, it muſt depend upon the Proprietors: He that owns a Country, and is Lord of the Soil, muſt have a Right to direct who ſhall, or ſhall not, live upon his Eſtate, and upon what Conditions; as he parts with any of the Property *he ſpares out* the Hereditary Power, as annext to the Eſtate, Right of Government is a Perquiſite of the Inheritance; and if any one Man own'd the Fee-ſimple of this Iſland, the Inhabitants muſt all be his Tenants, and muſt receive Laws from him; if he pleaſed, he might command them to remove, as Landlords warn out their Tenants, when they will let them enjoy the Farm no longer: If the Landlord ſhould ſell this Eſtate or Property, the Right of Power muſt give attendance,

No Man his just Succession could dispute;
He must both make the Laws, and execute;
No Laws cou'd ever be on him impos'd,
His Claim of Right, the Peoples Claim foreclos'd;
And he that wou'd not to his Rule submit,
Must quit the Place, the Place was all his Right:
From *this just Title* Men might fairly plead,
Divine Succession has a Sacred Head:
For Right of Property's a Sacred Law,
Nature consents, and Reason's kept in Awe:
All the just Bonds of Government in Man,
In this *Foundation Principle* began;
Here only Right Hereditary lies,
Succession's born of this, and *with it dies*;
This is Divine, and from the First of Time,
By this One Title, (*a*) God himself lays claim;
He rules the World, *because the World's his own*,
And by this Claim first Government began;
By this the Power *descends*; *by this* 'tis just,
For were the Lands our own, *the Kingdom must*:
Wherever Providence *transplants a Nation*,
The Government *goes always with Possession*.

If Governments have since *swell'd up* too high,
Assum'd on Life, and vanquish'd Property;

The

(*a*) The Allusion to God Almighty's Government of the World by Right of Creation, is not at all improper, since the Title God has to the Obedience of Mankind, as he is their Maker, and consequently Proprietor is no small Consideration.

The Error in *the Government* appears,
Thus gain'd *on Time*; and swell'd its Power by Years;
But all's Encroachment still, and *Usurpation*;
And Time can never bless the Alteration.

Th' inlighten'd Soul to Knowledge first inclin'd,
All necessary Incidents contain'd;
And the first Instance *of capacious Sense*
Appears in Methods of Preheminence:
Men were not ignorant of Native Right,
No *partial Mists* had clouded Genuin Light:
They knew *the early Right* of Government,
And knew it ought to have their known Consent.

For Government's a Science, *Polity*
Was Nature's eldest Son, and Parent of Physiology;
First born of Wisdom, of *Divinest Birth*,
The *primo-genial* Off-spring of the Earth:
The *early Token* Mankind should be blest,
With Sense to govern what he had possest;
Order's the Life and Being of the Whole,
The Spring of Nature, the Creation's Soul;
Subserviency of Parts its Fate prevents,
And is *the Index* of the whole Contents.

'Tis plain, when Man *came from* his Maker's Hand,
He left him free, and at his own Command;
Gave him *the Light of Nature* to direct,
And Reason, *Nature's Errors* to inspect;
Fully instructed, Evils to prevent,
And quallify'd (*a*) for *his own* Government.

(*a*) Mr. *Milton* gives a large and extraordinary Scheme of the First State of Man, before the Fall, and what Powers the Man was blest with and for what use, *Parad. lost*, *Lib.* 4. *Fol.*

Heaven *ſeldom* acted by immediate Power,
And when he did, 'twas only to reſtore,
To heal the Breaches Sin and Folly made,
And *ſave the Wretch* that had himſelf betray'd.
But as to Government, the Man knew how,
Nature, the Heavenly Handmaid's *born to ſtoop*,
The Ends, the Courſe of Nature guides him too!
If Crime did *lawleſs Dignities* advance,
It was *his Weakneſs*, not *his Ignorance*;
'Twas *want of Power*, Encroachments to reſtrain,
Made Innocence ſit down, and Miſchief reign;
But ſtill 'tis all Exotick and Unjuſt,
Impos'd by Craft, or *by Ambition Forc'd*.

When any thus by Force or Fraud obtain
Power not deputed Right, *that Power's in vain*.
The People only true firſt Power could throw,
What *only they* enjoy'd, *they only could* beſtow:
Their Maker *taught them* Tyrants to prevent,
And truſted them with *their own* Government:
No Rules of Management were e'er let down,
Nature *was furniſh'd* to direct her own:
The *high unerring Light* of Providence,
Left that to latent Cauſe and Conſequence;
Hardly ſuſpecting Men wou'd be *ſuch Fools*,
To let their Monarchs tread down Nature's Rules:
No nat'ral Fence of Power Supreme prepar'd,
But left *the Crime* to be *its own Reward*:
Left Men to be *by their own Follies* curſt,
And he, or they, that will be ruin'd, *muſt*:
He left them *Maſters of themſelves*, and Free,
And truſted them with their own Liberty;

For Providence, *which never works by Halves*,
Would ne'er ha' made Men [illegible]

(a) Mr. Milton gives a large and extraordinary Scheme of the Eſtate of Man [illegible] and for what uſe, Parad. loſt, Lib. 4. Fol.

It quite deſtroys *the Meaning of the Thing,*
To make a Nation *only for a King;*
To make *One Life* to Forty thouſand Heads,
And give *One Wretch the Knife* to cut the Threads.
Heaven gave *them Senſe* and Reaſon to direct,
The Liberty he gave them to protect;
But as they have that Liberty betray'd,
And ſo defac'd *the Glorious Thing* he made;
They that are willing to be thus oppreſt,
He lets them *live unbleſt, die unbleſt.*

Satyr, *give off the Search* of Sovereign Right,
'Tis found, the ancient Secrets *come to Light;*
Not in the ſtreaming Crimes of barbarous Men,
Who conquer Nations, merely to obtain,
The *Name of Tyrant,* and the Power to reign;
But whereſoe'er the Property appears,
The *True Regalia*'s there, the Kingdom's theirs;
Whether in all the People it remains,
'Tis PROPERTY, that Right of Power contains.

Deſpotick and Elective Right from hence,
Forms *their eſſential Term* of difference;
Be it diſperſt, it differs but in Name,
Or in One *vaſt Freeholder* 'tis the ſame:
If 'tis *in all* the People, *all* muſt chuſe,
If *in one,* none may that One refuſe;
The Dignity of Crowns will never fail,
Where once the *Rights of Property* prevail.

From ſuch a Right, if any Kings deſcend,
Go find him out, and make that King *thy Friend;*
If any Prince ſuch Title as this pretends,
Deriv'd *from Property,* and juſt *Deſcents;*

(a) And very many more may be found in the Hiſtory of our own Nation, as can any where be found in the World. But the Inſtances I have given, are ſufficient to prove the Aſſertion, that the contrary is prov'd by Examples, in the ſucceeding Reigns of this Volume.

By

By Legal Right, that Property obtain'd,
And still *the Right and Property* remain'd;
And if in all his Race I cannot see,
An *Intersection of Authority*;
Usurpers, broken *Lines*, and *Heirs* depar'd,
No Right by growing Injury *fore-clos'd*;
If there's *no murther'd Prince*, by Arms set by,
To clear the Path to rising Tyranny;
No *weaker Kings* oppreſt, who had the Right,
And only wanted *Hearts* or *Hands* to fight;
No *Villains crown'd*, and lawful Heir betray'd;
No *Violence*, or *Abdication* made:

That ſhall be call'd *the* (*a*) *Phœnix of the Crown*,
He reigns from Heaven, *and Government's his Own*:
To him the high Inherent Debt we'll pay,
And whatſoever he commands, obey;
Implicit high Obedience is his Due,
And all that he requires, WE OUGHT TO DO;
No Man his Sacred Title could conclude,
And no Man his direct Commands diſpute;
If he ſhou'd pleaſe, a Tyrant to commence,
We'll take his Tyranny for Providence:
If arm'd with Fury, 'tis his Will t'oppreſs,
His Fury ſhall *our Duty* but increaſe;
And if in Luſts and Blood he baths the Land,
We'll cry to Heaven, but not *that Luſt or Blood* withſtand;
When he our Cities *blows about our Ears*,
We'll only *quench the Fire with Prayers and Tears*;

If

(*a*) And very well may be call'd ſo, for 'tis moſt certain, no ſuch Prince can any where be found in the World, nor any ſuch Succeſſion; and the contrary is prov'd by a Crowd of Examples, in the ſucceeding Books of this Volume.

If to our Wives and Daughters he'll pretend,
We'll not *their injur'd Chaſtity defend*:
And as in Blood the rifl'd Nation flows,
Our *paſſive Throats* we'll nakedly expoſe:
The Caſe is plain, the juſt Conditions made;
He can no Property of ours invade:
The Land's his own, and if we *do think fit*,
To live on his Eſtate, we muſt ſubmit;
The high Conditions (*a*) in the Leaſe appear,
We're at Diſcretion, *what he does is fair:*
His is the Property, *the Land's his own*,
And if we like it not, *we may be gone*:
None has a juſt Poſſeſſion there but he;
And none *can limit* his Authority;
For all our Right of Being he muſt give;
And 'tis on his Permiſſion we muſt live:
To arbitrary Rule we all conſent,
And ſtoop to his Demands of Government;
The Contract's plain, if we diſlike his Law,
We muſt from his impropriate Lands withdraw:
The Nation's all *his Houſe*, his People lie,
Within the *Limits of his Family*;
They're his Domeſticks, in his Service bred,
His Slaves by Birth, and *he by Birth's their Head:*

(*a*) It is plain, that all Government is founded in Property, the Owners of the Land muſt have the Right of Power with the Original Poſſeſſion, if they have deputed it, the Perſons deputed to, hold of the firſt Proprietors, as they are the Landlords and Proprietors, all the reſt of the People are but Tenants, and ought to ſubmit to the Terms impos'd by the Landlord, or remove, they having no Right to remain on the Premiſes, but on ſuch Conditions by which they capitulate with the Landlord to ſtay, and if the Conditions are unreaſonable, they might have refuſed them at firſt.

Or if by Stipulation some appear,
As Servants *fairly hir'd* to come there,
'Tis on Condition that they first submit,
And none of his severest Laws dispute;
If they grow weary of the vile Submission,
'Tis *change of Place* must alter their Condition:
They can't (*a*) compel the *Master of the House*,
To change his Laws, and give them leave to chuse;
That would the just Possessor basely rob,
Be all Rebellion, Mutiny *and Mob*;
If he abus'd his just Authority,
They ought not to resist again, *but fly*.

But where's the Prince that *thus* demands his Crown,
That claims the Lands he governs *for his own*?
The *Frame* of whose direct Authority,
By undisputed Property, *is squar'd* on high;
On strong Foundations his just Title stands,
Commands the People, and enjoys the Lands:
He ought to rule the Lands *that are his own*,
And he that *owns* the Country, *owns* the Crown.

What tho' the early Ages of Mankind,
Might such a *primitive Freeholder* find,

His

(*a*) Suppose the Landlord imposes other Conditions than the Tenant agreed to, and so injuriously treats him, he may legally contend with his Landlord for the Performance of those Conditions, and compel him to perform, but the Landlord cannot forfeit the Farm to him, he cannot put him out of his Inheritance; but if this Proprietor chuses a Steward, Bayliff, or Super-Intendant, to look after the Farm, protect the Tenants, receive the Rents, *&c.* if this Man oppresses, beats and abuses the Tenants, him the Landlord shall turn out, and dispossess of his Office.... the Case holds here, the Freeholders make a King, his Right is deriv'd from them, and if he oppresses, tyrannizes, and turns his Arms against the Subjects, he forfeits his Office, and his Power returns to the Freeholders, or Landlords of the Soil, from whence he had it.

His true Succeſſor's *long ago* deceas'd,
And Mankind of *that legal Chain* releas'd;
No juſt Deſcent can now a Title Claim,
Succeſſion's void, and *Line's* an empty Name;
And tho' the Line the ancient Blood contain'd,
The Power would ceaſe, unleſs the *(a)* Property remain'd.

Then where's the *Jus Divinum* to be ſeen,
The Firſt *True Right* has long extinguiſh'd been;
And if Succeſſion could the Right convey,
All Uſurpation muſt that Right deſtroy;
Such only claim, becauſe they do poſſeſs,
And ſanctifie the Title of Succeſs.

For Right of Rule's *divided* with the Land,
They who do this enjoy, do that command;
And Government has always been begun,
In thoſe who to be Govern'd *gave the Crown:*
Some Kings by Stratagem may Power obtain,
And Craft may ſteal what Merit, cou'd never gain:
Nations are jilted, and to Slavery ſold,
And Liberty's *too often* truckt for Gold;
Men may be robb'd of what they once poſſeſt,
And Right and Law by Violence oppreſt;
And in the Governments which thus commence,
The Slavery comes like Cauſe and Conſequence.

But ſuch can ne'er *depend upon* their Reign,
Which *but while none can help it*, will remain: Kings

(a) It may be objected, the Lands may be ſold, with Condition to reſerve the Sovereignty; but this is retaining a Right in the Property of the Lands, as far as that concerns the Sovereignty, and ſuch a Man is Lord of the Mannour of his whole Kingdom, and the Tenure is not properly a Freehold, nor has he parted with the Right, he is Lord of the Soil ſtill.

Kings who *by Craft* (a) have Government obtain'd,
By Force must hold, what they by Treason gain'd;
By Power they must maintain what they poſſeſt,
The People *won't be willingly* oppreſt;
And they who *an unwilling Nation* rule,
Muſt chuſe *the Tyrant* to avoid the Fool;
No Nation ever will be brought to bear,
The Tyrant whom *they have not* (b) *learnt* to fear:
Tyrannick Power can nothing leſs expect,
And thoſe 'twou'd have obey *it muſt ſubject*.

If Monarchs therefore wou'd not be betray'd,
It muſt be where *they're willingly obey'd*:
Conſent of (c) Nations is the Sovereign Call,
The *Beſt*, the *Firſt*, the *True* Original;
The great *Vox Dei* is in the Publick Choice,
And always Heaven concurs *with general Voice*;

Nations

(a) The Neceſſity of ſupporting what is unjuſtly gain'd, makes it out that Tyranny is the conſtant Conſequence of Uſurpation; for they that firſt by Stratagem and Policy leapt into the Poſſeſſion, found it abſolutely neceſſary to maintain that Poſſeſſion by Force, and injurious Proceeding: The Reaſon is plain, becauſe whenever the Stratagem is diſcover'd ſuch Princes would be depos'd again immediately; the People would ſoon dethrone the Uſurpers; but the People are often ſubjugated and overaw'd by ſuch incroaching Tyrannies, and ſo fall under it, learn to ſubmit, and grow Slaves.

(b) 'Tis Fear compels Nations to ſubmit to Tyrants, and Fear forces Princes to turn Tyrants, as it were in their own Defence, that is, in defence of their attempted Exaltation.

(c) Conſent of Nations is the beſt Original of Kings, and the particular Call to Kingdoms, and all the Kings in the World have their Original in this, except where Force, which is ſeldom argued for, may ſometimes put in for a Claim; but as to conſent, or the Peoples chuſing, the Text is plain, that even *Saul*, who the Party that advocate for this Divine Right, are ſo fond of, as an Example, was choſen by the People, and this is plain, beſides what is already ſaid of that Story, Lib. VIII. of this Satyr, from 1 *Sam.* 8. 18. *And ye ſhall cry out in that Day, becauſe of your King which you ſhall HAVE CHOSEN you.*

Nations can receive Loyalty exacting
Here's all the Parts which Kings may claim
And ball their Homage to the King they chuse
That Kings may chuse their Subjects Love
Here's the strong Bridle and Bonds of his Divine
Successive Right, and Heaven confirms the Line
In People lyes the Choice of Princes Right
The Nations fix, and Heaven confirms the Choice
And here Hereditary Right has Place
When Nation bids the Race of Princes reign well
And leaves Agreed big Power to Estoyne
From whence the Wretch demands his Crown
And lock a Spring which
As (d) if the fragrant Vapours of the Flood,

Which now invest the Heavens Firmament of his Blood
And which, had it been visible as clear,
His (b) High Progenitors had been highly
Shou'd not the youngest Scepter, Merit determine,
And Right to Princely Power (d) be
From hence the Crown
As if his Regal Power could
To that first Head that plac'd
The Father's Right may
And sacrifice to the Son defendants
But more no Fathers give, no Sons pretend
The Right to rule derives from the last gone
To fools God
And (c) no Mean Scepter
Scarcely the plebeian Extasms breast
Are solv'd by this, and clear to every Sight
Mind took
Hence's

(a) It does not follow, that if People having chosen a King, and captivated with him, that his Posterity shall reign after him, that they must therefore be bound to the Posterity, if they degenerate from the Honour and Justice of their Ancestors, and tyrannize over those they should protect.

(b) And this is plainly because as People cannot [illegible] since as People cannot

Here's all the Parts which
That Kings *can*
Successive Right
In People *first*
He that would further
And search for
Must seek a Spring which
And seek *for People*

Why should the
The People place the
'Tis *conscious Guilt*
Left they who
From hence *the Stamp* (*b*) *of*
And place *mock Right*
Banter the easie:
And sacrifice to what
Set up for Idols, and
To jostle God
Scarcely with
Scarcely the blasphemous Extreme prevent;
Unwilling Homage
And stoop to own they
Subtile in Politicks, and vain in Praise,
And *swell the Bubble up* their Luxury must raise.

(*a*) It does not follow, that if People having chosen a King, and captivated with him, that his Posterity shall reign after him, these also must therefore be bound to the Posterity; if they degenerate from the Honour

(*b*) 'Tis both Pride and Ingratitude that makes Kings assert their deriving their Titles from the People; 'tis ungrateful, since as People certainly first deputed Kings to reign, 'tis hard they should turn their Face of those that exalted them so high.

(*b*) The Stamp of Sacred was assumed by Kings, chiefly, that those who claim'd Power to set them up, might not also insist upon the Power of putting them down again; for that this is but a State Trick, to wheedle the People to quit that Power, and divest themselves of the undoubted Title they have to the Government of themselves.

To what *strange Steps* are wilful Men betray'd,
And how the *brightest Gift* of Heaven abus'd;
Who having given the Power of Right and Law,
To settle States; that stop the World in Awe,
Permit prepost'rous Customs previously,
And let their Senates with their Birthright fall;
Submit by Luft and Pride to be oppress'd,
And sell *the Rights* by Nature they possess'd:
Examine Satyr, let us rightly know,
For sure in the (a) Beginning 'twas not so.
The Stamp of Sacred plainly would appear,
There would be found the Image of the Fair,
He that possess'd the High Imperial Throne,
And really was Good, as high Divine,
He ought to be as Great, as Just, as Wise,
But Personal Sanctity and Kings divide,
When they think fit to act the Tyrant's Part,
The Crimes in his own Nature lie,
A Fruit of early Vice, the Breed, the Seed,
And every Man's a Prince, and Subject too,
From this first Center all his Evils spring,
Pride makes the Tyrant, Nations make the King.

This

(a) *Dum Seges erit quam Troja fuit.*

This does his just Authority deface,
Expose his Person,

Were Kings at Second-hand
Were there *sublimer*
Were they *all Gods*,
Like him in Government,
Were the Diviner Parallel pursu'd,
And as they're high in Place,
Were all their Negatives
And did they *all their Maker's Image* bear,
The Stamp of Sacred plainly would appear;
There would be found
He that posseſt the High Imperial Seat,
And really *was Good*, as he was Great;
His *Right Divine* would then be understood,
He ought to be *as Great as he was Good.*

But *Personal Sanctity* being thus laid by,
And Kings divested of Divinity,
When they the God *laid down*, they scarce retain,
The common lawful Dignity of Man;
So apt to sin, *up to their High* Degree,
They *sink the Man*, to keep up Majesty:
The Crimes in his corrupted Nature found,
A Fruit of *early Sin*, the general Wound,
Affects the Breed, *the early Curse* is spread,
And every Member *strives to be* the Head.

When *Israel's* hasty Tribes by Fate led on,
Petition'd angry Heaven *to be undone*:

This

When *cloy'd with Freedom*, they *fat Bondage* eye;
And (*a*) *bought new Chains* with their *Old Liberty*:
Indulgent Heaven, tho' *with Indignity*,
(*b*) *Wam'd them*, but *all in vain*, how they would be
Describ'd the Evils of a *Monarch's Reign*,
And told *the Measure*, how they'd curse the fatal Hour;
How they'd the *State* of *famous Days* retain,
And how look *back on Liberty* in vain.

He told them, Kings were *exalted Brutes*,
Would (*c*) rob Men first, and then would make (*d*) them Slaves:
He told them, Kings were (*e*) Instruments design'd,
Not *to improve*, but *to correct* Mankind:
His Rods and Scorpions, Sovereign Power to shew,
And make the *guilty World* their Duty know;
His Engins, *suffering Nations* to afflict,
That those he *would not save*, he might subject:
Not that his Judgments were to these confin'd,
But that it was *the Nature of the Kind*:

(*a*) They paid dear enough, for they bought their Pomp and State of a Court, at the Price of their Liberty; and that it was a Bondage, is plain from the Words of the People of *Israel*, to King *Rehoboam*, 1 *Kings* 12. 4. *Thy Father made our* YOKE *grievous, now therefore make thou the grievous* SERVICE *of thy Father, and the* HEAVY YOKE *which he put upon us lighter, and we will* SERVE THEE. Here was Bondage with a Witness, and all this purchas'd at their own Entreaty, at the Price of their Liberty.

(*b*) 1 *Sam.* 8. 11, 12, 13, to the 17th Verses, where *Samuel* told them the Consequences of their Folly, and how the Thing, call'd a *King*, would use them.

(*c*) *He will take your Fields, and your Vineyards, and your Oliva-Yards, even the best of them, and give them to his Servants*; there is invading of their Property, *v.* 14.

(*d*) *He will take your Sons, and appoint them for himself, to run before his Chariots*, *v.* 11. *and he will take your Daughters to be Cooks, and to be Bakers*; that is, to do his Drudgery; here was Slavery of every Sort.

(*e*) This is constructively included in *Samuel*'s Behaviour to them, tho' not litterally in the Words.

Mankind delights his Neighbour to enslave,
And is not fit to be supply'd with Power.
No *other Beast* will prey on his own Kind,
But glutted Reason, leaves the Game behind.
(*a*) "Nature has left this Tincture in the Blood,
"That all Men would be Tyrants if they could:
Not Kings, as Kings, nor Ecclesiastick Pride,
But Parliaments, and all Mankind beside;
There's not a Man, but 'tis *his Souls Request*,
That he might live *to govern* all the rest;
But would subject the World in servile Chains,
'Tis want of Power, *and not of Will* restrains.

This the Almighty to their Judgment brings,
And *askt them (b) Twice*, if they'd desire such Kings:
Twice the Affirmative they blindly gave,
Till Twice provok'd, by those he thought to save;
He gives the Judgment *they too blindly* crave.

But that they might *be Self-Condemn'd* at last,
And double the Regret of Actions past:
He drew the Picture of the Tyrant's Reign;
Bid them prepare to (*c*) *mourn their Fate* in vain:
Told them the Consequences to their Land,
And all the Mischiefs that *the Word* contain'd;
How a *crown'd Mortal* would insult their Peace,
And *plunder them* of all their Happiness;

How

(*a*) These are repeated from the Introduction, but very properly here, to illustrate what follows.

(*b*) Once when he told them the Manner of the King, as is above, and how he would treat them; and afterwards, when he presented him to the People.

(*c*) 1 *Sam.* 8. 18. *And ye shall cry out, in that Day, because of your King, and the Lord will not hear you.*

How he'd ſupport them all, Land, and Pride, and Glory,
That Heaven had bleſs'd him with
Not mere inactive Kingdoms, Realms of Poverty,
Their Wealth among the Nations Ruin'd Trade,
Quarter his (a) Troops upon their Freeholds,
And *number* ſuch by Laws as ſhould
Make *unjuſt Wars*, His Neighbours to attack,
And force them out to fight,
And thereby
No Property, but Lawleſs Force,
Ravish their Daughters, and deſtroy their Wives
Subject their Perſons to *unlawful Power*,
And all their Subſtance by *new Taxes* (b)
(c) Thele are the Deſigns of Heaven,
A Prieſtcraft Plea,
For the Almighty
But *Men are always wiſer* than they were
They *learn'd to learn*, tho' the Almighty
The Conſequence
Experience teaches both,
Told them, it
The Cauſe of Sovereign Power to cultivate,
They aſk't, he gave, and quickly
That all
But *Bleſſings loſe*, are doom'd to
Commiſſion
They gain'd the Tyrant, Heaven
And all their Hopes
That's
Some hence inferr, and
The (d) Right Of Kings,
That

(a) This ſeems plainly
be, that
ments, and Captains over Fifties, that is *Subalterns*, or, in *Engliſh*, he
would keep a ſtanding Army upon them; and it follows, thele ſhould
reap his Corn, and Till the Ground, and Gather the Tenths of their Seed,
Subſiſt their Perſons to *unlawful Power*,
And all their Subſtance by new Taxes (b)
(c) Thele are the Deſigns of Heaven,
A Prieſtcraft Plea,
For the Almighty
But *Men are always wiſer* than they were
They *learn'd to learn*, tho' the Almighty
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But *Bleſſings loſe*, are doom'd to
Commiſſion
They gain'd the Tyrant, Heaven
And all their Hopes
That's
Some hence inferr, and
The (d) Right Of Kings,
That

That Heaven did that to Ishmael shew
Not what Kings might, but what they ought to do
That when the Lust of Tyrant Kings think fit
To murther Subjects, they must first submit
Present their Daughters, *prostitute* their Wives,
And thankfully, at his Command, their Lives
No Property, but *at his pleasure* have,
Obey his Lust, and all his Crimes approve,

This Loyalty wou'd make the Royal Kind
A greater Plague than ever Heaven design'd;
For tho' th'Almighty warn'd them to avoid,
The Consequences *of exalted Pride*,
Told them, it was so nat'ral to the Man,
The Gust of Sovereign Power to entertain,
That *all his Virtue* would resist in vain.
Yet Heaven did no where threaten to bestow,
Commission *to his Tyrant* to be so:
And *if a King* in Judgment plagues a Land,
Tho' he's the fatal Engine in th'Almighty Hand,
Let him not boast of his more Sacred Throne,
The Mischiefs may be Theirs, *the Crime's his Own.*

The Sanction of a Crown *is plainly meant*,
Not of the Governour, (a) but Government;

There it them, not as what his Lust and Ambition would lead him to, but as what he ought to do, and that he would have a Right from the Crown to exercise all these Tyrannies..., but as the Scripture is silent in any such thing, and nothing can be drawn from the Words to imply it, I think 'tis too weak a Suggestion to inlarge upon, the following Stories effectually condemn it, when God justified the Revolt of the Ten Tribes, for the Tyranny of *Rehoboam*.

(a) I always endeavour to make this Distinction, and I repeat it the oftner, that the Cavilers at this Book, which I expect will be many, may not

There may be *ſomething Sacred* in the Throne,
Tho' an exalted Monſter wears the Crown;
There the Divine Impreſſion muſt remain,
The Office may be Sacred, *not the Man*;
But if *a Tyrant* in the Place appears,
He's not protected by the Crown he wears.

And this was plainly what th' Almighty meant,
In all *his early Schemes* of Government:
The Sacred (*a*) Story ſtands upon Record,
Voucht by the *High*, *Divine*, *Immortal* Word:
When *Iſrael's Tribes* from *Judah's* Scepter *ſtray'd*,
And Laws of Nature, *not of Kings*, obey'd.

The *young inſulting Tyrant* knew no Law,
To *check his Luſt*, or keep his Power in awe:
His Father, ſpight of all *his Wit* and *Senſe*,
Had, with his Wiſdom, mixt *the* (*b*) *Grand Offence*
He had the patient Tribes *too much* oppreſt,
Who *tyr'd with Taxes*, now expect ſome reſt:
The *War-like David* harraſs'd them with Arms,
And wak'd the peaceful Tribes with Conqueſt and Alarms:

not plead Ignorance, but may remember, that I allow the Divine Original of Power, only debate its being committed to any body but the People, for whoſe uſe, in Comunities, and juſt Governments, it is appointed.

(*a*) This is the Story of the Defection of the Ten Tribes, recorded as a ſtated Inſtance of the Wiſdom, as well as Duty of Princes, conſiſting in their Lenity and Juſtice to Subjects; the contrary to which, juſtified the Tribes in renouncing their Allegiance to their Sovereign, tho' God himſelf had anointed and ſingled out his Family for the Crown, and intail'd it by Promiſe on his Poſterity.

(*b*) The common Crime of Kings, *viz.* tyrannizing over his Subjects, and oppreſſing them with arbitrary Impoſitions, call'd in the Text, *a grievous Yoke*, and, in another Place, *chaſtiſing them with Whips*, 1 *Kings* 12. 4. 14.

His (*a*) *Æſculapian-Son* imbroil'd their Peace,
With Taxes (*b*) for his ſumptuous Palaces;
His *Building Projects*, and his vaſt Deſigns,
Too great for *Seas of* Gold, or deep *Peruvian* Mines;
The Peoples Hearts, as well as Purſes drain'd,
Who fear'd he'd make *one City* of all their Land:
Thus with *Two* vigorous Monarchs long oppreſt,
From *the young peaceful* King they hope for reſt;
In humble Phraſe, his Majeſty addreſs,
And calmly ask for Property and Eaſe.

But when the *hot young angry Tyrant* ſaw,
Subjects pretend to teach their Sovereign Law;
With Anger ſwell'd, *his Thoughts no Bounds* contain,
But treats *the injur'd People* with Diſdain.

Says he, (*c*) *I'll ſhow you 'tis your Place to bow,*
And if you know not, I'LL INSTRUCT YOU how:
I bear from Heaven the Enſigns of my Sway,
My Buſineſs is to rule, and yours t'obey.

The

(*a*) Becauſe skill'd in Science.

(*b*) *Solomon* could have but Two Occaſions to want Money, One was his coſtly Buildings, the Other, his numerous and ſtrange Wives, for he never had any Wars; as to his Buildings, the Scripture gives a large Account, how he was furniſh'd, and how God made the Kings of other Countries, contribute to the Charge, and defray more than he wanted, till Gold was as plentiful, like the Stones in the Street; ſo that it muſt be the Exceſſes of his ſtrange Women, and the Follies of his Age, which he fell into at laſt, that muſt cauſe him to oppreſs his Subjects, to ſupport his expenſive Luxury.

(*c*) The Text repreſents him. delivering himſelf with the utmoſt Contempt, *I WILL* add to your Yoke; *I WILL* chaſtiſe you..... and as if expreſſing the utmoſt Deteſtation of their preſuming to attack him with their Petition, and capitulate with their Sovereign; and that they deſerv'd Correction for that very Attempt, and ſcorns to give any Reaſon for his Reply, but the tyrannick Argument of his own Arbitrary *WILL*, 1 *Kings* 12. 14.

The Burthens of my Father's gentle Reign,
Of *which* with little Reason *you complain;*
To teach you how you should his Mildness prize,
I'll double, *'till Suffering makes you wise;*
By you let all seditious Subjects learn,
Their Duty and their Interest to discern:
I see how needful 'tis new Means to try,
And mix your Peace *with just Severity.*

Therefore your scandalous Address *withdraw,*
'Tis my Command, and my *Command's* your Law:
Sedition grows from Seeds of Discontent,
And Faction always snarls at Government:
But since my Throne of God alone I hold,
To him alone, *my Councils I unfold;*
My Resolutions he has made your Laws,
You are to know my Actions, he the Cause;
Wherefore I stoop to let you understand,
I double all the Tribute of the Land.

The mild Corrections which my Father gave,
Has spoil'd the People he design'd to save:
You murmur'd then, *and had you thus been us'd,*
You'd ne'er his easie Clemency abus'd;
But Liberty, *like an unhealthy Air,*
Has made you sick of Peace, for want of Fear:
I'll be the Grand Physitian *of my Realm,*
And let you know, a Pilot guides the Helm:
To double Punishment I'll all subject,
And double Taxes henceforth I expect;
And if your Discontents and Feuds remain,
Petition, and I'll double them again.

Spoke

Spoke like a King, *that ſtrain'd the Royal Reins,*
Whoſe (*a*) Birth had made him ſo, and *not his Brains*;
A Royal Coxcomb, by his Father bleſt,
In Wealth and Power, and People well increas'd,
And all Things, *but his Wiſdom*, he poſſeſt:
Deſcent of Souls is not preſcrib'd by Rules,
The *wiſeſt Fathers* form the groſſeſt Fools.

The (*b*) *injur'd People*, treated with Diſdain,
Finding 'twas *to no purpoſe* to complain:
Nature directs, as God himſelf deſign'd,
What *once he gave them*, they ſhould now defend.
He did, *by Miracle*, their Land ſubject,
That they, *without it*, might that Land protect;
And as their juſt Poſſeſſions *were his Gift*,
'Twould be their Sin to ſee themſelves bereft.

Long they had made Submiſſions *to the Crown*,
And long the *Senſe of Liberty* had known:
The Kings, they ask'd of God, had let them ſee,
What God himſelf (*c*) foretold of Tyranny:

The

(*a*) He was of the Line, for he was the Son of *Solomon*, but inherited his Dignity without his Wiſdom.

(*b*) *Injur*'d, in that the Yoke of *Solomon* was not Heavy only, but Grievous, which I underſtand of its being unjuſt, as well as great; that it was a Breach of their Right, ſomething like raiſing Money without Conſent of Parliament, and this is evident from the Peoples Words, *Eaſe thou ſomewhat of thy Father's Yoke, which he put upon us, and we will ſerve thee*, 2 Chron. 10. 4. plainly implying, that they had a Right not to be ſo impos'd upon, and ſo it appear'd by the Conſequence, when he rejected..... *What Portion have we in David?* ſays the People, *v.* 16. if you treat us thus, you forfeit your Crown, and have no Right to command our Obedience.

(*c*) By *Samuel* the Prophet, whoſe Predictions of the Tyranny of their Kings, was well illuſtrated in this Example, 1 *Sam.* 8. 18. *And you ſhall cry out in that Day, becauſe of your King, which you ſhall have choſen you, and the Lord will not hear you in that Day.*

The Father had exhauſted all their Stores,
With coſtly Houſes, and *more coſtly Whores*;
But doubly robb'd, by his incroaching Son,
They *rather choſe to die, than be undone.*

The Tyrant bloated with his *Scepter'd Pride*,
Believing *God and Nature* on his Side;
To *the High-Altar*, in a Rage repairs,
And rather *tells his Tale*, than makes his Prayers:

BEHOLD! ſays he, (*a*) *the Slaves o'er whom I reign,*
Have made the Power I had from Thee *in vain:*
From thy *Diviner Rule they ſeparate,*
And make large Schiſms both in Church and State:
My juſt Intentions are, with all my Force,
To check Rebellion in its earlieſt Courſe;
By powerful Hand, to bring their Stomachs down,
Revenge th' Affronts of my inſulted Throne,
And ſave (*b*) thine injur'd Honour, *and my own:*
And as thy Conduct did my Fathers bleſs,
He claims thy Help, who does their Crowns poſſeſs.

Let (*c*) Tyrants liſten to the Sovereign Vote,
Think of his High Command, and tremble at the Thought.

(*a*) This Flight is a Licenſe always allow'd in a Poet, for tho' the Scripture does not expreſsly ſay that *Rehoboam* went and inquir'd of the Lord; and 'tis very probable he did not, for had he done ſo at firſt, he had never given that ſenſeleſs, ſordid Anſwer to the People.

Yet 'tis very rational to ſuggeſt, that the King had ſuch Thoughts as theſe in his Mind, when he went and rais'd an Army of 180000 Men, to reduce the Ten Tribes to their Duty.

(*b*) Some People are very fond of intituling the Glory and Honour of God to all their Actions, and to pretend to act for him, when his Providence openly diſowns them, and, in the End, abandons them, as it was manifeſt here.

(*c*) It is an admirable Leſſon, for all the Hot-headed Tyrants in the World,

STIR NOT A FOOT: Thy new rais'd Troops disband,
Says THE ETERNAL VOICE,
'Tis my Command:
I gave thy Fathers first the Hebrew *Crown,*
I set it up, but 'tis your selves pull down:
For when to them I Israel's *Scepter gave,*
'Twas not my chosen People to inslave:
My first Command no such Commission brings,
I made no Tyrants, tho' I made you Kings:
But you my People vilely have oppress,
And misapply'd the Powers which you possess.

'Tis Nature's Laws, the People now direct,
Where Nature leads, (a) I never contradict:
Draw not thy Sword, thy Brethren to destroy,
The Liberty they have's their Right t'enjoy;
My Providence did never yet intend,
But what they might enjoy, they might defend;
And if they have deserted from thy Throne,
The Actions (b) mine, but all the Faults thy own.

Let any Tyrants view the High Commands,
In Sacred Writ, *the Sacred Sentence* stands:

The

World, to consider of, whether, when they go out upon their vast concerted Projects, they should not be found opposing even God himself; and that the Thing that they are bent against, was not the Work of his Hand.

(a) The Harmony of the Divine Actions is too just to contradict one another; Nature acts Originally from God, and mediately from his powerful Influence; and the Actions of his Providence are so directed, as never, absolutely, to contradict Nature.

(b) 1 Kings, 12. 24. *Thus saith the Lord, ye shall not go up, nor fight against your Brethren, but return every Man to his House, for this thing is of me.*

The Eternal Censure's on the Action past,
And Arbitrary Government *was Try'd and Cast.*

If (*a*) *Rehoboam* had *no Sacred Line*,
Shew me a King *like him for Right Divine*:
But Heaven the Ten revolting Tribes *defends*,
And *Judah's* numerous Troops *himself disbands*:
Owns the just Claim of Right to Liberty,
And leaves the Brand of Fool on Tyranny:
Tells us *how Hebrew Sages* first advis'd,
Tells us *how Hebrew Sages* he despis'd:
His young *Pop-Councellors* debauch'd his Mind,
Too much before to Tyranny inclin'd;
Those *Mountebanking-States-Men* always see,
The Gain, but not *the End* of Tyranny;
And when in Mischief *they involve* the Throne,
They leave *the wheedl'd Wretch* to fight alone;
Desert *th'ambitious Tyrant*, and stand clear,
Share the Advantages, *but shun* the War.

But 'tis alledg'd, When pop'lar Heats engage,
There's *something* (*b*) *boundless* in the Peoples Rage;
But 'tis because *they're* first provok'd *so high*,
And *bear so long* the Chains of Tyranny,

That

(*a*) The Right *Rehoboam* had to the Crown of *Israel*, was, doubtless, as DIVINE as ever Prince had, God having singled out his Father's Family, from all the World, by his own Hand, and annext an intail of the *Messiah* upon his Blood, and yet he forfeits by Tyranny; the People rise in Arms, and God Almighty justifies the Insurrection, as done by his particular Influence.

(*b*) Tyrants must reflect on that, who urge the People beyond their Power to bear, and run Things on to such Extreams, that Humane Passions are apt to run too high: Nature has its Bottings and Boundings; and there are Cases in which Flesh and Blood cannot bear any longer the Pressure, but, like the Worm, will turn and oppose.

That when they *once reſolve* to be ſet free,
(a) All flies before *the Storm of Liberty.*

But *humane Things* are ſubject to Extreams,
As ſwelling Floods deſpiſe contracted Streams;
The *gentler Brooks* to rapid Torrents grow,
And all the flowery Meadows *overflow*;
But when the accidental *Cauſes ceaſe*,
The haſty Flood returns *to Calms* and Peace.

If the *(b) unruly Mob*, by their Exceſs,
Increaſe the Miſchiefs which they would redreſs;
If Blood's the Fruit of their ungovern'd Rage,
Which nothing but juſt Vengeance can aſſwage;
'Tis Murther, *if its done* without the Laws,
But here th' Event's excluded from the Cauſe;
If they did only their Defence intend,
Actions are always *govern'd by their End*;
The Blood *no publick Guilt* can there contract,
But lies on him *that ſhall commit* the Fact;
The People ſeldom do to Blood *incline*,
The Accidents not *in the firſt* Deſign;
But Tyranny remov'd, and Peace procur'd,
The End's obtain'd, when Liberty's reſtor'd.

Tyrants

(a) 'Tis obſervable, that in univerſal Inſurrections, nothing's ſo amaz'd, ſo deſpairing, unready, and afrighted, as a Tyrant; they always fly, if they have Time, from the Tumult and Clamour of the inrag'd Multitude.

(b) 'Tis true, the Fury of a Mob is an unbounded Thing, and no One knows where it may end, and therefore nothing is more carefully to be avoided, than provoking the People to ſuch Extremities, for, in all ſuch Caſes, the Weight of the Guilt will lie upon the Cauſe.

Tyrants ſometimes *in Revolutions fall,*
Tho' their Deſtruction's *not deſign'd* at all;
When they *the Torrent of Revenge* reſiſt,
And *meet* the Dangers which they might *ha' miſt*;
But all that fairly can be ſaid from hence,
Quits the Deſign, and blames the Conſequence.

As haſty Show'rs, when they from Heav'n flow down,
Are ſent to fructifie, and not to drown;
And in the Torrent, if a Drunkard ſink,
'Tis not the Flood that drowns him, but the Drink;
But 'twou'd be hard, becauſe the Sinner's ſlain,
For fear of drowning, we muſt have no Rain.

Bleſt are the Days, and wing'd with Joy they fly,
When Monarchs join in Subjects Liberty;
When ſettled Peace in ſtated Order reigns,
And nor the People, nor the King complains;
In juſter Meaſures both alike combine,
And mutual Int'reſt, mutual Methods join:
'Tis then the happy Nations bleſs the Crown;
'Tis then the happy Monarchs rule their own;
No Title's equal to the Peoples Hearts,
When every Branch of Power enjoys their proper Parts;
Encroachments, and oppreſſive Arts unknown,
Kings firſt ſupport the People, they the Crown;
The Ends of Government in both agree,
And theſe grow Great, but juſt as thoſe grow Free;
And in that very Freedom they aſſent,
To all the eſſential Rules of Government.

Thus legal Monarchy in triumph reigns,
And all the Arts of Tyranny disdains;
Revolving Years have crusht the vile Design,
Just Princes now with Free-born Subjects join;
The Governing and Governed agree,
Those gently rule, these willingly obey;
The Equal Scale of Government depends,
These like the Means, and those approve the Ends;
Unbyass'd Hands the Helm of Justice hold,
And Powers *Iron-Age* is turn'd to Gold.

But where's the Nation? Kings and People join,
Against their own Felicity combine;
To help amuse the World, its Peace destroy,
And blast the Happiness they might enjoy;
Contrive Sham-Plots, their own dear selves to curse,
And love to have their Blessings *out of Course*.

'Tis vain to open Eyes that will be blind,
No Charm can cure the Feaver of the Mind;
When Nature's fullen, and the stagnate Brain,
Resolves on Death, our Application's vain!
Man's like the Horse, that frighted at his Shade,
Leaps down a Precipice, And not afraid,
Of real Danger, from his Fancy flies,
And bold in Death, for his Instruction dies.

'Tis strange that Nations too should lose their Sight,
And shun the Beams of true instructing Light;
That Crouds of Men should to Confusion run,
And form Debates how they may be undone;

Study,

Study, Diſpute, and ſpend their learned Breath,
To find out the Advantages of Death.

Whither will blind bewilder'd Nature lead,
When once ſhe's toucht in her prolifick Head;
The ſtrong *Delirium* hurries her away,
Like Swine poſſeſt, to choak her in the Sea
Of Bondage:
Dazl'd with the guilded Chains,
She cheats her ſelf, and purchaſes her Pains;
Courts her own dark Deſtruction, and purſues
Shadows that only fetter and amuſe.

Hail Liberty! *Thou Phyſick of the Soul,*
That chears the ſeveral Parts, and heals the Whole:
Beam of inlightn'd Senſe, for Liberty,
Is Heaven's Reflection, into Nature's Eye:
Inſtructive Glance, *that Rules to judge creates,*
And by thoſe Rules *the reſt illuminates;*
Where'er thou doſt the Darks of Guilt ſurvive,
At thy Appearance Nations learn to live;
For Liberty is Life, *and every Slave,*
Moves only in the Circle of his Grave,
Is dead to all the Ends of Life,
His Breath,
Serves only to inhance the Price *of Death;*
Imbitter Sorrow, *and oppreſs his Senſe,*
And make his real Torture more intenſe:
So Tyrants kill by long and ling'ring Pain,
The Terrors of their Vengeance *to maintain.*

Thou doſt the Nations to their Senſe *reſtore,*
Poſſeſt with raging Lunacies before;

Dethrone

Dethrone their captivating Follies, and,
To its own native State, return the Land:
For Liberty *is Nature's Gift to Men,*
Born in their Blood, *and runs in every Vein;*
And all but Lunaticks *the Gift maintain:*
Every degenerate Step to Bondage shows,
A Madness *Man to Crime and Custom owes;*
A Contradiction to the Laws of Sense,
That bears its Punishment in the Offence.

But when the weaken'd Nature can endure
No more,
And Reason seeks abroad *for Cure,*
Seeks for some Antidote *t' expell the Taint;*
Then Liberty *comes in,*
The Glorious Hint,
The spreading Plague at first appearance kills,
And Nations are made free against their Wills:
Cordials and Life are in the very Words;
Ev'ry repeated Sound new Spirits affords;
Thro' all the Angles of the Heart they roul:
Hail Liberty! *Thou* Physick *of the Soul.*

JURE

JURE DIVINO:

A SATYR.

Book VI.

SATYR thy Queſt of Loyalty renew,
The *flying Phantoſm* cloſer yet purſue;
Let it be publiſh'd by Immortal Fame,
How far *'tis Subſtance*, How far *empty Name!*
Let Kings no more *be flatter'd* and deceiv'd,
And blame, too late, the Knaves they ha' believ'd;
Let Governours, and Governed agree,
And ſtate the Meaſures of Authority;
Ballance the mighty Management of State,
Betwixt *the People*, and *the Magiſtrate*;
Bring all the Articles to publick Sight,
How *theſe muſt rule*, and how far *thoſe ſubmit*:
People will then *no more* be ſo oppreſt,
And Legal Power *no more* be made *their Jeſt*:
Subordination will its order keep,
Ambition die, and all Rebellion ſleep;
Juſtice its undiſturb'd Command procure,
And *Right and Property* at once reſtore;
The weeping Nations ſhall begin to laugh,
The Subject *eaſie*, and the Monarch *ſafe*;

Plenty and Peace embrace juſt Government,
The Kings *be pleas'd*, the People *all content*:
Find the bleſt Nation out, and let us ſee,
The Happineſs of *Juſt Authority*.

Then draw *the Draft* of Arbitrary Power,
And paint the Monſters which the World devour;
Exalt *th' Incarnate Devil*, and let us know,
If he's as Black, as we pretend, or no:
Suppoſe a *Nero* mounted on the Throne,
Thinks be's a God, and all Mankind his own;
That ſports himſelf to *ſet the World on Fire*,
And thinks *it ought to burn* at his Deſire:
Fancy him (a) *Robe'd* in all his *Right Divine*,
Right in his Claim, unqueſtion'd in *his Line*;
Crown'd with Applauſe, all due Allegiance ſwore,
The Due perform'd, but he *exacting more*:
Suppoſe him blaſting all the Nations Peace,
And ranging all the Methods of Exceſs,
Buſie in Blood, and eager to deſtroy,
And curſing all the Bleſſings we enjoy;
View him the common Hang-Man of the Town,
And daily Murthers *Deifie his Crown*:
The floating Monarch revels in the Flood,
And *baths his Scepter* in the Streams of Blood:
The Senate maſſacr'd, *the City fir'd*,
And all the Hopes of Liberty expir'd;
The *buſie Wretch*, contriving Deſolation,
And ſtudying ſooneſt to deſtroy the Nation;
Witty in *high Extreams* of Cruelty,
And racks his Brains, to teach Men *how to die*;

Glutting

(a) *Robe'd*, Dreſt up with all the flattering Vanity of his Courtiers; and he himſelf believing the fooliſh Notions put into his Head, by them that deſign'd to make a Prey of him, or to tyrannize under him.

Glutting his Thoughts with Misery and Blood,
And *feasts his Eyes* upon the slaughter'd Crowd.

View him roll'd up in hated Lusts and Wine,
Rapes, Incests, Blood, and all unnatural Sin;
Debauch'd beyond *th' extreamest Act* of Crime,
The Wonder and *the Horror* of the Time;
Blaspheming God, and eagerly inclin'd,
To sin *beyond the Rate* of all th' Infernal Kind;
Raving, and *mad with Anger* and Disdain,
That Heaven it self can limit or restrain;
His Crimes beyond the Power of Words to tell,
Defying Heaven, and then *Contemning* Hell.

See him, to gratifie his wild Desire,
Embroil Mankind, and set the *World on Fire*;
And to do all the Mischief that he cou'd,
Willing *to quench it* with the Peoples Blood;
Surrounded with his mercenary Guards,
Who with the Peoples Money *he rewards*;
Strong Bands of *Cut-Throats* execute his Will,
Whose Trade's in Blood, and their Delight's to kill.

Whoe'er *he dooms* by his destructive Breath,
These are *his ready Messengers* of Death;
Who all his dreadful Orders execute,
And neither Cause or Consequence *Dispute*;
They fetch the *chastest Virgin* to his Arms,
And *rifle Nature's self* of all her Charms;
To the *securer Altars* they repair,
And drag *the Sacred* from the *House of Prayer*;
Make Breach of Laws the Fashion of the Time,
Strict *Honesty* a Fault, and *Wealth* a Crime.

And

And that we may the dreadful Picture draw,
And paint the *vileſt Wretch* the World e'er ſaw;
Fancy his Inſolence ſwell'd up ſo high,
He ſcorns his Kind, and *claims Divinity*;
Erects himſelf for ſomething more than Man,
And makes the Devil *all the God* contain:
Expects from Men, what *Nature's Laws* abhor,
And they that wou'd obey, muſt *now adore*:
Th' Unbounded Idol ſurfeited with Blood,
And fitted *for a Fury*, not a God;
Proceeds by Blood to make them Idolize,
And wildly Worſhip what they *ſhould Deſpiſe*.

Injur'd Subjects *to the Laws* appeal,
This wou'd be *to reſiſt*, and that rebel;
In vain *with humbleſt Manner* they addreſs,
It makes their *Burthens greater*, not the leſs;
The proſtrate Subject that *can ſtoop to pray*,
Is ſo much farther fitted *to obey*;
They that once beg their Prince for leave to live,
Own *his juſt Right to take* as well as give;
Submit *their paſſive Necks* to bear the Yoke,
And with extended Throats expect the Stroke;
Abandon Life to his degenerate Will,
And recognize his Right *to ſave or kill*;
Such fairly forfeit native Liberty,
Are juſtly ſo oppreſt, *and ought to die*.

Suppoſe, *at laſt*, the paſſive Slaves begin,
To find their long Obedience *turns to Sin*;
By Ruin and *deſtructive Death* made Wiſe,
Begin *to joyn Reſiſtance* to their Cries;

Begin

Begin to think of Nature and Defence,
And *twiſt their Strength* about their Innocence;
Petition firſt, but with the Power of Words,
Joyn the prevailing Reaſon of their Swords.

Viewing their Country *deſolate and waſte*,
And the approaching Ruin of the reſt;
Religion trampl'd on by Men of Blood,
And Barbariſms *breaking down* the Houſe of God;
The Law ſuppreſt, and Juſtice overthrown,
And arm'd Deſtruction *raging on the Throne*;
The *Virgin raviſh'd*, and the *valiant ſlain*,
And *Power reſolv'd* to ruin thoſe remain.

Suppoſe the Few, that yet have found no Grave,
Conſult *the wretched Remnant* how to ſave;
Their little faithful Forces *boldly joyn'd*,
Their Laws, Religion, and *their Lives* defend;
Reſolv'd the juſt Attempt to make, *and then*,
If they muſt die, at laſt, *to die like Men*;
To pay Poſterity the Debt of Truſt,
And fall by Force, but *never own it juſt*;
Reſolv'd, *in Nature's juſt Defence* to die,
And ſacrifice their Lives *to Liberty*;
Yet intermitting not (a) *the milder Way*,
With humble Phraſe, the Relaxation pray;
What tho' the Sword defends *the Righteous Cauſe*,
And *guards the juſt Requeſt*, it only guards the Laws.

(a) *The milder Way* of Prayers and Intreaties, if poſſible, to prevail with the Prince, to ſtop the Hand of Tyranny, and check the Torrent of Blood, to give them Eaſe, and reſtore the Laws and Government to a due Courſe of Juſtice, according to the Nature of the Thing, and the common Right of the People.

If this be call'd Rebellion, this unjuſt,
Then *all the World are Trayters to the mighty Truſt;*
Then *Nature's Laws are Treaſon* in a State,
And Heaven it ſelf affronts the Magiſtrate.

It can't be Treaſon in our own Defence,
T' obey the Dictates of our Common Senſe:
He that his Right demands, *can ne'er rebel,*
And may by Force, *the Wrongs of Force* repel.

May we not for Poſterity contend,
And raviſh'd Virgin-Chaſtity defend;
Protect the Injur'd, and the Innocent,
And total Devaſtations ſo prevent:
Then *Vertue's plac'd* beneath the Feet of Vice,
And Miſchief's backt with juſt Authorities:
'Tis beſt *for Man*, to load himſelf with Crimes,
To gain the ſtrong Protection of the Times;
Confederate Powers, Confederate Vice maintain,
And *ſuffering Vertue* courts the World in vain;
'Tis Nonſenſe to be *Sober, Juſt, and Wiſe*,
It only *prompts Mankind* to Tyrannize;
We ſhould be Villains, Thieves, and Men of Blood,
Society ſhould ſo be underſtood;
He that *could be the worſt*, ſhould always reign,
And he that *murther'd moſt*, the better Man;
'Twould all be fair, no Man could be oppreſt,
Becauſe *he'd do the ſame* by all the reſt;
Juſtice would dwell upon the ſtrongeſt Arm,
And *Idol Fortune* be the only Charm;
And he that could *not gain* the bloody Seat,
Becauſe *he cou'd not conquer*, muſt ſubmit;

The

The World wou'd be a Deſart, *Men of Prey*,
Wou'd *range the Waſte*, and *weak Ones muſt obey*;
Vertue wou'd be againſt all Common Senſe,
Men muſt be Dev'ls, 'tis in their own Defence.

Satyr, from *Rage and Rapture* now ariſe,
The Laws *of God and Liberty* reviſe:
What tho', *too often*, we the Strain (*a*) repeat,
Too often viler Men impoſe the Cheat;
When Men their *Senſe and Nature* too deſpiſe,
Satyr ſhall *Senſe and Nature* recognize;
Explode the empty Notion, and explain,
The *paſſive Nation*, and the *Tyrant Man*;
Deſcribe *the hetrogeneous Birth*, and ſhow,
How Men their native Liberty *may know*.

Right is the Grand Deſign *of Government*,
Oppreſſion *ruins* the Divine Intent;
Defeats the Sovereign Thought, *inverts the Rule*,
And turns *the Heavenly Scheme* to ridicule:
That Kings the Sovereign Power ſo repreſent,
That when they Tyrannize in Government,
Men muſt ſubmit, to be by them oppreſt,
And ſuffer *only to uphold* the Jeſt.

This brings the God of Reaſon *down ſo low*,
Satyr, we can *no Words to name it* know:
Heaven muſt preſcribe no Methods of Command,
And he that form'd the Soul, *not underſtand*;

It

(*a*) The Repetition of theſe Arguments are neceſſary, as they meet with and croſs the ſeveral Windings of the Pretenders to ſupport the weak Authority of Tyrannick Power.

It robs the Sacred Power of Common Sense,
And banters God's Eternal Providence.

When Kings *the Pact of Government* destroy,
There's no more Bonds *to hold Obedience* by,
Order and Laws, *of Course*, must cease to be,
And Mankinds level'd down *to One Degree*,
And God himself's reduc'd as low as he.

Force and Confusion follow Hand in Hand,
No Man *is bound to obey*, and none command,
For Justice is *the Soul* of Civil Power,
But if Oppression shall that Right devour;
The strong Suspention suffocates the Laws,
And *Obligation ceases* with the Cause.

He then that thus resists Tyrannick Power,
Does *not the Laws resist*, but Laws restore.
Reason may cross a Monarchs high Intent,
But *Reason can't subvert* a Government;
'Tis want of exercising Reason *right*,
Makes Men at Shadows rail, *as mad Men fight.*
King-Craft in State, and *Priest-Craft* in the Church,
This does our Faith, *and that our Sense* debauch.

The personal Independency of Kings,
Is *meer State-Popery* in several Things:
That Kings have *absolute Command* of Fate,
Is *Transubstantiation* in the State;
The Senses this new Doctrine can't receive,
But what we cannot see, *we must believe:*

(a) The Repetition of their Arguments are needless, as they meet with Answers in the several Windings of the Pretenders to support the weak Absurdity of Tyrannick Power.

That Coronation sanctifies the Thing,
And (*a*) Consecrates *the God*, as well *as King*:
The high Invisibles to Faith remain,
The *real God commands*, and not the Man.

That Kings can be accountable to none,
And he *can do no wrong* that wears the Crown;
Makes *Monarchs*, *Popes*, and Civil Tyranny,
Be furnish'd with Infallibility.

The *Jus Divinum* of his Government,
Is *Image-Worship* in the last Extent;
And tho' *the Limbus* may be but a Story,
It turns whole Kingdoms *to a Purgatory*.

Passive Obedience is implicite Faith,
And contradicts its own prevaricating Breath;
A blind *Non Entity of Words* to signifie,
Something the very Words (*b*) themselves deny;
The *suffering passive Wretch* the Sense defeats,
For still *he disobeys* when he submits;
There's no Command to suffer, *but obey*,
And *Breaches only* Claim the Penalty,

(*a*) This is a sort of *State-Popery* indeed, and equivalent to the real Presence in the Sacrament, which, by the Consecration, becomes no more Bread, but, as they say, real God, so the Coronation of a Prince, which in other Countries, is call'd the consecrating him, is pretended to make a Divine Person of him, which must have its Original in Faith, for I can see nothing of it in Common Sense.

(*b*) This is a fair Argument against the Term *Passivei Obedience*, which is a plain Contradiction, for to be *passive*, implies suffering, there can be no suffering, but with supposition of first refusing to submit to obey, which is Disobedience; he that suffers, is first active in disobeying, and if he be *passive* afterwards in his Submission to Penalties, 'tis yet *passive* in Disobedience, the other is Nonsense in the Term, as well as in the Practice.

The Sufferings *the Obedience* firſt derſies,
And he *that's paſſive*, firſt muſt diſobey.
'Tis ſtrange, that Men of Argument and Senſe,
Should pleaſe themſelves with ſuch Impertinence;
But where the Cauſe is weak, *theſe Arts* prevail,
Leaſt Faith as faſt as Argument ſhou'd fail.

Empty and vain, like this, the Caſe appears,
Aſham'd to ſhow *the very Dreſs* it wears:
Tyrannick Power *avoids the Force of Words*;
Such Kings lay by their Scepters *for their Swords*:
Did not coercive Terror cloath the Man,
To reign *by force of Reaſon* wou'd be vain;
Reaſon would blow up all the *great Machine*,
And all *the mighty Babel* wou'd fall in;
The weighty Ruins wou'd it ſelf ſuppreſs,
And make the Rubbiſh more, *the Wonder leſs*.

The Force of Government *deſerts a Crown*,
When *he that ſhou'd uphold it*, pulls it down:
Obedience ends before theſe high Extreams,
The Sanction's gone, when once the Man blaſphemes:
The Laws of Government are overthrown,
When *ſuch Infernal Dragons* mount the Throne;
No Methods of Obedience can remain,
We then *reſiſt the Devil*, not the Man:
The Wretch is *of his Nature* diſpoſſeſt,
And we obey the King, *depoſe the Beaſt*.

Satyr, *the Brand of Infamy* avoid,
Rebellion in its Nature's here deſtroy'd;
Where ſtrong Oppreſſions force a due Defence,
He that ſubmits, deſpiſes Providence.

That

That King that drives his People to Despair,
And *with the Rules of Government* makes War;
That first commands what they ought not obey,
'Tis he's the Rebel, Satyr, 'tis not they.

Thou Sin of Witchcraft, *First-born Child of Crime,*
Produc'd before the Bloom of Time:
Ambition's Maiden Sin, *in Heaven conceiv'd,*
And who could ha' believ'd!
Defilement could in Purity *begin,*
And bright Eternal Day be soil'd with Sin.

Tell us, sly penetrating Crime,
How cam'st thou there? thou Fault sublime,
How didst thou pass the Adamantine Gates?
And into Spirit *thy self insinuate?*
From what Dark State? From what Deep Place?
From what strange uncreated Race?
Where was thy Ancient Habitation found,
Before void Chaos heard the forming Sound?
Wast thou a Substance, or an Airy Blast,
A Vapour flying in the fluid Waste
Of unconcocted Air,
And how at first didst thou come there?
Sure there was once a Time when thou wert not;
By whom wast thou created, and for what?
Art thou a Steam from some contagious Damp exhal'd?
How should Contagion be intail'd,
On Bright Seraphick Spirits, *and in a Place,*
Where all's Supreme, and Glory fills the Space?
No noxious Vapour there could rise,
For there no noxious Matter lies:
Nothing that's Evil can appear,
Sin never could Seraphick Glory *bear;*

The Brightneſs of the Eternal Face,
Which fills as well as conſtitutes the Place,
Would be a Fire too hot for Crime to bear,
'Twould calcine Sin, or melt it into Air.

How then did firſt Deſilement enter in?
Ambition, *thou firſt vital Seed of Sin;*
Thou Life of Death, *how cam'ſt thou there?*
In what bright Form didſt thou appear?
In what Seraphick Orb didſt thou ariſe?
Surely that Place admits of no Diſguiſe;
Eternal Sight *muſt know thee there,*
And being known, thou ſoon muſt diſappear.

Sure ſome of the Seraphick Race,
Too curious to ſurvey th' Expance of Space,
Unſent, ſome great ſucceſsleſs Sally made,
The Deeps and Darks of Chaos *to invade;*
And here as they the Liquid Regions paſt,
Expanding brighteſt Wings, and make Celeſtial Haſte:
Ungenerated Matter *at firſt prevails,*
And Vapour which their own Seraphick Fire *exhales;*
Their powerful Stagnant Fumes direct,
With pointed Acids, *Seraphs to infect.*

For Chaos doubtleſs, in the Firſt of Time,
Had in the Seeds of Nature, Seeds of Crime;
At leaſt, was ſubject to Contingencies,
From whence Degenerate Principles *might riſe;*
And the firſt Warmth they felt muſt needs create,
Some Fermentation in their watery Seat.

Was it from hence, or ſome more ſecret Cauſe,
Heaven firſt receiv'd a Traytor to the Heavenly Laws?

Did

Did what they ſaw in Chaos darker Womb,
Swell their Angelick Breaſts when they came Home!
Say, ye Immortal Inſtruments of Death,
What ſecret Fumes, what ſtrange infecting Breath,
Debauch'd your Glorious Principles at firſt,
How came you to be curſt?
Heaven's a bright Orb, with Glory circl'd in,
Where there's no Entrance, nor no Room for Sin:
You muſt ſome fatal ſtrange Excurſion *make,*
Before your Nature could of Crime partake,
Becauſe your High Immortal Stations there,
Were fixt, where no Corruption could appear.

But ſince the Fatal Truth we know,
Without the Matter whence, or Manner how:
Thou High Superlative of Sin,
Tell us thy Nature, and from what thou didſt begin.

The firſt Degree of thy Increaſe,
Debauch'd the Regions of Eternal Peace,
And fill'd the Breaſts of loyal Angels there,
With the Firſt Treaſon, and infernal War:
Thou art the High Extreme of Pride,
And doſt o'er leſſer Crimes preſide:
Not for the mean Attempt of Vice deſign'd,
But to imbroil the World, and damn Mankind:
Transforming Miſchief, *how haſt thou procur'd,*
That Loſs that's ne'er to be reſtor'd,
And made the Bright Seraphick Morning-Star,
In horrid monſtrous Shapes appear.

Satan, *that while he dwelt in Glorious Light,*
Was always then as Pure as he was Bright,

That in Effulgent Rays of Glory ſhone,
Excell'd by the Eternal Light, by him alone;
Diſtorted now, *and ſtript of Innocence,*
And baniſh'd with thee from the High Pre-eminence:
How has the ſplendid Seraph chang'd his Face,
Transform'd by thee, and like thy monſtrous Race;
Ugly, *as is the Crime for which he fell,*
Fitted by thee to make a local Hell,
For ſuch muſt be the Place where either of you dwell.

Stand forth Rebellion, *let us know thy Face,*
Deceive no more the Sacred Race:
Thou buſie Miſchief, *poiſon of Mankind,*
Art always brooding Treaſon in the Mind;
Who ſince thou waſt thrown from the World of Bliſs,
Haſt always buſie been, diſturbing this.

Thine Enemies are Juſtice and the Law,
Theſe keep thee down, of theſe thou ſtand'ſt in awe:
Thou hat'ſt Subjection, *and doſt Power oppoſe,*
And well fixt Governments are all thy Foes;
Thy Rage at Conſtitutions flies,
And doſt the Thrones, as well as Kings *deſpiſe;*
Subjection *is the mortal Wound,*
Which does thy very vital Strength *confound;*
Whatever Head thou pleaſeſt to poſſeſs,
The Grand Diſtraction gives him no receſs,
All Applications are in vain,
He'll ſuffer no Man, but himſelf to reign:
Aſſaſſination, *Blood and Civil War,*
Thy bleſt Companions *are;*
Plunder and Ruin, Luſt of Rule, and Death,
Are Miſchiefs generated in thy Breath;

Good Government sometimes is thy Pretence,
But Tyranny's the conſtant Conſequence.

Satyr diſtinguiſh now; *and tell Mankind,*
The Marks by which they may this Miſchief find;
Since when a Tyrant is pull'd down,
He always cries REBELLION, *and the* CROWN.

Rebellion, *by this* conſtant Mark *is known,*
Its Riſe is Treaſon, and its End the Throne;
Miſſes the Grievances, but hits the Kings,
And always aims at Perſons, *not at Things;*
And if its Black Intentions *it obtains,*
The People change their Maſters, *not their Chains:*
As he that for the Thrones would Kings ſuppreſs,
Would be a greater Tyrant, not a leſs.

But when Oppreſſion makes a People riſe,
The Freedom gain'd, *the People ſatisfies;*
And if in Arms they are oblig'd t' appear,
'Tis not Rebellion then, *but Civil War:*

As bluſtring Winds *diſturb the calmeſt Sea,*
And all the Waters *rave and Mutiny:*
The Billows loudly of the Wrong complain,
And make an Inſurrection in the Main;
The watery Troops inſult the lofty Clouds,
And heave themſelves in huge rebellious Crouds;
Tho' the tumultuous Rage our Wonder draws,
The Water's not to blame, the Wind's the Cauſe;
And if the aggreſſing Tempeſts *pleaſe to ceaſe,*
The Inclination's all to Calms and Peace:
The Cauſe remov'd, the Grievance is redreſt,
And Nature guides the willing Waves to reſt.

So

So Tyrants drive the People *to Extremes,*
And they that ſtill ſtand out, it ſtill inflames;
But when the End's obtain'd, *they always ſhow,*
The honeſt Reaſons of the Thing they do:
When Power's reduc'd, *the Motions always ceaſe,*
All tends to Settlements, and all to Peace:
The Actions prove the Peoples Innocence,
The Cauſe was right, and right the Conſequence.

But when Ambition rules the exalted Head,
Then Power's in view, *and all Religion's fled;*
The Cauſe is bad, the Principle's decay'd,
Treaſon the Medium, *the Foundation* Pride;
The End's Oppreſſion, Tyranny and Blood,
And ſo REBELLION ſhould be underſtood.

Inſulting Tyrants, own the ſtated Guilt,
Rebellion's theirs, and their's the Blood that's ſpilt;
The *injur'd Subject* bears no real ſhare,
The *Guilt goes with the Cauſes* of the War.

The broken Laws, the raviſh'd Liberties,
The Blood's the Treaſon, there the Traytor lies;
The broken Compact, the forgotten Oath,
One proves the Injury, the Injur'd *both:*
Both make to Heaven, *The ſolemn high Appeal,*
And ſink the perjur'd Monarch *down to Hell:*
Both do the Sanction of his Throne blaſpheme,
The Tyrant and *the Rebel* are the ſame.

The faithful Subject then to Arms muſt fly;
He fights for Heaven, that fights for Liberty:

The

The *League's collateral*, Heaven it ſelf's engag'd,
As Chief Confederate:
Heaven wou'd be enrag'd;
Should paſſive Subjects patiently ſit down,
And ſee his injur'd Honour trampl'd on:
Mankind's oblig'd Invaſion to ſuppreſs,
His juſter *Claim of Reaſon* to profeſs;
He forfeits all the Title to his Senſe,
And *quits his Claim* to Heaven and Providence,
When he betrays the Freedom of his Life,
And holds *his naked Throat* to the Tyrannick Knife:
The High depoſits all a Sacred Truſt,
He's bound to guard it, or *he can't be Juſt.*

Much more *the Liberties of Nations* ſtand,
A Debt *the Ages yet to come* demand;
'Twas handed to us *thro' a Sea of Blood*,
And faithful Anceſtors the Prize convey'd:
Mountains of murther'd Heroes buried lie,
Beneath *the Column* of our Liberty:
This is *the Birth-Right* which we all enjoy,
In ſpight *of Tyrants ſtruggle* to deſtroy.
(*a*) Our Fathers kept *the ſpotleſs Virgin* Chaſt,
The Monument of their Immortal Actions paſt;
The Badge of their unſtain'd Fidelity,
And *Teſt to judge* their ſpotleſs Honour by.

Tyrannick Power cou'd never diſpoſſeſs,
Their proper Claim, nor make them guard it leſs:

(*a*) The Barons, in the Wars with King *John*, for the Great Charter of *Engliſh-Liberty*, fought for us their Poſterity; and often, in their Treaties with the King, told him, they could by no means part with the Laws and Liberties of *England*, upon that very account.

The Voice of Nature *ſtrictly* they obey'd,
And what *they whole receiv'd*, as *whole* convey'd.

The mutual Obligation ſtill remains,
Their Debt to us, our Debt to ours contains;
Our Fathers Blood, this Promiſe does require,
That we ſhou'd *hand it down again* intire.
No Age of Time cou'd e'er wipe out the Stain,
Shou'd we enjoy *their purchas'd Blood* in vain;
Poſterity would curſe us in our Graves,
That we *left Free our ſelves*, ſhou'd leave them *Slaves*;
The Eternal Brand of Infamy deſcends,
We *neither ſhou'd be Fathers*, nor be Friends:
By the Hereditary Law we're bound,
To leave *the perfect Liberty* we found.

When Kings againſt *the King of Kings* rebel,
And *the crown'd Chriſtian* turns an Infidel;
When mortal Man his Maker once defies,
We *may the Man*, tho' not the King, deſpiſe:
Here the Diſtinction may be wiſely ſhown,
Betwixt *the Man that wears it*, and the Crown;
But if to Blood and Murther *they deſcend*,
And by their *Right Divine* the Crimes defend;
Trample on Juſtice, and ſuppreſs the Law,
And think their Crown *muſt injur'd Subjects* awe:
Nature directs the People *what to do*,
And People Nature's Dictates *will purſue*:
The Sanction of the Crown at once transfer'd,
Blood calls for Blood, and Nature will be heard;
The Crown no more can ſuch a Wretch defend,
He's damn'd by Nature's Laws, his Reign muſt end;
What tho' by Strength of Hand he keeps the Throne,
He's no more King, tho' he poſſeſs the Crown:

Tyrant

Tyrant and King are vaſtly *different* Things,
We're robb'd by Tyrants, but *we're rul'd by Kings*;
This may uphold, but that o'erturns a State;
This is the Man, but that's the Magiſtrate:
Our Safety will on this Diſtinction reſt,
For this we muſt obey, *and that we may reſiſt.*

If it be ask'd how the Diſtinction's known,
Oppreſſion marks him out; the Nations Groan,
The broken Laws, the Cries of injur'd Blood,
Are Languages by all Men underſtood;
The Voice of Bondage, and Deſtruction's *known*,
And ſummons all Men to defend *their own:*
Freedom's the native Right of all Mankind,
And they that ſlight it, leave their Senſe behind.
No Laws of God *our Property* expoſe,
Kings were the Peoples Guards, their Freedom *to incloſe*;
And they who what they ſhould defend invade,
Forfeit their Office, have their Truſt betray'd;
To him that firſt employ'd them ſhall account,
As Sovereign Power does Humane Power ſurmount;
But they that *by him have been ſore* oppreſt,
Shall take *that Power* away which he poſſeſt;
So far ſhall puniſh Miſchiefs done before,
As to prevent the willing Wretch from more;
Shall take the Sovereign Glory from his Head,
And ſet up Right to govern in his Stead.

And leaſt this Doctrine ſhould be *ill deſign'd*,
Let's ſearch the general Practice of Mankind;
In all the Acts of Time, ſince Kings were known,
The Power of Juſtice ſupercedes the Crown:
The Regal Glory *has been carried high*,
And Notion ſometimes flatter'd Majeſty;

But first or last, Tyrannick Powers submit,
To general Good, and universal Right.
In Nations void *of Politicks* and State,
Their Kings for general Conduct *they create*;
Their Government's prescrib'd to general Good,
For Government must so be understood;
If it's inverted to a wrong Intent,
'Tis Combination, not a Government.

JURE

JURE DIVINO:

A SATYR.

Book VII.

SATYR, to vulgar Hiſtory repair,
Innumerable Precedents are there;
Riſle Antiquity, and view the Thrones,
And ranſack all the Regiſters of Crowns;
Look back as far as ancient Rolls will laſt,
And ſearch the long Records of Ages paſt,
Beyond what Elder Story can relate,
While Kings had People, *People Magiſtrate*:
Back to the very Infancy of Time,
When Humane Pow'r reſembl'd the Supreme.
Nations, e'er ſince (a) there has been King or Throne,
Have pull'd down Tyrants, *to preſerve* the Crown.
When vicious Heads, and impious Hands ha' met,
And with the Peoples Blood debauch'd the Royal Seat.

(a) The Inſtance of this is Hiſtorically made out in the Eighth Book.

The Laws of Nature then, *as ſtill they do,*
Taught them their Rights and Safety to purſue.
Juſtice and Property's (*a*) the Peoples own,
And Laws were far more Sacred than the Crown:
And if a King that ſhou'd protect deſtroys,
He forfeits all the Sanction he enjoys.
Cuſtom from nameleſs Ages is our Proof,
And Nature wou'd, if Cuſtom wa' n't enough.
There's not a Nation ever own'd a Crown,
But if their Kings oppreſt them, pull'd 'em down:
Concurring Providence has been content,
And always bleſt the Action in th' Event.
Chriſtian or *Heathen*, all has been the ſame,
'Tis Nature, not Religion, bears the Blame.

If Tyranny, in early Times appear'd,
'Twas loſs of Reaſon firſt the Way prepar'd:
Mankind debauch'd with Crime, to Crime gave Way,
Oppreſſion's introduc'd, and Fools obey.

(*b*) Hail Noble Parent, (*c*) Firſt-born Child of Power,
(*d*) *Brother of Time*, who ſaw the Firſt bright Hour;
Saw

(*a*) No Hereditary King ever reign'd in the World, but to govern by Laws and Conſtitutions, which were eſtabliſh'd before he came to be King, *Coke's Detection, Vol.* I. *Page* 13. and it is the Peoples Right to have the Sword of Juſtice employ'd to execute the Law. *See King* James's *Speech to the Parliament.*

(*b*) Theſe Epithets deſcribe not *Adam* only, but the Time of his Being, and the Circumſtances of Nature at that Time.

(*c*) *Firſt-born Child of Power.* *Adam* indeed was not the firſt Creature made, but he was the Firſt living Soul, which was the moſt glorious Effect of Power, and, conſequently, the Firſt-born Child, as he is call'd in Scripture, *The Son of God*, Luke 3. 38.

(*d*) *Brother of Time*..... Time, as it is Space given to the World, begun at the Creation of all Things, and ſo *Adam* was Contemporary with the Beginning of Time, and ſaw the Firſt of it, at leaſt within a Week, for Time may properly be ſaid to commence at the fixing the Courſe of the Sun, which is the Meaſurer of Time.

Saw the *(a) bald Racer* firſt when he ſet out,
And view'd the *(b) ſteady Paces* of his Foot:
Meaſur'd the *equal Pulſes* of thy Blood,
And all the Harmony of Nature underſtood;
How with his fleeting Speed thy *(c)* Life kept Pace,
And beat true Time to his exacter Race:
Saw the vaſt Circulation of the Whole,
And ſaw thy Maker firſt fold up *(d) the mighty Roll:*
Serene thou ſat'ſt under *the Sacred Shade,*
And ſaw the *Chain of Cauſe and Conſequences* made:
Heard the Eſtabliſhment of Nature's Laws;
Thou Firſt Effect of Heaven, *the Firſt Great Cauſe:*
Thou Eldeſt Soul, the primo-genial Birth,
Of *Cauſing Nature,* and Complying Earth:
(e) Tell us from whence the Seeds of Crime began,
How cam'ſt thou this black Gueſt to entertain:
Convey the *(f)* Schemes the ſly Invader laid,
And tell us how thou cam'ſt to be betraid:

How

(a) *Bald Racer,* alluding to the old Poets, who painted *Time* with a Lock of Hair before, but bald behind, ſo that if you would take hold of him, you muſt take him *en paſſant,* by the Forelock; if you let him ſlip, *poſt eſt occaſio calva,* he was all bald behind.

(b) The *ſteady Paces of his Foot:* Time runs at a ſteady and even Pace, never ſtands ſtill.

(c) This Obſervation cannot be unacceptable, how the Pulſes of the Blood, or Motion in Circulation, which is the Life of Man, keep true Time, and an exact Pace with the Seconds of the Pendulum, by which the Sun's Motion is exactly meaſured.

(d) *Fold up the mighty Roll, i. e.* Cloſe the great Book of Creation and Providence.

(e) This would be a difficult Queſtion to reſolve. Mr. *Milton* brings *Satan,* whoſe Fall and Defection he makes to be prior to Man's Creation, tempting *Eve* to Evil, and ſo the Seeds of Sin are of the Devil; and his Deſcription of it is very admirable, *Milton*'s Par. loſt. *Fol. Lib.* 3.

(f) The Scheme of Sin was laid, by ſeducing *Eve,* whom *Satan* knew to be weaker, and tempting her Vanity, ſome will have it, her Luſt, prevail'd upon her to entertain this dangerous Gueſt.

How thy ſtrong Senſe, and high exalted Soul,
Stoopt firſt to Vice,
and Crime debauch'd the Whole:
And tell us then, by what ſtrange (a) Veſſels laid,
The Grand Contagious Miſchief is convey'd,
And (b) why thy lawful Lineal Progeny,
Muſt bear the Taint of thine Infirmity:
Be Slaves to Crime, and Vices Laws obey,
And thy vile Principles to ours convey:
Why Man by Laws of Nature's ſo confin'd,
That all his Crimes ſhall all his Off-ſpring bind:
The ſecret ſympathetick Rules are laid,
The Likeneſs with the Life is all convey'd:
The Laws of Life are ſo preſcrib'd by Fate,
By Nature, not by Choice, we propagate:
By Grand Neceſſity *the ſame* convey,
And all *the ſame*, by like Neceſſity:
Nature performs the Work, the (c) *paſſive Mould*,
Can nothing add, and nothing can withold.

From this unhappy fatal Conſequence,
Deſcends the univerſal Blemiſh of our Senſe:
Exalted Nature, firſt depreſt by Crime,
Feels the ſtrong Blow to the Extent of Time.

Man

(a) This would be very hard indeed to do Philoſophically, but Scripturally it is explain'd, by *Adam*'s ſtanding in a publick Capacity, and Nature receiving a general Taint, expreſt afterwards in God's Words to *Noah, The Imagination of the Heart of Man is Evil, and only Evil, and that continually.*

(b) The Juſtice of this is undiſputedly clear, becauſe in his Righteouſneſs his Poſterity had enjoy'd the Bleſſing.

(c) The Laws of Nature preſerves the Species of Creatures in an admirable Connexion of Parts, and if every Creature was not under the Neceſſity, and bound down to the propagation of its own Kind excluſively, the World would be confounded with a Mixture of Species.

Man *born to rule himſelf*, (a) himſelf betrays,
And with the early Fool, *the Slave* conveys:
Subjects his Free-born Soul, ſubjects us all,
And native Pride uſurps the *Reverend Stall*;
With ſcepter'd Power, th' Incroacher there appears,
And raiſes Tumults, Feuds, and Civil Wars;
Poſſeſſes ſeveral Parts, embroils the Whole,
And ravages the Regions of the Soul:
The Captive Man ſubdued the Fortreſs quits,
And all his Soul to Tyrant *SIN* ſubmits;
There Arbitrary Government begins,
And he's a Slave, *as ſoon as e'er he ſins*:

From hence the hated Emblem's handed down;
From hence they take the Meaſures of a Crown.
Tyrannick Power's of this Infernal Race,
And bears its native *Stigma* in its Face,
Nature its ancient Liberty has loſt,
This is the dreadful Price, the trifling Pleaſure coſt.

When Crime at firſt poſſeſt the Humane Soul,
The *Wiſe Firſt-Man* ſunk down (b) *below the Fool*:
Not only loſt his Rectitude of Mind,
But all his new *illuſtrious Senſe* declin'd;
The *Infernal Vapour* fum'd up to his Head,
And all his intellectual Part lay dead;
The *ſtrong Debauch* his Reaſon ſtupify'd,
And wild Impertinence the Place ſupply'd.

(a) The beginning of all Bondage, is ſeen in Man's firſt Bondage to Sin, which having gotten poſſeſſion of the Soul, exerciſes an uncontroul'd Dominion, and tyrannizes there without controul.

(b) Without doubt, the capacious Underſtanding, with which Man was at firſt indu'd, ſunk into Darkneſs of Mind, at his Fall, the Powers, or Faculties of his Soul, were contracted in their Operations, and clouded in their Proſpects, and Man became an enquiring Creature, that wanted Inſtruction, and ſtood in need of Experience, and all common Helps to improve him, and to recover the Illumination.

The ſtrange unhappy Alteration prov'd,
The change of Principle from which he mov'd;
His vaſt capacious Soul, by which he knew,
What form'd his glorious Self, *as well as WHO*;
Clouded with Darkneſs, Senſe of Guilt and Fear,
In what bewildred Shapes did it appear!
Diveſted of the Sacred Influence,
It (*a*) ſunk *beneath the Claſs* of Common Senſe:

View him *to Day* converſing with *his God*,
His Image both enjoy'd and underſtood;
To Morrow (*b*) skulking with a ſenſeleſs Flight,
Among the Buſhes, from the Infinite,
And fancy'd he was blind, who gave him Sight.
With ſordid Labour, *Tagging Fig-leaf-Veſts*,
To hide his Body *from the Sight of Beaſts.*
Hark how he *faintly* pleads for forfeit Life;
Firſt he (*c*) reproaches Heaven, *and then his Wife*;
The Woman thou beſtow'ſt, as if the Gift
Cou'd rob him of his little Reaſon left:
A double Fool, to ſhift his early Crime,
And think accuſing her, *wou'd excuſe him.* But

(*a*) It was a moſt unaccountable Thing, that even before God had pronounc'd the Curſe, after the Fall, and the Criminal was not convicted, yet his Guilt had ſo darken'd his Mind, that he was fallen from the glorious Light, in which God had firſt plac'd him, below the Practice of Common Senſe.

(*b*) The Abſurdity was very groſs, and ſhews the wonderful Effect of Guilt, how it diſmounts the Soul, takes his Underſtanding off of its due Exerciſe, and places it below its Self, quite out of its Sphere.

(*c*) The Weakneſs of his Excuſes is as ſtrange as the reſt, that the Woman God had given him, ſhould prevail upon him to treſpaſs the Command of the Donor, *That thou gaveſt me*, 'tis ſpoken as a kind of a Retort, as if he ſhould reflect upon his Maker, for putting ſuch a Snare in his Way, lodging ſuch a *Syren* in his Boſom, that had betray'd him, that having her from God, he thought he might have depended upon it, there was no Guile or Folly in her, and ſo was deluded.

Thus he pleads guilty, but extenuates his Crime, throws it off upon his Wife, and tacitely upon his Maker.

But high incroaching Vice dethrones the (a) Senſe,
And intercepts the Heavenly Influence;
Debauches Reaſon, *makes the Man a Fool,*
And turns his active Light to ridicule.

(b) *Nothing removes the Soul ſo far from Home,*
As conſcious Guilt to Demonſtrations come:
Thro' all the dark Retreats of Art ſhe flies,
Wing'd with Deſpair, and hurried with Surprize:
She courts the meaneſt Shelter in her Flight,
To hide her Bluſhes from th' invading Light:
Fear adds ſwift Speed to her amaz'd Retreat,
Her guilty Thoughts, her common Senſe defeat:
Amus'd, ſhe'll blindly to'r own Miſchiefs run,
And meet the very Dangers ſhe would ſhun;
Till by too ſwift detecting Truth *purſu'd,*
Her Flight's in vain, ſurrounded and embay'd:
Deſpair makes Head, and faintly ſtands at Bay,
And what ſhe can't avoid, ſhe'll juſtifie.

But here ſhe's by her very Friends *betray'd,*
And Nature ſhuns the Fight, of Shame afraid:
The guilty Faculties relaxe their Pace,
And wild Confuſion governs in the Face:
The Eyes to every Angle look for aid,
And fill'd with Diſappointment, ſtare, diſmay'd:
The trembling Hands confeſs the Terrors ſtrong,
Deny'd too faintly by the falt'ring Tongue:

The

(a) Sin makes us all Fools, and nothing falters in Speech, and betrays it ſelf by its Inconſiſtencies and Nonſenſe, like a detected Criminal, with Guilt in his Face.

(b) A Digreſſion, to illuſtrate how Guilt acts upon the Soul, dethrones Nature, and deprives the Man of all Preſence of Mind in any Exigence.

The inconsistent Speech her self confutes,
Reason declines to back the faint Disputes:
Returning Blushes crowd the angry Face,
And intermitting Paleness fills the Space:
At last confounded, Self-condemn'd, and Dumb,
Confessing Tears, bring the lost Exile Home;
The penitential Mourner these restore,
And owns the Crime she justify'd before.

View Satyr, stricter Inquisition make,
Neither the Fool nor Crime, the Man forsake:
Both to his late Posterity convey'd,
The same the Crime, *the same* the Folly made.
For Nations who to Tyranny submit.
Can ne'er be scandaliz'd for too much Wit:
Their Hood-winkt Senses must be quite suppreſt,
And when they're made a Prey, *they're made a Jest.*
Even the Tyrant who invades their Right,
Mocks the stupendious Darkness of their Sight;
Laughs at the Blindness of the Men he rules,
And makes them Slaves, *because he knows they're Fools.*

We talk of *mighty Sense* in earlier Time,
So near the Ruins of the *Light Sublime*;
But if we view them in their pol'tick State,
Sin Hand in Hand, with (a) *Folly*, waited at the Gate;
Th' strong Analogy its Force maintain'd,
And *frequent Bondage* kept what Sin had gain'd.

No

(a) *Folly* gave frequent Instances of its Connexion with Sin, in the early Ages of the World, as particularly in that senseless Project of building *Babel*, to secure them from the Hand of God, as if he that could send a Flood to drown the Land, could not send Fire to burn them in that Tower, or, as if the Power of a universal Deluge, would not too easily have soften'd and loosen'd the Foundation, for such a Building to be able to stand.

No Men *are half so* (a) *fit for Slaves* as they,
That all the *Meanneſſes of Crime* obey;
Who firſt can ſtoop to Vice, and bend the Knee,
At Hell's Command, are qualify'd for Tyranny.
Chains are the Emblem of the dark Abode,
The Conſequence of high *Revolt from God*;
And as the early Vengeance of the Curſe,
Tyrannick Government came in of Courſe;
Oppreſt th' infeebl'd Nations, kept them down,
And *Satan* rul'd by the incroaching Crown;
Both joyn, at once, t' inſult the Power Sublime,
Crime brought the Tyrant in, *the Tyrant Crime:*
Deſpotick Powers prepar'd the World to Sin,
And Crime prevail'd, as (b) *Tyranny came in.*

Satyr, the long forgotten Secret tell,
How Tyranny's *ally'd*, and *near of Kin* to Hell;
Its dark Original's deriv'd below,
And *Devils alone* its true Conception know:
Bred in the horrid Regions of the Deep,
Where Millions yet of *unborn Miſchiefs* ſleep;
Infus'd in Sin's vaſt undiſcover'd Womb,
From whence new Worlds of Crime *are yet to come:*
When firſt it teem'd, and found an eaſie Birth,
It ſtartled Nature, and *it ſhook the Earth:*
The mighty Groans were to the Center heard,
The trembling Poles, the growing Monſter fear'd;

(a) Slavery to Crime prepares the Mind for Slavery to Man; and he that can yield to be a Slave to his Vices, is half qualified for any Sort of Bondage.

(b) The making Tyranny to be the Off-ſpring of Sin, cannot be an unjuſt Allegory, becauſe, it is plain, it was the immediate Conſequence of it in *Cain* and *Abel*.

Immediate Conqueſt waited on its Call,
And *Freedom ſunk* in Man's Original Fall:
The captivated World was ſunk ſo low,
The Slavery reach'd (a) *the Soul and Body too:*
And as the Soul the early Guilt contain'd,
The Effects, the latent Cauſes ſoon explain'd;
The Soul's enſlav'd, and there, by Conſequence,
The Tyrannizing Temper muſt commence;
The Seeds of Miſchief from firſt Crime ariſe,
And *Tyrant-Sin* made all Men Tyrannize;
Th' *Infernal Chains* firſt captivate the Mind,
And ſympathetick Inclinations *Find*,
And ſo Mankind's to Tyranny inclin'd.
'Tis *ſown in Nature*, and ſo quickly grows;
The black Original it eaſily ſhows;
Impregnate by the Vapours of the Deep,
Where *Satan's Legions*, Satan's Priſoners *keep.*

No ſooner did the Monſter Life obtain,
But *early* (b) *Parricide began his Reign:*
Corrupted Nature's ſo to Strife inclin'd,
And (c) Empire had ſo ſoon debauch'd the Mind;
Blood built the Throne, and Murther let us know,
What Time and Miſchief would oblige us too.

(a) The

(a) 'Tis not at all improper to obſerve, that the Fall of Man having made him a Slave to the Devil, Man grew ſomething Diabolical himſelf, and ſtrove to practice a ſynonimous Power over his fellow Creatures, *&c.* to imitate the Devil in Tyrannizing o'er one another.

(b) The firſt Sin of *Cain*, was Ambition, which meeting with a ſurprizing Diſappointment, in God's rejecting his Offering, and accepting his younger Brother, threw him into all the Convulſions of Pride and Contempt of God, and theſe workt up to Envy, and that to Revenge, and the End was Blood, as it generally is, in like Caſes, to this Day.

(c) *Cain* murther'd his Brother, as his Rival in the Favour of God, and conſequently, in all the Effects of his Favour here.

(*a*) *The* First created Monarch *cou'd not know,*
What his new tainted Pride wou'd guide him to:
No Rival *prompted his ambitious Breast,*
(*b*) No Dreams of envied Pow'rs *disturb'd his Rest;*
The univerſal Monarch *rul'd alone,*
The only ſtated Pleaſure of a Throne.
While ſingle he, the World his own *ſurvey'd,*
And all his ſilent *Subjects,* ſilently *obey'd:*
The Chaſtity of Government maintain'd,
Not yet with Cruelty and Rapin ſtain'd;
No Civil Wars *diſturb'd his peaceful Throne,*
No Rebels *aim'd at his exalted Crown;*
No Plots *his Perſon to aſſaſſinate,*
Uſurp his Right, or diſcompoſe the State.
He had no Parliaments, *or* Peers *to pleaſe;*
No diſcontented Murmurs *to appeaſe;*
No ſtrohg incroaching Neighbour *to alarm,*
Or force him in his own Defence to arm.
War had no Name, *Peace had no Laws to break,*
And Power had yet deſcrib'd no Strong nor Weak;
Right, Wrong, Oppreſſion, Juſtice, Fraud and Force,
And all the Sins of Time's unhappy Courſe,
In this untainted Age were all unknown;
He'd neither Sword nor Scepter to his Crown.

Ah! Satyr, *ſhall we now the Reaſon own*
And ſhow the Sham of his ſecurer Throne:

Becauſe

(*c*) A Digreſſion on the ſingle Condition of *Adam* and his Family, to illuſtrate the Simily of Tyranny, ingrafted in the Nature of Man.

(*d*) Men of Ambition are frequently repreſented dreaming of the Powers they envy invading them, and of their conquering them, which it is not unlikely, is acted, and injected, by the Devil, to prompt their Ambition.

Because there was no other Man but he,
No Second *to oppose his Majesty,*
Th' Dev'l was in't if he cou'd not agree.
And to make out thy Satyrs to be true,
They (*a*) fought *as soon as ever* there were Two.
Envy and Death, *the Race so soon possest,*
Envy and Death, *since that has never ceas'd,*
Envy and Death, *prevails among the best.*

On the degenerate Race the Crime's intail'd,
And Blood and Murther ever since prevail'd:
Th' Antiquities confest the early Race,
With early Crimes, the Sacred Light deface:
The Youth of Nature's soon debauch'd with Blood,
And thus the World in its first Ages stood,
'Till Heaven, to show his Pow'r was still supreme,
Suff'red his Vengeance to *obey the Voice of Crime:*
Delug'd the hated Breed beneath his Curse,
Least growing Sin shou'd make their Nature worse.

Tho' this his Mighty Sovereignty restor'd,
The *wretched Principle* he (*b*) still endur'd:

The

(*a*) In the Discovery of *Barmoodas*, it was very remarkable, that there were but Three Men left upon the Island, they were Masters of the Place, it was then all their own, but these Three Kings fell out about Property, and could never decide the Difference: Two of them quarell'd to that Degree, that they often fought, and had not the Third secured their Swords, they had certainly murther'd one another; afterwards, the third Man dying, they found a large Piece of Ambergreece, enough to have inrich'd them both for this World, could they ha' been true to one another; but they quarell'd so violently, that when the Ships return'd from *England*, they betray'd one another, and so lost the Prize to both. This is an eminent Instance of the Power of Ambition and Pride in the Nature of Man, from whence all Tyranny proceeds.

(*b*) Tho', in the Deluge, the Race of Sinners was extirpate, yet God suff'red no Alteration to be made in the Nature of Man, but still Nature convey'd the Original Infection, the Deluge being a Punishment upon the Men then alive only.

The *tainted Nature* ſinks into the Race,
And ſtill the Dev'l appears *in* (c) *ſpight of Grace*:
Th' *Infernal Prince*, his fatal Reign reſtores,
And Craft ſupplies the Indigence of Powers;
Forms a (d) Confederacy, with Heaven makes War,
And draws the Wretch into th' Infernal Snare;
Leagues his Black Forces with the willing Race,
To *conquer Heaven it ſelf*, and then uſurp the Place.

Satyr, in what wild vaſt Abyſs *we ſteer*,
What *Fleets of Poets* have been ſhipwrackt here?
What Rocks, what dangerous Shores may we deſcry,
That call, *ſtand off* and live, *advance* and die?
Fear not the untrod Path of endleſs Thought,
This ſtraight to thoſe *vaſt Seas of Light* lead out.
The bright pacifick *Sea of Knowledge* ſtands,
Behind theſe tow'ring Clifts, thoſe threatning Sands.
And if with ſteady Sail thou canſt but paſs,
Time will preſent thee there with Nature's Glaſs:
The bright tranſparent *Miror* will unfold,
Such Truths as *Pen ne'er wrote*, or Story *told*;

How early Kings, and crown'd Ambition ſtrove,
To fetch their Titles from the Laws Above;
And ſubtly ſtrove to ſtate the Cheat *ſo clear*,
That as they're Gods Above, *they ſhould be here*;
Partake with Heaven in high exalted Power,
And make *the guilty World* their Crimes adore.

(c) In defiance of common Grace, not that Sin can reſiſt the invincible Power of effectual Grace upon the Soul.

(d) This is a Sceteh of a Deſign, to deſcribe how the Devil leagu'd firſt with ambitious Men, to ſet up their mutual Powers againſt God, one to uſurp his Right of Government, and the other his Right of Adoration, of which in the following Sheets.

'Tis past, the lesning Danger's *out of Sight*,
Satyr lanch out, despise the threatning *Straight*:
Behold the Bright Eternal Rays appear;
What room for *thy luxuriant Verse* is here;
What Wonders read'st thou in the *Book of Time*!
What ancient Things, in long Records of Crime!
There thou shalt see th' Infernal Rolls of Hell,
And Stories, Mankind never heard of, *tell*:
The *Inner-Chambers* of his Council see,
The *Dark Recesses* of Hell's Antiquity:
The *ancient Archives* of th' Infernal Prince,
How old his *First-born Mischiefs* were, *and whence*;
The Story of his First Defection find,
And *why* to ruin Mortals he's inclin'd.
Search the strict Laws of his Captivity,
And there, *almost as far, as* (a) *Milton* see,
For no Man e'er was here before *but he*.

Satyr, the Depths of *Satan*'s Kingdom view,
And tell us what Infernal States-Men do:
The vast Occasion entertain with Joy,
And view the Arts which all the World destroy:
The huge Machin of Sin; the Wheel of Fate;
The Council of the Dark Infernal State;
See how the Spring of Ruin there appears,
Regard the Engin, and the Engineers;

How

(a) *Milton's Pandemonium*, is allow'd to be the deepest laid Thought, most capacious and extensive that ever appear'd in print; and, I think, I cannot do too much Honour to the Memory of so Masterly a Genius, in confessing, the Manner of *Mr. Milton's* Poem, in that particular, forms to me the best Ideas of the Matter of Original Crime, of any Thing put into Words in our Language.

How they in ſtrict Confederacy appear,
With all the modern Men of Miſchief here:
What unſeen Springs the ſecret Spells convey;
How Devils rule, and Men by Force obey:
How *Villains here* the fatal Conſort keep,
Cohere with all the Counſels of the Deep:
How *Devils there* the ſecret Guſt infuſe,
And prompt Mankind to all the Ills they chuſe;
Allure the Mind, and ſecret Hints convey,
And ſuit thoſe Hints to Minds that will obey:
How thus *the immortal Prince of Miſchief* reigns,
And binds the captive World in unſeen Chains:
The hideous Influence of Sin directs,
And forms the Snares which only Heaven detects.

How the corrupt Inſinuations hit,
The Guſt of Temper, Nature firſt makes *fit*;
Suited to Crime, and Crime at once prepar'd,
For all thoſe Shapes in which 't has ſince appear'd.
View there the *Richlieus* of the Infernal State;
And view the Arts of Hell to *manage Fate*;
The *Spencers*, *Buckinghams*, and Men of Fame,
And ſee how they conſer with *Not——ham*:
His *Will to Miſchief* 's as compleat as theirs,
His *Judgment* only in a lower Claſs appears;
But Hell makes uſe of various Sorts of Tools,
And *has its proper Buſineſs too* for F—s.
View there the State-Machine, and every Wheel,
Screw'd up by all the Politicks of Hell:
Numbers of true *Mechanick Fiends* prepare,
Infuſions temper'd with Infernal Air,
And *fit the Doſe* to every Caſe and Clime,
Some ſwift in Operation, *ſome for Time*.

There

There *Party-Potions* pass the Infernal Hand,
Temper'd to make Men *Cavil* and *Contend*,
Fitted to *ruffle* and *inflame* the Blood,
And make Men *fight to do themselves no Good*;
To *Hood-wink Sense*, and make the Judgment *blind*,
Embarrass Int'rests, and *embroil* Mankind.

There view the several Fatal-Forges where,
Satan *blows Fury up*, and *hammers War*:
Kings are the *Mauls* and *Sledges* of his Art:
He lays the *Scenes*, and *They* rehearse *their Part*.
Pride and *Ambition*, *Lust of Rule* and *Fear*,
Ingredients all, the Metals to prepare:
In proper Quantities, proportion'd well,
By all the Art and Industry of Hell:
With Skill apply'd, and sympathetick Force,
From tainted Nature, tainted Nature's worse,
Worse far than Hell, and greedy of the Curse.

See Satyr there, *the stricter League* maintain'd,
With all the *Party-Furies* of this Land;
How secret *Mines*, and subterranean *Schemes*,
Are laid to force the Nation *to Extremes*:
See how defeated Hell's inrag'd to find,
Their Friends, their Hopes, and Parties too declin'd:
Their baffl'd States-Men sending back for Aid;
Their Party scatter'd, and their Schemes betray'd:
Blasted at once, from Bright (a) *Britannia*'s Throne,
Hell's bauk'd; the shagrin Fiends the Conquest own.

Satyr

(a) The Queen's Speech, declaring Her Opinion, that the Church was in no Danger, and that Her Majesty would maintain, *inviolably*, the *Toleration*; struck as with a Clap of Thunder, the whole Party.

S------r looks pale, and but with pain supplies,
His Stock of Spleen, tho' when that fails, he dies:
The struggling ancient *Man of Gall* contends,
With fruitless Anger, *to destroy his Friends:*
Exasperated with defeated Pride,
With Grief he sees his Party mortify'd:
Sees Truth, and Peace, and Liberty prevail,
And *corresponding Hell's Assistance* fail.

M---th, and his Inditing-Club Despair;
Stifling their Guilt, in spight of all their Care:
Large Sums the *Party-Financiers* disburse,
And (*a*) *Queens-Head-Club*, with pain supply the Purse.
(*b*) *Memorial-Guilt*, with Brib'ry well suppress;
Cautions the Heroes of the dangerous Jest;
Betrays their Fear, as it affects their Fame,
And makes them own the Guilt, to shun the Shame.

Of Clergy-Heroes that embroil the State,
Too much in these dark Shades confederate:
See the misguided, Hell-infected Tribe,
From *Satan*'s Hand, their Principles imbibe:
These, the State-Jest, of Church's Danger raise,
And banter fiery Zeal with awkward Praise.
Satyr, the Sacred Fabrick here thou'lt find,
By her own Hypocrites is undermin'd:
Yet ne'er can totter, but when *from on High,*
The Pinacle its *Base* shall out-weigh;

(*a*) A *Jacobite-Club*, at the *Queens-Head*, within *Temple-Bar*, where all the Party-Interests are said to be settled, supported, and supplied.
(*b*) Great Charges and Diligence to prevent the Discovery of the Authors of the *Memorial*.

And then, if any Thing *by Chance* ſhould fall,
'Twill only be the *Weathercocks* and *Ball*:
Steeples and tow'ring Heights are oft blown down,
The Church it ſelf can ne'er be overthrown:
The rocky Pedeſtal will never fail,
Nor Hell's dark Powers againſt her Gates prevail.

There Satyr thou mayeſt view *in Miniature*,
What all the World's Diſaſters do procure:
There are the *ancient Springs*, and ſecret *Wheels*,
That drove our native *Brittains into Wales*.
Satan, that knew his Int'reſt, *ſo made Way*,
For us *that could be wickeder* than they.

There the invading (*a*) *Norman*'s Sword was ground,
That gave the *Engliſh* Freedom *Firſt Tyrannick Wound*.
In the vaſt Archives of this dreadful Place,
Where all the Rolls of Miſchief find a place:
Where long Records of Villany lie by,
And Treaſon's naked to th' inquiring Eye:
There's to be ſeen the bloody flaming Liſt,
Of Thirteen *Engliſh* Kings, by Death and Blood diſmiſt;
The Copy of the Warrant drawn by Fate,
And ſign'd by Heaven's Secret'ry of State;
Sent up to (*b*) *Tyrrel*, and by him ſent down,
Who ſlew the Tyrant's Tyrannizing Son.

Here

(*a*) *William* the *Conqueror* gave the *Engliſh* Freedom a large Wound; the Kings before having been very careful of the common Priviledges of the People.

(*b*) *Walter Tyrrel*, who ſlew King *William* II. with an Arrow which was ſhot at a Deer, but glancing on a Tree, ſhot the King in the Breaſt, and kill'd him, as ſome Hiſtorians relate it, but Mr. *Tyrrel*, in his new Hiſtory of *England*, ſays he did it not, and quotes ſome Authority for it. Tyrrel's *Hiſt. of* Eng. Vol. 2. Lib. 2. Fol. 108.

Here (a) *Stephen*, (b) *John*, (c) *Richard* and *Edward* ſtand,
The Plagues and Curſe of this diſtracted Land:
Heroes of Hell, and Champions of the Cauſe,
Bred up to ruin Kingdoms, and diſpence with Laws:
And here, in long Records 'tis noted down,
How injur'd People toſt them off the Throne,
And Dev'ls themſelves, the *juſt Occaſions* own.

Here may in bloody Characters appear,
The ſecret Movements of Inteſtine War:
How buſie *Lucifer* embroils a Nation,
And plays on both Sides by Inſinuation.

Here he exalts the Regal Power too high,
And prompts the Tyrant's looſe Authority:
Whiſpers encroaching Pleaſures to his Luſt,
And with vaſt Proſpects, ſo excites his Guſt:
The tempting Baits of Greatneſs guilded o'er,
With Shams of Sacred to his lawleſs Power:
Even to himſelf, the Tyrant's Face miſpaint,
And makes the Devil think himſelf a Saint.

There the Infernal Agents turn the Scale,
And raiſe *the Wind of Faction* to a heady Gale:
Eternal Murmurs in the Croud infuſe,
To make them lawful Liberty abuſe:
Teach them Averſion to their juſt Reſtraint,
And not at Tyrants rail, *but Government*:

The

(a) *Stephen* was a Uſurper, and a cruel faithleſs Tyrant.
(b) *John* was likewiſe a Uſurper, and as faithleſs as he.
(c) *Richard* the IId, and *Edward*, were both Tyrants, depos'd and pull'd down as ſuch: All Four involv'd *England* in terrible and innumerable Broils, Blood, Oppreſſions, and all kinds of Troubles.

The leaſt Occaſions of Diſlike inflame,
And call *Rebellion* by a ſofter Name.

The *ſubterranean Fraud*'s conceal'd below,
Satyr the *ſubterranean Fraud* ſhall ſhow:
How with thin Webs of new deluſive Air,
Spun by dark Hands in that Infernal Sphere:
New Colours, wove with ſtrong deluſive Arts,
Amuſe the Senſe, and quite tranſpoſe the Parts:
The powerful Vapours different Shapes preſent,
To raiſe the fatal *Clouds of Diſcontent*;
And theſe born up with ſtrong Infernal Blaſts,
Hurry themſelves *to pop'lar Storms* at laſt.

And Thus the Rebel, thus the Tyrants made,
Both firſt involuntary, both betray'd.

Satyr advance, the *Inner-Hell* ſurvey,
And view the Birth of ancient Tyranny:
No Place *like this* can ſhow thee half ſo well,
The only Truth which that dark Place can tell:
There thou ſhalt *Power's Antiquity* deſcry,
And read the Tyrant's *ancient Hiſtory:*
The Grand Connexion there thou'lt early know,
Betwixt the *Tyrants here*, and *thoſe below.*

See there the (*a*) Firſt Defection of the Race,
Damn'd to the darker Miſchiefs of the Place:
Uneaſie how to introduce a Crime,
To (*b*) damn Mankind, and bully the Supreme.

(*a*) Pride

(*a*) The Prince of Darkneſs, or *Lucifer*, ſuppos'd to be the Leader or Emperor of Devils, *Milton*'s Parad. loſt. Lib. 3. Fol. 10.
(*b*) *Satan* had no native Enmity againſt Man, as ſuch, but purſues at him, as thereby affronting and inſulting his Maker.

(*a*) Pride that had firſt dethron'd th' Infernal Prince,
Unfitted him for Heaven, and caſt him thence:
Buſied him ſtill, for ſtill the dark Sublime,
Altho' he loſt his Station, *kept his Crime.*

He found the Man was Docible and Tame,
Debauch'd in Will, and in his Judgment Lame:
Sin had poſſeſſion of his Senſes gain'd,
And all his Faculties were lately chain'd:
The Conqueſt Hell had made was ſo intire,
The Man was fit for all he cou'd deſire:
His ripen'd Crimes had prompted him to Pride,
And (*b*) *Empire* now began her tempting Wings to ſpread:
Encroaching *Luſt of Rule* allur'd the Man,
Encroaching Hell, the new Attempt began:
The equal Project's ſo Oblique and Odd,
This fain wou'd be a Tyrant, *that a God.*

Here, *Satyr*, all the high Confederates tell,
And ſport with all the Potentates of Hell:
Tell us how Luſt of Rule allur'd the Man,
And how the Twins in Tyranny began:
What ſtrong Ingredient either Side can bring,
This to (*c*) *dealt the Devil*, and *that the King.*
The Man o'er Men his Tyranny prepar'd,
And Hell uſurpt the Deity that he fear'd.

F 7 Satyr

(*a*) Pride is ſuppos'd by the Scripture, to be the firſt Crime that caſt the fallen Angels out of Heaven.

(*b*) He found the Man inclin'd to Sin, and tempted him with the Pride of Empire over his fellow Creatures.

(*c*) Hell plotting to ſet up Idolatry, takes his Riſe from Man's Propenſity to Tyranny, which he reſolves to gratifie, in order to introduce the other, and ſet up himſelf for a God, which the other ſhall worſhip, and be ſupported in his Ambition by doing it.

Satyr, what ſtrong *Capacious Thoughts* ariſe,
When we the *Infant Acts* of Hell reviſe:
The Deeds of *early Kings*, when Monarchs ſtrove,
To fetch their Titles *from the Powers Above*:
And all to make the ſtated Cheat appear,
That Men might have *ſome Myſt'ry in their Fear.*

How the corrupt Deſign to propagate,
And fix the long ſucceeding Nation's Fate:
Confederate Councils fatally adviſe,
Theſe to *uſurp the Crowns*, and *thoſe the Skies*:
How the *New Summonſes* to Hell were ſent,
And *Satan* met in *Sooty Parliament*:
The *Great Divan* conſulted to dethrone,
The Sacred Powers, and then erect their own.
New Pandemoniums here we might prepare,
And tell the *Long Orations* ſpoken there:
How the Infernal Members gave their Vote,
And Monarchy was form'd *upon the Spot*:
Upon Condition firſt to ſign the League,
And propagate the vaſt profound Intrigue:
The high uſurping Monarch was to joyn,
And *leagu'd with Hell*, promote the Black Deſign:
This to be King, that ſhou'd his Power procure;
That to be God, this ſhou'd his Power adore.

Thus *Satan* gain'd new Footing by the Crown,
And made himſelf a Part'ner in the Throne:
And thus began to puſh the Grand Deſign,
The *high Immortal Name* to undermine.

Satan

Satan and (*a*) *Ninus* thus began to reign,
And (*b*) Brother Monarchs, Brother Crimes maintain:
The well matcht Kings, their well matcht Projects join,
Idolatry and Tyranny alike Divine.
Belus the Father, *Ninus* now *the Son*;
This Idol-Gods, *that* Idol-Kings begun:
The preſent Monſter cannoniz'd the paſt;
Hell fixt the King, the King *the Idol plac'd*:
Thus mutual Help, the ſtrong Confed'rates bring,
The King firſt made the God, and then the God the King.
Thus *Ninus* early Monarchy erects,
Concurring Hell, the new Deſign protects:
The horrid Sympathy of Parts remain,
And this by juſt Effects will that explain:
Tyrannick Power's an Idol in the State,
And High-Church-Idols Tyranny create:
The high Alternate Miſchiefs well combin'd;
This blaſphemes God, and that inſults Mankind;
From the ſame Fountain both the Treaſons ſpring,
One Devil makes their God, and One their King:
Both join the ruin'd World to captivate,
And both go halves in Miſchief, as in State:
Devils and Men contriv'd the fatal Deed,
All Hell concurr'd, *Devils and Men* agreed:
The horrid *Poſtulata* are too plain,
Firſt Hell contrives, and Monarchs *next* maintain:

Satan

(*a*) *Ninus* the firſt Prince upon Record, who ſet up Ipolatry, building a vaſt Temple to his Father *Belus*, whom he cauſed to be reverenc'd as a God; ſome will have this to be the *Saturn* of the Poets; others, the *Baal* of the ancient *Heathens*, which the *Jews* alſo ſo often went away from God to worſhip.

(*b*) *Ninus*, and the Devil, were now very properly Brother Monarchs, having erected a mutual Tyranny in the World; this tyrannizing over the Bodies, that over the Conſciences of the People.

Satan and *Ninus* Nature's *Laws* devour,
That cloath'd with Adoration, *this* with Power;
Delude the Parts, and subjugate the Whole,
This to inslave the Body, *that* the Soul.
Then their Infernal Policy to show,
They 'rected *Dynasties* of Gods below,
Wild *Houshold Gods*, of meah degenerate Size,
Meer *Kulinary* Turn-spit Deities;
That Beasts, *could they adore*, would hardly idolize.
Of Fields, and Groves, of Seas, of Winds and Floods,
And all the *Race of Hell*, are turn'd *to Gods*!
In close Conjunction all their Actions Chime,
And Hand in Hand, subject the World to Crime.
Jointly they rise, in bold Authorities,
These to usurp the Earth, and *those* the Skies.
Supreme in Robbery, the Thieves of State;
This robs the Deity, the People *that*;
This of his Worship, *those* of their Estate.

Thus *Liberty* made shorter by the Head
Deceas'd, and Empire govern'd in its Stead.
Man born to Freedom, all his Power resign'd,
And as his Vertue, so his Strength declin'd:
The vast Inheritance of Nature lost,
In the *wild Seas* of vile Subjection tost;
Shipwrackt his Senses, let his Reason die,
So dear he paid for early Monarchy.

Thus Kings grew Sacred in the Peoples Eyes;
Villains usurp, and *Mad-men* recognize:
Thus Hell's *Eternal Empire* first began,
And vicious Men the fatal Fraud maintain'd.
The horrid Stratagem too soon succeeds,
And yielding Heaven *permits* the viler Deeds.

Victorious

Victorious Hell affronts the Sovereign Throne;
Satan uſurps the Altar, *Man* the *Crown*:
The growing Treaſon ſpreads the general Face,
And long Deſcent of Tyrants *ſanctifies the Race*:
The Idol Worſhip, Idol Monarchs makes,
And *Temporal* of *Infernal* Power pertakes.

Nor are the Victors wanting to proclaim,
Their fancy'd Conqueſts of th' Eternal Name:
Aſſuming *Titles*, Dignity and *State*,
Sacred to Heaven alone, Divinely Great:
Mock-Altars they erect, and Shams of Praiſe,
And Temples to Infernal Glory *raiſe*:
Blaſpheme the Sacred, and uſurp his Place,
And Conſtitute *his Rival* to his Face;
All *his Immortal Attributes* aſſume,
And place *perverſe Ideas* in their Room:
For Providence, *their Fortune* they create,
And mock Immutable Decrees *with Fate*.
The airy Nothings, humane Praiſe devour,
And *mimick Thunders* Ape Almighty Power:
With doubtful Oracles, for Heavenly Voice,
Mankind ſtands bubbl'd by his ſtated Choice:
In favour of Deluſions *ſhuts his Eyes*,
With Prieſt-Craft pleas'd, inſtead of Prophecies.
From hence the captivated Wretch he draws,
Graſpt by his Fear, for *Fear's the mighty Cauſe*
Of *blind Subjection*: Fear's the Bond of Crime,
The Second Sin of Nature, Firſt-born Child of Time.

By Fear the blind ſubjected Wretch betray'd,
Worſhips thoſe Devils, *of whom he's firſt afraid*;

To all the wild delusive Shams submits,
And bows his Soul t' Absurdities and Cheats:
Adores the *Air*, the *Elements*, and *Hell*,
Or any Thing—— or Nothing——
—————— Who can Tell,
Where strong Delusions hurry on the Mind,
When once his Reason's to his Crime confin'd.

Wonder no more, when bound in early Chains,
The abject Soul, the Body's Fate contains.
The passive Engine, fond to be thought Man,
Screw'd up to any Height, *must there remain*:
The Mind inslav'd from Hell, no Freedom knows,
Abject and base, to any Ruler bows.
When Crime his poison'd Understanding draws,
Bondage succeeds, like *Consequence to Cause*.

From this infected, vile, orig'nal Spring,
Came first the *willing Slave*, and *Tyrant King*.
Of the same *Baseness born*, the joint Decay,
Makes *Tyrants* first *Command*, and *Fools obey*:
Blinded in Understanding, base in Mind,
These to oppress the World are first inclin'd,
And those consent to *th' Bondage of Mankind*.

This will that hated (*a*) bugbear Word explain,
With which tyrannick Princes fright the World in vain.
Where'er a Prince directs a Nation well,
That People, if they will resist, *rebel*:

For

(*a*) *Rebellion*, which in its Original signifies no more than raising War, without the Distinction of the Subject's Duty, Allegiance, or any thing of that kind.

For to rebel must signifie, that Right,
Commands Obedience;
But whene'er they fight,
With Injry and Exotick Violence,
They act but Nature, and obey their Sense;
Rebellion's meant, when Justice goes before,
In spight of Derivation, it can mean no more:
For if the Law's dethron'd, (*a*) *Subjections cease*;
And all (*b*) Obedience is prescrib'd by this:
Kings can no longer rule by Right than they;
(*c*) *Govern by Law*, no longer Men obey;
The rest *is all tyrrannick Power* and Force,
He rules his Subjects, *as he rules his Horse*;
The *Whip*, the *Reins*, the *Bit*, the *Curb* and *Spur*,
These the submissive Beasts Obedience first procure:
If Angels, *or the Devil's* in the Way;
Scarce *Balaam's* Beast, durst in resistance *Bray*:
Nature oppress, groans with tyrannick Load,
And makes the very Ass *refuse the Road*;
Rather than bear the Cruelty of Man,
The Beasts will speak, and of the Wrong complain:
Nature abhors the vile submissive Slave,
And Sense directs Mankind *to chuse the Grave*;
The *boiling Blood* will swell his Rage too high,
And if he can't live free, *he'll seek to die.*

(*a*) A King governing in a settled Kingdom, [*says King* James *the* Ist.] leaves off to be a King, and degenerates into a Tyrant, as soon as he leaves off to rule according to his Laws. [*Speech to Parliament*, 1609. *King* James's *Works*, 531.]

How shall this be construed otherwise than thus, if he leaves off to be a King, the People leave off to be Subjects, and all their Obligation and Duty ceases of course.

(*b*) But supposing it in the Sense the World now receives the Word in, *viz.* Subjects taking up Arms against their Prince; it must suppose him their lawful Prince, which implies a Right to govern them; if he extends his Power beyond that Right, he is so far only not their lawful Prince;

Prince, that he has no Power or Right to command, and, by Conſequence, it cannot be Rebellion to diſobey; if it is lawful then for Subjects to diſobey, they will hardly be able to prove it is not lawful alſo to reſiſt.

(c) *Mihi quidem non apud* Medos *ſolum*, (*ut ait* Herodotus) *ſed etiam apud majores noſtros fruenda Juſtitiæ cauſa videntur olim bene Moratæ Reges conſtituti*, Cicero *de Offic. Lib.* 2. tranſlated by Sir *Roger L'Eſtrange*, and rendred as follows.

Herodotus tells us, The *Medians* choſe their Kings originally for the Probity of their *Manners*, and in hopes of enjoying common Juſtice, which, I am perſwaded, was the End and Practice of our Predeceſſors.

JURE

JURE DIVINO:

A

SATYR.

Book VIII.

WONDER no more the Nation's fell a Prey,
To ſtrong Conſolidated Tyranny:
Wonder no more, the Grand Deluſion gain'd,
On the *young World*, to Crime ſo lately chain'd:
Well might the wheedl'd Nations now adore,
When he's their (a) God, *who was their King before*:

(a) The firſt Idol the Devil advanc'd in the World was *Belus*, the Father of *Ninus*; and the Policy of Hell was very remarkable in this, for that *Belus* having been a juſt Prince, and well belov'd; the People were the eaſier deluded into the belief of his Deity, and were the ſooner drawn in to idolize him whom they lov'd here, whoſe Name was ſo familiar to them, and whoſe Memory had obtain'd great Reverence among them.

This was Hell's Maſter-piece for Idolatry; and denying the true God, being the End, the Medium, or who they ſhould worſhip, was not at all material, but one anſwer'd the Devil's Deſign as well as another, and it was only ſignificant to him, to ſet up this or that Prince as God, which would ſooneſt prevail upon the People.

This *Belus* was the Original of the Idol *Baal*, worſhipt afterwards by the ſeveral *Aſiatick* Nations, and which the *Iſraelites* were ſo often deluded into Idolatry by. Temples were afterwards built to him, under the Name of *Jupiter Belus*. Authors differ whether he is the *Saturn* or no, of whom their Gods are ſaid all to proceed:

To his high Name aſcribe myſterious Things,
Father of all the Gods, and all the Kings.

Well might the wheedl'd Nations Homage pay,
Who would not, *if the Gods should rule*, obey?
Monarchs are certain to poſſeſs Mankind,
When their Allegiance and Devotion's join'd:
They that believe their King and God are one,
Are damn'd if *they* ſubmit not to the Crown;
For if Religion and Subjection meet,
Tyrannick Power ſtands on Devotion's Feet.

But common Senſe o'erthrew the vile Deſign,
And blew up Hell it ſelf, without a Mine;
The ſleeping Ages wak'd, th' *Infernal Dream*
Went off, and Reaſon baffled all the Scheme;
Inſtructing Nature made the People Wiſe,
Inſtructing Nature ſhew'd the weak Diſguiſe:
Above a Hundred (*a*) Ages they had been,
Slaves to the (*b*) Devils of th' *Aſſyrian* Line,
Had worſhipp'd Gods and King's o'th Heavenly Hoſt,
And hardly knew which they had bow'd to moſt,
Till high exalted Luſt obtain'd the Crown,
And monſtrous Vice pull'd all this *Babel* down;

Extreams of Crime, Extreams of Change endure,
And make the very Miſchiefs work the Cure.
Sardanapalus (*c*) firſt in Hell's Records,
(*Unnatural Crimes, excite* (*d*) *unnatural Swords.*) With

(*a*) A Hundred Ages, counting 7 Years to an Age, is much within compaſs, for from *Ninus* to *Sardanapalus*, is reckon'd about 27 Kings, ſome of which reign'd a long Time.

(*b*) Devils here are taken for Tyrants, and Princes, who by their Heathen Rites and Worſhip, bow'd to the Devil, and ador'd all Sorts of Gods of their own and the Devil's contriving.

(*c*) He was the firſt Prince that, noted for unnatural Luſt, provok'd his Subjects to take up Arms againſt him.

(*d*) *Unnatural Swords*, meaning, vulgarly eſteem'd ſo, as we call Civil War, an *unnatural War*; ſo it is eſteem'd, in the Language of the Times, *unnatural* for Subjects to draw their Swords againſt their Prince, and were not the Cauſe to interpoſe, it would really be ſo.

With horrid Scenes provok'd the Peoples Rage,
When Blood excites, Blood only can asswage;
Reason from his Infernal Actions prov'd,
He ought not to be fear'd, that ought not to be lov'd;
And all Pretence of Government's in vain,
When once the People can contemn the Man:
The personal Awe preserves the Name of King,
If once they hate *the Man*, they'll slight *the Thing*.
The viler Life cut short the dreadful Reign,
(a) Un-mann'd the King, and then un-king'd the Man:
The Crimes themselves had undeceiv'd Mankind,
When Nature dictates, no Man can be blind.
'Twas so directly opposite to Sense,
Nature expos'd the Impotent Pretence:
They that *his Godship* offer'd to maintain,
When Vice had made him (b) stoop below the Man,
Talkt to (c) *Four hundred thousand Men* in vain:

'Twas

(a) *Sleidan* de Monarchiis, Lib. 1. P. 12. Fuit hic omnium hominum longè effeminatissimus; inter mulierculas perpetuo desidens, colum & lanam tractabat adeo totus immersus voluptatibus ut vix unquam sui conspectum præberet. His rebus alienati ab eo duo quidem ejus præfecti *Belochus* Babyloniæ *Arbaces* autem Medorum facta conjuratione, cum turpitudinem ejus atque mollitiem vulgo traduxissent, Bellum fecerunt. Ipse *cum* suo *Semi-viro Comitatu* vix tandem progressus in aciem re malè Gesta profugit in Regiam & constructa Pyra, se Divitiasque omnes in ignem abjecit, hoc uno facto virum imitatus, ut quidem ait.

Symbol *Sardanapali* fuit:
Ede bibe lude post mortem nulla voluptas.....

(b) The Tyranny of Vice in the Mind, is proper stooping the Man below the Dignity of his Nature, as a Man, and it was particularly exemplified in this Prince, who, as the Quotation above notes, was *hominum effeminatissimus inter mulierculas perpetuo desidens colum & lanam tractabat*, he was so given up to the Company of the Women, that they taught him to work with the Needle, and thus altogether unmann'd himself; besides the rest of his voluptuous Practices, that rendred him odious to Mankind.

(c) The Two Great Officers, *Arbaces* and *Belochus* rais'd 400000 Men against him, and the effeminate Wretch never offered to resist, or to make

'Twas Nonſenſe to ſuppoſe *the Heavenly Race*,
When Man withdrew, and Brute ſupply'd the Place;
The injur'd People *long* had been oppreſt,
Nature call'd out, the Nations wanted Reſt;
Heaven wou'd no more th' *effeminate Monſter* bear,
Both Heaven and Nature mov'd *the Hand* of War;
The Sword of Nations muſt be underſtood,
The Sword of Nature, that, the *Sword of God*.
The early Rule, by ſtated Laws came down,
And he demands, by *them that gave* the Crown:
Tir'd with Oppreſſion, Nature acts by Senſe,
And makes their Reaſon guard their Innocence;
Arms all (*a*) *the Faculties*, and *whets the Mind*,
The Laws of Life, and Nations to defend.
Thus their invaded Freedom they maintain,
Dethron'd the Devil, and (*b*) he dethron'd the Man:
The Sacred Wretch, from Sacred Juſtice fled,
And Great (*c*) *Arbaces* govern'd in his Stead.

Hail

---

make any Effort that Way; he fled to his Palace, where his Wealth and Women were repoſited, and where he after fell a Sacrifice to them both: He knew the Rage of the People grounded upon Juſtice, and raiſed by Oppreſſion, would not be appeaſed, and therefore he early deſpaired, and gave over all Hopes of repelling their Fury.

(*a*) The Conjunction of the Faculties in reſiſting oppreſſive Authority, is no ſmall Indication that it is a natural Principle, and if it be ſo, no Laws of Men can be ſaid juſtly to contradict the Laws of Nature.

(*b*) When the Power and Influence of Sin in bowing the Minds of Men to Bondage and Slavery was overcome, and Reaſon had obtain'd its due Regency in the Souls of Men, even the Devil himſelf would not reſiſt, he ſaw it was in vain to oppoſe common Senſe, and wiſely acquieſc'd.

(*c*) *Arbaces* was General of the *Medes*, under *Sardanapalus*, for *Media* was then but a Province of the *Aſſyrian* Empire, but at the Death of *Sardanapalus*, the *Aſſyrian* Monarchy ended, and was divided, *Arbaces* began the *Meddian*, and *Belochus* the *Perſian*, which were afterwards united again in the Reign of *Darius*, in the Days of the Prophet *Daniel*.

Hail *First Great* (a) *Rebel*, Mould of Civil War,
That durſt in Arms for Liberty appear;
That durſt Erect thy Native Laws of Senſe,
And boldly ſtruggle in their juſt Defence;
That durſt ſuperior Right at firſt obey,
And knew th'invaſive Bounds of Tyranny,
That knew thy due Subjection how to pay,
And when 'twas no more lawful to obey:
To thy bleſt Hand, directed from on High,
We owe the Homage paid to Liberty;
Thou firſt true Patriot of Right and Law
That the ſubjected Nations ever ſaw,
That taught Men firſt in its exalted Senſe,
The undiſputed Right of Self-Defence;
Shew'd them the End of Government and Thrones,
And meaſur'd Space with People and with Crowns,
At what due Diſtance Kings and Subjects ſtand,
How thoſe ſhou'd firſt Obey, and theſe Command;
How far the Sovereign Dignities extend,
When theſe may act the Prince, or thoſe may Liberty defend!

To thy Great Soul inſtructed Nations owe,
The Firſt Example what they ought to do;
And how when Mighty Men Degenerate,
There's none too Great for Juſtice, or for Fate:
The Publick Good's the Life of Publick Power,
And Right to Rule's no Title to Devour:
Hes only juſtly Great who juſtly Reigns,
And as the Tyrant grows, the Right declines;

(a) *Arbaces* is the firſt Inſtance we meet with in Hiſtory, of any Man that took up Arms againſt his Prince, and therefore is ſtiled a Rebel in the vulgar Acceptation of the Word, not that his Action was ever diſallow'd, or the Occaſion judg'd inſufficient.

Juſtice ſupports both Dignity and Name,
And when this fails, the Government goes Lame.

Hail Firſt Reſtorer of Foundation Right,
Thou Great Land-Mark of Property and Might;
(a) Thou Dawn of Liberty, and Spring of Law,
Durſt the Firſt Sword againſt Oppreſſion draw,
Againſt Tyrannick Power's wild Command,
Thou liftedſt up the Firſt Reſiſting-Hand;
Firſt put exalted boundleſs Men in Mind,
They ought to Rule, but not Deſtroy Mankind;
That Reaſon's Laws are higher ſtill than they,
That while they theſe Command, yet they muſt thoſe Obey!
Champion of Nations, Guard of Government,
Terror of early Tyrants——

Be Thou the Maiden Subject of my Pen;
Agent of Juſtice, firſt of wiſeſt Men.
Fancy him, Satyr, of that Hero-Race,
That in our Roll of Honour ſtill takes Place,
And let the Painter give him *William*'s Face.
The (b) ſame the Blood, the Genius, and Deſign,
Conveying Love of Freedom thro' the Line;
Averſe to Tyrants, born to pull them down;
Born both to regulate and wear the Crown.

From

(a) This is rather a Panegyrick upon the Action, than the Perſon of *Arbaces*, the *Median* Prince, ſince no Character of the Man is otherwiſe handed down than this, that he was the Firſt that took Arms againſt the Male Adminiſtration of *Sardanapalus*, and being join'd by *Belochus*, they divided the *Aſſyrian* Empire between them.

(b) The Parable here will ſo far hold good, that both theſe Great Men eſpouſed the Cauſe of Liberty, and to ſet Nations free from Royal Oppreſſions; tho', at the ſame time, I do not liken the late King to *Sardanapalus* in his Crimes at all; the Juſtice due to the Memory of an Enemy, ſhall no more be forgotten here, than to their Crimes.

From thy fierce Hand, see how the Murth'rer (a) flies,
Guilt in his Soul, and Terror in his Eyes;
Covets to yield obscure his noxious Breath,
And basely seeks to die, for fear of (b) Death:
Afraid to meet his injur'd Subjects Rage;
Strives with his Blood, their Vengeance to assuage;
Owns, by his Flight, the Justice of their Hate,
And in his Burning-Dome he seeks his Fate:
The guilty trembling Wretch afraid of Shame,
And he that liv'd in (c) Fire, expires in Flame.

The Laws of Nature thus o'er Power prevail'd,
Freedom took Place, and Usurpation fail'd,
Stoopt low to Justice, and *Arbaces* Sword.
Arbaces, *William* like, the Land restor'd:
Tyrannick Power receiv'd its mortal Wound,
And Government began to know some Bound;
Nations inform'd, their Duty understood,
And (d) limited their Princes by the Publick Good:

The

(a) *Sardanapalus* was so dispirited at his own Guilt, and the general Defection of his Subjects, that he offered no Resistance, but shut himself up in his own Palace, and setting it on Fire, acted all the Extreams of Fear and Despair.

(b) To die by our own Hands, is to die for fear of Death; and certainly all Self-Murthers, and Desperations, are the Effects of Fear.

(c) The Heat of an unbridled Lust, and vitious Appetite, I think, is not unjustly represented as a Fire, and innumerable Instances will justifie it.

(d) The *Median* Government was certainly a Compact between *Arbaces* and the People, for Conditions of Rule, and the mention we have in Scripture, of the Laws of the *Medes*, *Dan. 6. In the Reign of* Darius *the* Median, *and the Posterity of* Arbaces, which were unalterable, plainly confirms it to me; for if such a Law was fixt, which was unalterable, then it was not in the Power of the Prince to alter it, by consequence it was superior to his Power, if so he was limitted by it, and might be limitted in Government, or he could be so in nothing.

The Kings of *Media* did certainly submit to Rule by Laws and Statutes made by the People, not the King.

The Sovereign Law of Reason thought it fit,
And *Median* Kings (*a*) disdain'd not to submit:
When Kings submit to Rules of Government,
'Tis not Submission, truly, but Consent.
He that wou'd Reign, but Reign without a Rule,
Conceals the Magistrate, and shows the Fool;
Since would he summon up his Common Sense,
And read the Laws of Nature,

——————————*Self-Defence*,

He'd find no People wou'd the Bondage bear,
One Moment longer than oblig'd by Fear:
Nature wou'd certainly depose that Power,
That given to save was practis'd to devour.

(*a*) And thus the Limitation of Power and Superiority of Laws in matters of Government, have an Original in the very early Ages of the World, and the Holy Text gives such an Instance of the limited Power of Kings, and their Subjection to the Laws of their own making, that I know no Instances in the World can come up to it; and I have chosen to make no Paraphrase in the Verse upon this Subject, but leave it in plain Words, for all Mens Understanding.

The Princes and Rulers under *Darius*, the *Median* King, having resolv'd the Destruction of the Prophet *Daniel*, laid their Contrivance thus to get a Law made, that no Man should pray to any God, or make any Request to any Man, but to the King, for such a Time, *Dan.* 6. 7. Now knowing that *Darius* was so fond of *Daniel*, that he would not be directly prevail'd upon to hurt him, they form this Project, and tender it to the King in their Council, or Assembly, or Parliament, and they bring in a *Bill of Occasional Conformity*, and desire the King *to pass it*, not discovering their persecution Design against the Innocent, who they certainly knew would not omit his Duty, and, consequently, would fall into the Snare.

That this was a National Law, or Act of Parliament, the Text is happily particular in, *v.* 7. *all the Presidents of the Kingdoms, Governours, Princes*, there's their House of Lords, *Counsellors, and Captains*, there's their House of Commons, *consulted together, to establish a Royal Statute.* Where I observe,

1. To make a Statute, requir'd the assembling and consulting of the Princes, Counsellors, Great Men, *&c.* as well as the King, so that Legislation was thus early vested in the Persons to be govern'd.

2. The King had nothing to do, but to approve and sign the Decree, the making it, and consulting about it, requir'd the assembling the Heads of the People.

2. When

3. When the Parliament, or Assembly of Princes, and Counsellors, had made a Law, and the King had sign'd it, even the King himself could not alter it; so that the making of Laws was in the People, and when made, they will be superior even to the King himself.

4. Nay, the King had not Power, after a Law was made, so much as to suspend its Execution on the Criminal: All which are deducible directly from the Example of the Prophet.

Nor is the King's signing this Decree, or Statute, left here to his arbitrary Choice, but the Text is plain.

The Princes, Counsellors, *&c. assemble together to the King*, v. 6. that is, in our Parliament-Terms, both Houses join'd in an Address to his Majesty; for the Reason of his passing this Law, they tell him, *They have all consulted together*, or because they have all consulted..... as appears by the very next Words.

v. 8. *Now, O King, establish the Decree, and sign the Writing*, or, in our Phrase, Since both Houses have unanimously pass'd this Act, we hope your Majesty will not refuse your Royal Assent, for we have all consulted together about it.

And to confirm this, and prove that it is no forc't Construction, see the next Words, *v.* 9. *WHEREFORE King* Darius *signed the Writing, and the Decree*, even for that Reason.

Now observe the Treatment these People gave their King, upon the ripening of the Plot. They find *Daniel* praying, as they knew before they should, at the Window of his Chamber looking towards *Jerusalem*, as was the Custom of their Country, from the Words of *Solomon*, in the Dedication of the Temple, *Hearken thou to the Supplication of thy People* Israel, *when they shall pray towards this Place*, 1 Kings 8. 30. away they go to the King, and first demand a Recognition of the Law from him, *v.* 12. *Then they came near, and spake before the King, concerning the King's Decree, Hast thou not signed a Decree, that every Man that shall ask a Petition of any God or Man, within thirty Days, save of thee, O King, shall be cast into the Den of Lions.*

Well, says the King, I have, and you know when it is done, I cannot undo it, but, *According to the Law of the* Medes *and* Persians, *it altereth not.* Then they tell him the Story of *Daniel*, how he had not regarded the Law, nor the King's signing it, *v.* 13th.

Now observe the King's Conduct, *v.* 15. *then the King, when he heard these things, was sore displeased with himself*, i. e. for passing such a Law unadvisedly, without making some *Proviso*, or Exception, for his belov'd *Daniel, and he set his Heart on* Daniel, *to deliver him, and he labour'd to the going down of the Sun to deliver him.* This Passage is a most significant Expression of the Extremity of the King's Affairs, and how he labour'd between the Affection he had for the Prophet, and his Respect for the Law.

He labour'd till Sun set, where we may suppose, *I believe, without any Arrogance*, that he labour'd by perswading the Great Men to spare him; it is plain he did not labour with himself to be willing and easie to deliver him up, but the Words are express, *he labour'd to deliver him.*

Note here, the King had no dispensing Power, the Criminal the Law condemns, must be executed, even the King himself could not reprieve him.

And tho' the King suspended the Execution but one Day, see the Unweariness and Clamour is raised, *THEN*, that is at the going down of the Sun, *these Men assembled unto the King.* Now mark the Emphasis, they

The bold *Assyrian*, (a) First in the Essay,
Sunk in the new Attempt of Tyranny,
He First the black degenerate Project tried,
The First in the Attempt, and First that died.

Nor died alone, Empire it self gave way,
Usurpt Dominion fell, the strong Decay,
The just Resentment of an injur'd Nation,
Vast in Effort, as vast the Provocation:

Stopt

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do not come with another humble Address to his Majesty, that the Laws might be put in Execution, but they come with a Claim of Right, *KNOW, O KING, that the Laws of the* Medes *and* Persians *is, that no Decree, or Statute, which the King establisheth may be changed*, as if they had said, Sir we come to demand our Rights and Liberties, according to the known Laws of this Land, and to tell you Sir, that to dispence with the Laws of the Land is illegal, and is not in your Power. The King took their meaning presently, and knowing he could not contend with them, or in meer Veneration to the most Sacred Authority of the Law, gives them no Answer, but delivers up *Daniel* to their Mercy.

His Concern for him when he was in his Enemies Hands, appears, *v.* 18. *Then the King went to his Palace, and passed the Night fasting, neither were the Instruments of Musick brought before him, and his Sleep went from him.* Here's his Concern for him illustrated farther, by his running to the Den of Lyons, in the Morning, to know how it had far'd with him: His Joy at his Knowledge of his Deliverance; and his severe Revenge upon his Accusers, as may be seen at large, *v.* 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24.

Here's an Original Monarch, whose sacred absolute Power and Dominion could not save a Favourite from the Force of the Law, tho' falsly accused. Here is the due Sovereignty of the Law so acknowledg'd, and so recognised, as no Prince in *Europe* could stoop to.

Not King *Charles* the First parted with his beloved *Strafford*; not *Charles* the Second with the *Habeas Corpus* Act and *Star-Chamber*; not King *James* with his Crown or King *William* with his Life-Guards, with a fortieth Part of the Reluctance; but the Law was pass'd, and the King had no Power to alter or suspend it.

Thus the Superiority of the Law, to Kingly Power, was acknowledg'd in the *Median* and *Persian* Monarchy, and King *Darius*, tho' as potent a Prince as most that ever reign'd, vail'd his Crown to the Regency of Law, and acknowledg'd himself unable to alter it, or suspend its Execution.

(a) We find no Account of the Tyrannies of any of the *Assyrian* Monarchs, till this of *Sardanapalus*, from whence, I presume him at least the First that made such a horrible Figure on the Throne, and that carried his Lusts and Luxury to such a Height, as made the People abhor him, and take Arms.

Stopt not at one effeminate Prince's Fall,
Too great the Miſchief, and the (a) Cure too ſmall;
Their (b) juſter Aims at higher Objects lie,
Not to kill Tyrants, but the Tyranny:
Sardanapalus was indeed the Name,
But 'Twas Oppreſſion's ſelf burnt in the Royal Flame:
Tyrannick Power extended lay and dead,
And mighty (c) Reaſon govern'd in its ſtead.

Nor cou'd the Monarchy do leſs than die,
Stabb'd with the poiſon'd Steel of Tyranny,
The ſtrong revolving Force of Right and Law,
When once erect, Pow'r muſt of Courſe withdraw:
Thus fell the Phantoſm of a Right Divine,
And (d) Tyranny it ſelf o'erthrew the Line.

The

(a) It had been of ſmall Advantage to the People, to have dethron'd *Sardanapalus* only, and then have ſubmitted to the Tyranny of his Poſterity, and therefore ſome have thought that he did not wilfully burn himſelf in his Palace, tho' Authors all ſay ſo, but that being encloſed in his Palace, by *Arbaces*, and his Forces, the Houſe was fir'd in the Aſſault, either by the Soldiers, or by Accident, and that as he wou'd not ſuffer the People to come in, fearing their Fury to his Perſon, ſo they would not ſuffer him to come out, or to make his Eſcape, and by this Obſtinacy on both Sides, he periſhed with all his Wealth, Family, and Poſterity.

(b) Upon his Death, the Empire divided between *Belochus* and *Arbaces*, the *Median* Empire began in *Arbaces*, which was not an Empire of arbitrary Power, as the other, but a Capitulation between *Arbaces* and the People.... and the *Median* Laws, famous in Scripture, are the firſt we read of among the *Heathen* World, which, unleſs they were *Poſtulata*'s of Government, 'twill be hard for any to aſſign what they were for.

(c) The ſucceeding Kings of *Aſſyria* reign'd with much more Conduct, after this, than before; and *Senacherib*, noted for the Firſt Tyrant met with a Fate ſuitable to his Wickedneſs; and as the *Aſſyrian* Kings deviated into Tyranny, they dwindled away in Strength, and the *Median*, a meer limited Monarchy, at laſt prevail'd over them, and united them into one a ſecond time.

(d) Their own Tyranny was always the Overthrow of the Princes that fell, for it is obſervable, the People never, or very rarely, riſe againſt juſt Princes; 'tis Oppreſſion, not Juſtice, that makes Subjects uneaſie.

The *Assyrian* forfeited the Sacred Name,
Calcin'd his (a) Gold, and Golden-Title, in the Flame;
In (b) Ignominious Death resign'd his Crown,
To that just Power that did his Crimes dethrone;
Reason, the Agent of the Power Divine,
Fixt there the (c) Period of the *Assyrian* Line;
The First *Memento Mori* in the State,
T'admonish Tyrants of their certain Fate,
To tell them timely what they must expect,
Who Nature's Light, and Reason's Laws reject.
Arbaces next the *Median* Scepter sway'd,
By Law he rul'd, and they by Law obey'd;
The *Median* Justice knew no Right Divine,
They rul'd by Native Merit, not by Line:
For Justice 'twas the *Median* Sword he drew;
For Justice always was the Subjects due:
That Sword *Arbaces* first, the Tyrants awe,
Erected *Median* Right in *Median* Law:
'Twas he that taught Men that 'twas Nature's due,
When they're oppress, th' Oppressors to pursue,
And Sixteen *Median* Monarchs own'd it true,
That Kings their Subjects Freedom shou'd defend,
But when they Tyrannize, their Power must end;
That Liberty's the just Intent of Peace,
The only Standard publick Happiness;

The

(a) 'Tis said of *Sardanapalus*, that he burnt all the Treasure he had amass'd, by his infinite Oppressions, with himself in his Palace.

(b) It was Ignominious Death, because *Felo de se*, he destroyed himself, (if he did it wilfully) for fear of the Justice of *Arbaces*, and of the Just Resentments of his People.

(c) The *Assyrian* Line ended in *Sardanapalus*, as is noted above, according to *Sleidan*.

Hi Duo præfecti Monarchiam post inter se partiuntur, & Belochus *quidem* Babylonis, Arbaces *vero Medorum atq; Persarum Rex factus est.* Sleidan *de Monarchiis Lib.* 1, P. 12.

The Birthright of the World, with Life bestow'd,
Which most Men will defend, and all Men shou'd.

Nebuchadnezzar, next in Blood and State,
From Great *Arbaces*, how Degenerate!
Concurring Providence the People join,
And quite demolisht all his Right Divine,
Th' Insatiate Tyrant prov'd the ample Jest,
They turn'd him (*a*) Grazing, when he (*b*) turn'd a Beast:
Nature, in Lines, that all the World might read,
Had put a *Non sum Dignus* on his Head,
To let us know, that Kings, when they decline,
Are no more Kings..... The Person's not Divine:
The Merit only all the Sanction brings,
Tyrants their Title lose, and are no longer Kings.

(*c*) *Cambyses* then the costly Method tried,
And all the Rules of Humane Rule defied,

(*a*) *Quam horrendo spectaculo Deus & exemplo superbiam ejus, ut* Daniel *ait, sit ultus, operæ pretium est, ut cum omnes Mortales, tum Reges Imprimis ac Viri principes diligenter legant, & considerent, quo videlicet Majestatem Divinam revereantur, & officium suum erga populum sibi Commissum faciant.* Sleid. *de Mon. Lib.* 1. *P.* 20.

(*b*) 'Tis allow'd, he was depriv'd of his Reason by his intollerable Pride, and the People of Course dismist him from the Government as a mad Man; and 'tis a Proof, that when Monarchs turn Mad, and Brutal, their being depriv'd of a Capacity to Govern, authorises the People to dismis them from the Administration.

(*c*) *Cambyses*, the last successive Prince of the new Race of the *Persian* Monarchs, prov'd a Murtherer, and a horrible Tyrant.

History relates him Mad, some think it was but Furious rather; having murthred his Brother, and Sister, and several of the *Persian* Nobility, and finding them resolv'd to revenge the Excesses of such a Tyrant, he wounded himself with a poisoned Sword, and died in his Expedition to *Egypt*; see an Abridgment of his Wickedness, in the Notation upon *Sleidan de Monarchiis*.

Cambyses *secundus Monarcha Persarum, Patri suo Cyro dissimilimus fuit, ebriosus, iracundus, Crudelis & Incestuosus: Reprehensus* a Prexaspi *propter continuam*

But gorg'd with Blood and Incest quickly found,
His Throne uſurpt, and the Uſurper crown'd;
Oppreſt with Tyrants Nature rouz'd by Force,
To ſtop Deſtruction in its early Courſe,
The injur'd People, *People injur'd muſt,*
Or to their Native Rights they'd be unjuſt,
Took the ſtrong Reins of Government in Hand,
And *wiſer (a) Magi* ſoon reſtor'd the Land;
Concurring Juſtice gave the Nations reſt,
The Monarchs, not the Monarchy ſuppreſt;
The Tyrants they diſſolv'd, but not the Crown,
They pull'd the Miſchief, not the Manner down;
Juſtice the hated Tyrants will diſown,
And Laws of Nature ſupercede a Throne.

Satyr give Teſtimony to (*b*) *the Name,*
And let thy Lines record their ancient Fame;
How they depos'd Deſpotick Power by Force,
But ſtill retain'd juſt Government in Courſe;
Nor did Ambition, Luſt of Rule or Pride,
In their untainted Cabinet preſide,
Unbyaſs'd Juſtice govern'd their Deſign,
Their Government was really Divine;
And tho' they ſtrove with their encroaching Lord,
They both the Laws and Monarchy reſtor'd:

'Twas

---

continuam Ebrietatem, Filii ejus Cor ſagitta transfixit, ac illud Patri oſtendens dixit, ſe etiam Ebrium *bene ſagittare poſſe. Occidit fratrem* ſimerdim *ſororem* Meroen, *& octo Perſarum proceres vivos in caput defodit. Interrogavit Juriſconſultos Perſarum.* An ſibi Licitum eſſet propriam ſororem ducere, *illi reſpondere,* Nullam quidem talem legem apud Cerſas extare, ſed tamen aliam, qua regi quod libeat, liceat.

Tandem furioſus cum equum conſcenderet, Evaginato ſua ſponte Gladio, ſeipſum vulneravit, atq; ita Obiit. Not. Sleid. *Mon. Lib.* I. P. 26.

(*a*) That the *Magi* govern'd in the Abſence of *Cambyſes,* Authors agree, and tho' they were afterwards ſlain, yet they laid the true Foundation of the Peoples Liberty, and the Election of *Darius* was a Demonſtration of it.

(*b*) The Name of the *Magi.*

'Twas Native Right did all their Laws maintain,
This Right reſtor'd the King, but not the Man.

Juſtice directed, Choice ſhould Fame obey,
And thus return'd directed Monarchy,
Nature to proper Channels Things reſtor'd,
And People bow'd to their (*a*) Elected Lord.

Satyr, to leſs remote Examples come,
And ſearch Precedents in politer *Rome*:
Rome, who for Conqueſt to the World was ſent,
The Standard of exacteſt Government;
Famous for Pow'r, for Order, and for Law,
By which they kept the conquer'd World in Awe,
Subordination kept alive the State,
For no Men better ſerv'd the Magiſtrate;
Their Government we never find betray'd,
None better rul'd, and better none obey'd;
Their Kings knew how to Reign, their Subjects ſaw
The Reaſon and the Benefit of Law.
Juſtice and Vertue Regal Power began,
Juſtice and Vertue Regal Power maintain,
Without them Power's inverted and in vain:
For Power to Violence inclin'd muſt ceaſe,
And Violence it ſelf, will bring the World to Peace.

Tarquin this State Ænigma well explain'd,
Securely he, as long as juſtly, reign'd,
Till Chaſt *Lucretia*'s Rape, the *Roman* Scepter ſtain'd;
From the firſt Minute of the hateful Fact,
His ſuperſeded Juſtice ceas'd to act.

The

(*a*) *Darius*, the Son of *Hyſtaſpes* was elected King of the *Perſians*, by the known Stratagem of this Horſe neighing at the riſing of the Sun, this was an allowing, that upon the Ceſs of a Succeſſion, it was in the People to chuſe their own Monarch.

The People ſtartled at the horrid Crime,
A Fact unknown to *Romans*:
From that Time
They'd no more Homage, no juſt Tribute bring,
The Tyrant once commenc'd, they knew no King.
Tarquin the *Roman* Chaſtity abus'd;
Tarquin, the *Romans* for that Deed, refus'd:
The free born *Romans* ſcorn the hateful Crime,
Too black for Verſe, and too obſcene for Rhime.

Brutus demands, *Brutus they thought a* (a) *Fool*,
If Raviſhers could e'er be fit to Rule:
He askt, but none could make the juſt Reply,
How he could Reign, that had deſerv'd to die.

Arm'd with juſt Rage, juſt Rage inſpir'd their Zeal,
They all the Laws of Government repeal;
Depos'd the very Blood, expell'd the Race,
And all the Marks of Family Deface.
Such Horror fill'd the Generous *Roman* State,
The (b) Blood of *Tarquin* felt a *Tarquin*'s Fate,
Such

(a) When *Tarquin* had committed the Rape upon *Lucretia*, *Brutus*, who was before counted but a mean-ſpirited Fellow, of no Parts, began to make the firſt Exclamation againſt *Tarquin*, and never ſuffered the *Romans* to reſt, till they had entred into a ſolemn Oath to revenge her Death.

Sextus Tarquinius *honeſtam Matronam* Lucretiam *per Vim ſtupraſſet & illa vindicandæ Caſtitatis ergo ſeipſam interfeciſſet ſtatim ſecuta fuit defectio autore imprimis* Junio Bruto. Tarquinio *in Exilium pulſo*, Romani *ſanctiſſimo Sacramento ſe obſtrinxerunt, neminem impoſterum* Romæ *regnare Paſſuros: ita abrogata Monarchia Inſtituerunt libertatem.* Sleid. *de Mon. Lib.* 1. Echard's Rom. *Hiſt. Vol.* 1.

(b) The Hatred of the *Romans* againſt the Family of *Tarquin*, was ſuch, that they would never after name any of their Children *Tarquin*, but abhorr'd the very Name, and *Junius Brutus*, who, upon the Alteration of the Government, was made Conſul, executed Juſtice upon his own Sons, and

Such deep Revenge purſu'd the hateful Act;
Their Memory grew nauſeous as the Fact;
No Man would ever give his Son the Name,
For Blood abhor'd, and for that Luſt, *Infame:*
It 'wou'd a certain Mark of Scandal ſhow,
Tarquin wou'd then ha' been, as *Judas* now.

Unhappy (a) *Collatin*, whoſe juſter Fame,
Sunk in the meer Misfortune of the Name,
Whoſe bright unſpotted Vertue felt a Blow,
The *Roman* Rage, at *Tarquin*'s Crime to ſhow;
That fell a Sacrifice of pop'lar Heat,
And in the very Name receiv'd a Fate,
Tho' ne'er was better Man, or Magiſtrate.

Yet *Tarquin* was of *Rome*'s moſt Sacred Line,
And had, *if ever King had*, Right Divine.

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and ſtood himſelf upon the Judgment-Seat, and ſaw them put to Death, for conſpiring to reſtore the Family of *Tarquin* to the Throne.

Quedam etiam nomina populo exoſa adeoq; perpetua quaſi obliviene damnantur, quo Conſilio Brutus *Collegam ſuum* Tarquinium *Collatinam urbe expulit non propter aliam cauſam quam ut exoſum* Tarquinorum *Nomen peuiturez Memoria* Romana *tolleretur. Notit.* Sleid. *de Mon. P.* 50.

(a) The Name of *Tarquin* was ſo odious to the People, upon this Occaſion, that *Tarquinius Collatinus*, *Brutus* his *Collegue*, or Fellow-*Conſul*, was put out and expell'd the City, tho' otherwiſe a vertuous and innocent Man, only becauſe his Name was *Tarquin*. Vide the following Quotations.

Collegæ quoq; ſuo, Tarquinio Collatino *imperium abrogabat, qui fuerat Socius in expellendis Regibus, & Conſiliorum etiam adjutor.*

Idq; Cicero *defendit, ut juſte factum, & Patriæ tum utile, tum honeſtum fuiſſe dicit, ut Nomen* Tarquiniorum, *& Memoria regni tolleretur.*

Hoc Bruti *factum ſcelus* Tarquinium *vero bonum & innocentem Virum nominat.* Sleid. *de Mon. Lib.* 1. P. 50.

From (a) *Romulus*, by Fate preſerv'd, he ſway'd,
That Government, whom all the World obey'd:
In juſt Deſcent, and primo-genial Claim,
His Royal Blood flow'd with unmingled Stream;
No Dormant Title waited there to try,
The ſtrong Diſpute of his Authority;
No Rival envied him the *Roman* Crown,
Twas *Tyrant Tarquin* pull'd *King Tarquin* down:
Nothing but Crime unfitted him to Reign,
And Crime *once ruling him*, he rul'd in vain.
Rapes and Oppreſſions overthrew his Right,
And ſunk his ruin'd Kingdom in his Sight.
Th' Oppreſſor forfeited his Crown and Life,
And both were ſtabb'd, at once, by Chaſt *Lucretia*'s Khife:
The injur'd Matron's Blood, due Vengeance calls,
And (b) Tyrant *Tarquin*, a juſt Victim falls.

Enquire no more, how *Julius Cæſar fell*,
And Seeond (c) *Brutus* ſtrove *Rome*'s Bondage to expel:

What

(a) The 7th King from *Romulus*, the Founder of the *Roman* State, and Builder of the *Roman* Kingdom. *Romulus* the 1ſt, the 2d, *Numa Pompilius*, the 3d, *Tullius Hoſtilius*, the 4th, *Ancus Martius*, the 5th, *Tullius Tarquinius Priſcus*, the 6th, *Servius Tullius*, the 7th, and laſt, *Tarquinius Superbus*, the Father of *Sextus Tarquinius*, that raviſh'd *Lucretia*, and for whoſe Rape, the Father eſpouſing his Son, and himſelf alſo a very great Tyrant, was depoſed, the Monarchy diſſolved, and the *Roman* Government turn'd into a Common-Wealth, the beſt regulated, at firſt, that ever the World ſaw.

(b) *Tarquin* the *Proud*, the Father of *Tarquin* that raviſhed *Lucretia*, was a Tyrant, and deſtroyed the *Roman* Liberty. *Vide Notit.* Sleid. *Lib.* 1. *P.* 48. Tarquinius *ſuperbus*, *qui regnum in Tyrannidem convertit & optimates omni autoritate ſpoliavit.*

So that the Fury of the People was ſtill juſt, in dethroning the Father, tho' he was not actually guilty of the Rape of *Lucretia*; and one fell for his Luſt, the other for his Tyranny.

(c) *Junius Brutus*, was the Depoſer of *Tarquin*, another *Junius Brutus* was the principal Contriver and Manager of the Aſſaſſination of *Julius Caſar*,

What tho' by different Means it was procur'd,
This by the (a) Dagger, that the Peoples Sword.
Equal the Crimes, equal the Cauſe of Hate,
This *Chaſt Lucretia* raviſh'd, (b) THAT THE STATE:
THIS Tyrant only *Infant Rome* oppreſt,
THAT *Rome*, and all the *Roman* World diſtreſt.

Nor trace we all the *Roman* Monſters here,
That roſe and fell, by Tumult, Blood and War:
From their alternate Heads they ſnatcht the Crown,
(c) Fools ſet them up, and Mad-men pull'd them down.
Poſſeſſion was the utmoſt Right they knew,
The Legions that maintain'd it, gave it too:
The *Juſs Divinum*, juſt as long remain'd,
As Force could keep, what they by Force obtain'd.
(d) Thus Six and thirty Bullies gain'd a Crown;
Thus Six and thirty Tyrants they pull'd down.

Succeſſive

(a) The Aſſaſſination of Princes, is not at all argued from hence; yet all agree, that *Brutus* acted, in this, from the ſame Principle that *Junius Brutus* acted before, when he cauſed his own Son to be executed, for attempting to enſlave the Common-Wealth; and, according to the Notions of Government in thoſe Days, it was eſteem'd a juſt and lawful Method; a Tyrant, for ſuch *Cæſar* was, and one that had ſubdued the Common-Wealth by Force, being eſteem'd as a mad Dog, that every one ought to deſtroy, and give no Law to: And *Brutus*, who had been extreamly oblig'd by *Cæſar*, could not act from any other Principle, for 'tis plain, by the Conſequences, neither he, nor any of the Conſpirators, attempted to ſet themſelves up in *Cæſar*'s Place, but their Deſign appear'd to be purely to reſtore the *Roman* Liberty.

(b) That the State, i. e. *Cæſar* had raviſh'd the *Romans* of their Virgin Liberty, and brought them under the abſolute Subjection of his Power, ruling by his Legions, and the Violence of the Soldiery, as in *Gaul*, *Britain*, and all thoſe Weſtern Parts of the World.

(c) The depoſing and killing the *Roman* Emperors, would be endleſs to innumerate; no Man can pretend they had any Divine Right, who were, moſt of them of mean Birth, and proclaim'd by the Soldiery.

(d) *Valentinian*, the Son of a Roper; *Jovian*, of mean Birth, and a Foot-Soldier, and the like, they came in by Force, and were driven out by Force, and Six and thirty of them were murther'd by one another.

Succeſſive Violence o'er-run the Age;
The Town a Shambles, and the Throne a Stage.

See to what wild Exceſſes Nature runs,
When Vertue dies, and Vice poſſeſſes Crowns;
When Kings to lawleſs Rule lay furious Claims,
And drive the injur'd People to Extreams:
Rapes, Murthers, Violence, and Fury here,
Aſſaſſinations, Death, and Tumult there;
All Things to general Ruin ſeem to haſte,
And future Miſchief's ripen'd by the paſt.

Satyr, the Sovereign Juſtice let's adore,
And view the Fate of Mad-men crown'd with Power.
(a) *Juſtinian* gorg'd with Blood, with Fury blind,
Bent to deſtroy the World, and blaſt Mankind;
With Rage and Death, his wild Deſires inflam'd,
Againſt the World, his Rage and Death proclaim'd:
(b) He ſcorn'd clandeſtine Murther, and the Fate,
Of here and there a little Magiſtrate,
His Talent lay in Maſſacre and Blood,
Not running down in Rivers, but a Flood.
Imperial Cities he at once condemn'd,
And leſs than general Miſchiefs he contemn'd.

(a) Depos'd,

(a) This was not *Juſtinian* the Great, but *Juſtinian* the IId. Emperor of the Eaſt, Succeſſor to *Conſtantine* IV. the greateſt Tyrant the World ever ſaw, in his Deſign, and indeed, the very Deſtroyer of the *Roman* Empire.

(b) After he had murthred abundance of his Servants and Friends, ſuffered his own Mother to be inſulted and whipt by *Stephen* a *Perſian*, Surveyour of his Works; who cauſed abundance of his poor Labourers to be put to Death, whenever they did not pleaſe him; hang'd up ſeveral of the Nobility by the Heels, and tormented them, and murthred others: This Way of Deſtruction being too narrow for the Compaſs of his bloody Deſigns, he reſolv'd to finiſh it at once, by a general Maſſacre of all the Inhabitants of his Imperial City of *Conſtantinople*.

(a) Depos'd, and by the injur'd Subjects ſtay'd,
His bloody Hand by Force his Fate obey'd;
In juſt Contempt was Stigmatiz'd, and ſent
To learn his own Miſtakes in Baniſhment.
Too mild (b) *Leontius*, that by halves redeem'd,
And acted leſs the Saviour than he ſeem'd:
Had he the Tyrant's Fate ſecur'd, and paid
The Debt of Blood, and Nature's Laws obey'd,
The *Cherſoneſan* Plains had ne'er been ſtain'd,
With Blood of Nations ~~ſlain~~:

Juſtinian, ſo the *Roman* Fates agreed,
To Empire does a ſecond Time ſucceed;
Swell'd with redoubled Vengeance he returns,
His Breaſt with Terrors and Reſentment burns;
Reſolv'd the double Tyrant to diſplay,
And all the Debt of Ten Years Exile pay.

(a) The People having ſome Intelligence of his Deſign, apply themſelves to *Leontius*, whom he had made General of his Army in *Greece*, and having given him his Inſtructions, ordered him to be gone the next Day, but the true Deſign was, to have him out of the Way.

(b) *Leontius* finding how Matters went, and mov'd by the Entreaties of the Citizens, taking his Guards with him, ſurpriz'd the Emperor's Guards, and afterwards himſelf, and deliver'd him to the People, who condemn'd him to have his Noſe mutilated, or ſlit, and to be baniſhed to the *Pontick Cherſoneſus*.

Apſimarius, who afterwards was Emperor, wrote to the People of *Cherſoneſus*, to kill him, which they, deteſting him for his Tyranny, intended to have done, but he, having Intelligence of it, made his Eſcape.

In his Eſcape, being in danger of drowning, 'tis ſaid, ſome of thoſe about him propoſed to him to make a Vow to God Almighty, that if he would pleaſe to ſpare him from drowning, and reſtore him to his Power, he would forgive all his Enemies: To which, in a Rage he reply'd, *No, may God drown me this Moment, rather than oblige me to ſpare One of them.*

Whether he ſaid the Words or no, he manifeſted it to be his Temper, for God, for the Sins of the *Roman* Empire, permitting him to recover the Imperial-Purple, like other Tyrants, was the worſe for his Afflictions.

His (a) mutilated Face, and murther'd Friends,
Excite the unheard Mischiefs he intends;
Gives a Pretence to his Ingendring Lust,
And pleases him to think his Vengeance just.

Not pers'nal Rage, to single Heads extends,
He murthers Nations, and dispeoples Lands:
Sends his directed Legions to devour,
And make whole Kingdoms sink beneath his Power.
The *Chersonesans* feel his mighty Hate;
Th' abandon'd Plains made waste and desolate:
The numerous Cities spoil'd; the Thousands slain,
The Monuments of barbarous Rage remain.

Nor satisfy'd with half a Million slain;
Griev'd and uneasie at the Few remain;
Tho' (b) Sev'nty thousand more the Waves devour,
He scorns to let a Wretch survive his Power.

(c) Rouze Nature! when a Tyrant knows no Bounds,
'Tis then his Fury all his Will confounds:

The

(a) Every Time he had occasion to blow his Nose, he fell into a violent Passion at his Subjects, and in revenge for his Mutilation, would often cause some or other of them to be put to Death.

But his most violent Barbarity was against the poor Inhabitants of the *Pontick Chersonesus*, of whom he remembred that they deligur'd, as he had been told to murther him, or deliver him up to *Apsimarius*.

To be reveng'd of them, he sent an Army among them, with Orders to make a universal Massacre of them, without regard to Age or Sex, which was perform'd to the utmost, in a most horrible Manner.

(b) Seventy thousand of them were put on board his Ships, to be slain in the Emperor's sight, for his Diversion, but Heaven reliev'd them by a kinder Storm, in which, the Ships being cast away, they were all drowned.

(c) Not satisfied yet, he sent a second Army to lay waste the whole Country, and this rous'd Nature, as is noted; the poor Remnant fly to Arms, and calling in *Philippicus* to their Aid, they take shipping, and sail directly to *Constantinople*, and circumventing the Tyrant, dethrone him, and afterwards pursuing him, cut off his Head.

☞ *The Readers of this Story would do well to tell us what these People deserv'd for using the Lord's Anointed in such a manner.*

The *Cherſoneſan* Remnant muſt repay,
Some Blood for Blood, *Juſtinian* led the Way.
The paſſive Wretches ſaw their Country void,
Their Towns laid waſte, their Families deſtroy'd:
Their Prayers and Tears had all been made in vain;
Th' Inſatiate Tyrant hunts the Few remain:
Late Wiſdom calls upon them in the Fright,
Bids them leave off to Mourn, and learn to Fight:
Nature gives Arms, and juſt Revenge inflames,
And now the Tyrant's coming Fate proclaims.
Purſued with Guilt, a ſecond Time he flies,
Abandon'd to Deſpair, yields to his Fate and dies.

So Heav'n Decrees, and Nations own it juſt,
When Juſtice calls to arm, *the People muſt*;
They muſt the Sword of juſt Revenge diſplay,
And when they do, all Tyrants muſt obey.

Nothing's ſo vile, ſo cowardly, and baſe,
Carries Deſpair ſo open in his Face;
So deſpicable, ſo contemn'd and curſt,
As a disbanded Tyrant, from his Throne divorc'd;
To their own Paſſions they're a certain Prey,
And no Men hang themſelves ſo ſoon as they:
When by the Peoples Juſtice they're purſu'd,
And wait the Mercies of the Multitude:
He muſt have *brazen Walls about his Heart*,
Or act by ſome new undiſcover'd Art,
That can the Preſence of his Soul command,
And ſo much Guilt, and ſo much Danger too, withſtand.

Satyr pay Homage to revolving Fate,
And view *Rome*'s Empire's now (*a*) declining State;
How to invading Nations made a Prey,
The *Roman* Conquests foreign Lords obey.

(*b*) *France* yields to Hoards of overturning *Gauls*,
And barbarous Nations (*c*) storm th' Imperial Walls:
(*d*) The *Vandals* stretch the wide *Cantabrian* Plain,
And (*e*) *Suevian* Troops embrace declining *Spain*;
And these again to (*f*) new Invasions bow,
And wilder Troops their Kingdoms overthrow:

Franks

(*a*) The *Roman* Empire began manifestly to decline, after the removing the Imperial Seat to *Constantinople*, and was many times over-run with the barbarous Nations of the North. *Puffendorf*, in his Introduction to the History of *Europe*, argues very well, that the Constitution of the *Roman* Empire being settled, after it became a Monarchy, upon the precarious Will of the Souldiery, could not be of any long continuance, but prepar'd the Way for its own Ruin: And, I must add, it justified the Right of possessing it, to any Power that could seize upon it, by its own Practice; by these Invasions of Foreigners, the Empire was first weakened, and, at last, entirely reduced, as particularly by the *Germans* and *Goths*, who in prodigious Numbers came from their cold and poor Habitations, to change their Livings with the luxurious *Romans*, and solace themselves in the delicious Countries of *Italy* and *Spain*.

(*b*) *France* first was but a Province of the *Gauls*. *Cæsar* calls all the Inhabitants on the North and East-side of the *Alps* and the *Rhine Gauls*; and a prodigiously powerful Nation they were, as appears by the vast Armies they brought into the Field against *Cæsar*, but they were properly the Inhabitants of the upper and the lower *Rhine*; but afterwards spread themselves farther, conquer'd *Italy*, *Lombardy*, and some say, extended themselves into *Asia*.

(*c*) *Rome* was several Times storm'd by the barbarous Nations of the *Goths* and *Gauls*, as afterwards by the *Huns*, *Hemli*, &c.

(*d*) The *Vandals*, *Alani*, and *Silingi*, conquer'd that Part of *Spain*, call'd *Cantabria*, and divided it among them.

(*e*) The *Suevians* subdued the *Alani*, and *Silingi*, and drove out the *Vandals*, and kept the Possession of *Spain*.

(*f*) *New Invasions*. The West-*Goths*, after they had ravag'd *Italy*, and sackt *Rome* it self, fall into *Spain* in vast Numbers, and seizing *Catalonia* and *Languedock*, from thence spread themselves both into *Spain* and *France*.

(a) *Franks*, from the Lord knows where, in Shoals advance,
Erect the Name and Government of *France*;
And Western (b) *Goths*, more num'rous than the Stars,
Spread *Europe*'s fruitful Fields, with Seeds of future Wars:
The (c) *Vandals*, that by Conqueſt rul'd before,
Submit, and range to *Africa* for more.
(d) *Sarmatian* Poles o'er-run the Northern Coaſt,
And (e) *Scandian* Tribes huge Conqueſts boaſt:
Wild *Huns*, and (f) *Heruli*, and *Belgick* Bands,
Fix barb'rous Empires on the *Roman* Lands:
New Kingdoms raiſe from their diſmembr'd State,
And haſten dying *Rome*'s declining Fate.
(g) Legions of Nations in th' Excurſion join,
From *Elbe*, and *Oder*, *Danube*, and the *Rhine*.

(a) The *Franks*, we are told, were *Germans* from the Northern Parts, about the *Elbe* and the *Weſer*, and invading *France*, on that ſide, joyn'd together ſeveral Nations, calling themſelves *Franks*, or Freemen.

(b) At laſt the Weſtern-*Goths*, mentioned before, ſupplanted and over-run all the reſt, and became Maſters of all the Northern Parts of *Europe*.

(c) The *Vandals* driven out of *Spain* by the *Suevians*, went over into *Africk*, and took poſſeſſion of all the *Roman* Dominions, till afterwards the *Roman* Empire recovering it ſelf under the Reign of *Juſtinan* the Great, *Beliſarius* ruin'd the Empire of the *Vandals* in *Africa*.

(d) The *Poles* were at firſt call'd *Sarmatians*, and inhabited but a ſmall Country on the *Boriſthines*, but afterward, by Conqueſt, extended themſelves from the *Baltick* in the North, almoſt to the *Black-Sea*.

(e) *Denmark*, *Sweden*, *Holſtein*, *Pomeren*, and *Norway*, and all the Mouth of the *Baltick* was included in that Part of the World, call'd by the Ancients *Scandinavia*.

(f) *Odoacer*, King of the *Heruli*, took *Rome* in the Reign of *Auguſtalus*, in the Year of our Lord, 476, 1228 Year after the firſt Foundation of the City, 501 Years from the Settlement of the Monarchy by *Auguſtus*, 148 Years after the removing the Imperial Seat by *Conſtantine*, and dividing the Empire, thus the Weſtern *Roman* Empire was deſtroy'd, till it was in a meaſure reſtor'd by *Charlemaign*, and after him handed down thro' infinite Diviſions and Sub-diviſions, to what we now ſee it, in the poor Remains of the *German* Empire, which rather has the Name than the Subſtance of an Empire.

(g) The *Romans* reduc'd multitudes of Princes, States, and Nations, out of the Ruins of whom they form'd their vaſt Monarchy.

Now

The mighty Provinces of ancient *Rome*,
That now compose the Thrones of *Christendom*,
To Plunder, Rapine, and to Conquest yield,
And Title's form'd in the Triumphant Field,
There for the *guilded Bauble* they contend,
And every Crown's Divine that's there obtain'd.

The Sword has Government it self subdu'd,
And Right to rule, was born of Multitude:
Battel, not Blood, the strong Debate decides,
And Conquest, *Roman Conquests* now divides:
The Sanction fixt on the depending Crown,
Falls of it self, when e'er the Power comes down;
The Right devolves, annext to Conquest stands,
And he can best dispute, that best defends.

Then view the several Nations as they reign,
And how by Right their Conquests they maintain;
In Fields of Blood, new Kingdoms they erect,
Obey the Claim of Force, and weaker Right reject:

Conquest

Now the *Romans are reduc'd*, innumerable Nations, allur'd by the Success of those that went before, fall in upon the Ruins of their Empire; the *Goths* fixt their Talons upon the *Roman* Eagle it self, and settled their Dominion in the Heart of *Italy*, till driven from thence by *Justinian* the Great; the *Vandals* did the like in *Africk*, till ruined at last by *Belisarius*, under the same *Justinian*.

The *Burgundians*, *Goths*, and *Franks*, divided *Gaul* among them; the *Huns* over-run *Panonia*, now call'd *Hungaria*, and *Illyricum*, the Eastern Empire fell a Prey, first to th *Saracens*, *Bulgarians*, and *Persians*, and, at last, to the *Turks*, who hold it to this Day.

'Tis observ'd, and 'tis the chief End of searching all these Matters in History, that in all these Cases, Conquest gave an unquestion'd Right of Government, and the Right of a King was no longer regarded in the World, than that King could maintain his Possession.

The *Romans* lost by Conquest, nothing but what they first gain'd by Conquest, and the Sword took from them nothing but what they had taken by the Sword from the Innocent and rightful Possessors.

Conqueſt gave Nations, Conquerors made Crowns,
Some govern'd Provinces, and others Towns;
All was their own, which they by Conqueſt gain'd,
And Right was theirs, whoſe Power that Right maintain'd.

Now Satyr ſee, how Nature rules Mankind,
And Reaſon guides the well-directed Mind:
The uninſtructed Nations knew no Laws,
Their fighting Heroes gain'd their juſt Applauſe;
The ſhouting Legions gave them their Renown,
And he that gain'd the Kingdom, gain'd the Crown.

But ſee the Conſequence of Native Right,
They all had ſhar'd the Hazards of the Fight;
All claim by their Proportions in the War,
Danger and Glory bears its equal Share:
The Claimers here, to Laws of Nature fly,
Firſt ſhare the Fight, and then the Victory:
Thus Forms of Government, in Nature fram'd,
The Right of Property is firſt proclaim'd;
Terms of Subjection, and of Rule, agreed,
And Government, by Laws of Rule proceed.

Soldiers the conquer'd Countries divide,
And Properties the Rights of Rule decide:
The Leaders by the Tenure of their Lands,
Had Honours ſuited to their High Commands:
Nobility upon Behaviour ſtood,
Commenc'd in Merit firſt, and not in Blood:
The Captains form'd the Gentry of the Land,
Did now the Farm, as once the Troop command:
The Gen'rals of ſuperior Rank and Fame,
Grew Lords and Princes, only chang'd their Name:
The Legionary Soldiers fell to Trade,
And all were Freemen and Freeholders made.

The mighty leading, All-Commanding Thing,
Govern'd the Whole, and gain'd the Name of King:
A Name indeed, for Laws of his Command,
He ſhar'd with them, with whom he ſhar'd the Land;
And if he ceas'd his due Reſpect to pay,
To ſtated Rules, they quickly ceas'd t' obey.

The Nature of the Thing imply'd no leſs,
'Twas he that govern'd, they that did poſſeſs;
They all had born the Burthen of the Field,
And by that Right their new Poſſeſſions held;
Their mutual Strength the Conqueſt had procur'd,
And every Man had drawn alike his Sword.
But their due Deff'rence, now in Peace they paid,
To him whoſe Conduct they in War obey'd:
The Reaſon with the Conſequence appears,
The Homage his, but the Poſſeſſion theirs.

Theſe were the *Gothick* Rules of Government,
On Reaſon built, and fixt in general Conſent.
Nature firſt taught Men Schemes of Life to draw,
In Order live, and call'd that Order LAW:
Nature directed Men to underſtand,
And State Subjection, when they State-Command:
As Nature taught, they Nature ſtill obey,
And ſtruggle hard for Native Liberty.
In vain aſſuming Tyrants have oppreſt;
In vain deny the craving Nation's reſt:
The ſubjugated injur'd People riſe,
And guilty Tyranny from Juſtice flies.

Satyr, the endleſs Roll turn back no more,
The latent ſearch of Tyrants Fate give o'er:

Let modern Hiſtories ſupply our Pen,
There ſee theſe fancied Gods fall down like Men.
Tyrannick Power, that Morſel of Delight,
Has always been diſgorg'd to Native Right:
The People ſtill, *for Nature's Laws remain,*
Their Liberties at all Extremes maintain:
Blood calls for Blood, Tyrants themſelves o'erthrow,
It (*a*) ever was, it ever will be ſo:
They can no other (*b*) Conſequence expect;
They fight with (*c*) Nature, Reaſon's Laws reject;
Run counter to the common Courſe of Things,
And will be Monſters here inſtead of Kings,
Be Nature's Scourge, and all the Peoples Rod,
And act (*d*) the Devil, to be thought the God:
What can the Nations do, when Mad-men rule,
But ſet up Juſtice to correct the Fool.
Empire has always ſo preſerv'd its Fame,
For Liberty and Law are ſtill the ſame.

(*a*) There are no Parts of Hiſtory but are full of the Examples of this Kind, and the nearer we go back to the beginning of Government, the more Inſtances we have of the Peoples ſetting up, and pulling down their Monarchs.

(*b*) It ſeems to be a plain Conſequence of Nature, that Tyranny ſhould procure Tumults, Diſſatisfactions, and all Sorts of Diſorders in the Government; becauſe the Head of Government, *viz.* the Throne, being put out of Place, the Deſolation muſt affect the Whole.

(*c*) They cannot but ſee, that to Tyrannize over the People, is to oppoſe Nature, and their own Reaſon will correct the Miſtake, whenever they pleaſe to give it a Freedom of acting.

(*d*) 'Tis very obſervable, that you never find a King exerciſe a Tyrannical Power over his People, but 'tis always mixt with ungovern'd Vice in himſelf: Men of Vertue and Moderation, ſeldom, if ever, turn Tyrants, the abſolute deſpotick Government leading them of Courſe, to give the Reins to their Luſts, and make the Error of Government, and the Crimes of Life, mix together.

He that inveſted with the Robes of Power,
Thinks 'tis his Right the People to devour,
Will always find ſome ſtubborn Fools remain,
That ha' ſo little Wit, they won't be ſlain;
That always turn again when they're oppreſt,
And baſely ſpoil the Gay Tyrannick Jeſt:
Madly take Arms, and with their Maſters Fight,
And talk of Nature, Laws of God, and Right.

Tyrants ſhou'd always take ſufficient Care,
Of ſuch unhappy People to (a) beware;
For when they've all the Rules of Reaſon paſt,
'Tis Ten to One, but theſe reſiſt at laſt:
When paſſive Thouſand ſtretch beneath his Sword,
And freely die at his Imperial Word,
Thoſe wild, unhappy, Self-defending Few,
If not deſtroy'd in Time, will ravel all the Clew;
Will all the Engines of Oppreſſion Awe,
And trample Power beneath the Feet of Law.

It can't be helpt, the Courſe of Things is ſo,
As Fire aſcends, and Waters downward flow;
'Twas always natural for Men oppreſt,
Whene'er Occaſion offers, to reſiſt;
'Tis not enough to ſay they may, *'tis juſt*,
But ſtrong Neceſſity commands *they muſt*:
They're Traytors elſe to the Entails of Senſe,
And Rebels to the Laws of Providence;
'Tis the Supreme Command of Heaven, and they
Are always bleſt in it, that do obey.

So

(a) He that will be a Tyrant, ſhould reſolve to kill all the People at once, for if he leaves but a Few, that Few will at laſt deſtroy him; and the Story of *Juſtinian* and the *Cherſoneſans*, mentioned Fol. 23. is a remarkable Inſtance of it.

So *France* depos'd the *Merovigian* Line,
And banish'd (a) *Childricks* loft the Right Divine:
So Holy League their Sacred (b) *Henry* slew,
And call'd a Counsel to erect a New:
So Right Divine must still to Justice bow,
And People first the Right to rule bestow:
So *Spain* to Arbitrary Kings innur'd,
Yet Arbitary (c) *Favila* abjur'd:
(d) *Danemark* Four Kings depos'd, and (e) *Poland* Seven,
(f) *Swedeland* but One and twenty, (g) *Spain* Eleven:

Russia

(a) *Childrick* the IIst, the Son of *Merovius*, for his Lasciviousnes, was banished by the Great Men, and one *Egidius*, a *Gaul*, set up in his Stead.

Childrick the IId, was banished and deposed by his Subjects, and King *Pepin* reign'd in his Stead, and so ended the *Merovigian* Family.

(b) The League deposed *Henry* the IIId, and declar'd him a Tyrant, a Murtherer, and uncapable to Reign, and held frequent Consels with the Pope's Legate, and the *Spaniards*, about setling the Crown, and several Proposals were made of setling it, sometimes on the *Infanta* of *Spain*, other Times on the Cardinal of *Bourbon*, the Duke *de Main*, and others.

(c) *Favila*, a cruel Tyrant, was deposed by the *Castilians*, who chose Judges to administer the Government for a Time, till they could dispose of themselves better.

(d) The *Danes*, by the various Collections of their Kings, pull'd down, and set up too many to reckon here; but the following deposed Princes were since the Christian Religion was planted in *Denmark*.

Christopher the IId, was deposed, and banished by his Subjects, for Tyranny and Oppression.

Waldemar, his Successor, was serv'd in the same manner.

Erick, Successor to Queen *Margaret*, was deposed by his Subjects, for violating their Right of free Election, attempting to declare *Bogislaus*, Duke of *Pomerania*, King, without the Consent of the States.

Christian II. Having been driven out of *Sweeden*, for his Bloody and Tyranical Behaviour, was also deposed in *Denmark* for the like, *Anno* 1520, and chose *Fredrick* Duke of *Holstein*, in his Stead, the Lineal Ancestors of the present King of *Denmark*.

(e) *Poland* deposed abundance of their Dukes and Princes formerly, but, besides them, the following are remarkable: *Lechius* II. *Anno* 750. was banish'd the Country by the Inhabitants, for murthering his elder Brother. *Lescus* I. was deposed and kill'd for putting a Fraud upon the People, in the Election. *Bolislaus* the Hardy was excommunicated by the Pope for Murther of the Bishop of *Cracau*, and being deposed and banished,

shed, and finding himself hated by every Body, murthered himself. *Micislaus* Senior, was deposed for Male-Administration. *Vladislaus* III. surnam'd *Lotticus*, was deposed for Male-Administration. *Sigismund*, of *Hungary*, was refus'd, tho' Heir to the Crown, because a *Hungarian*, *Hen.* of *Anjou*, deserted *Poland*, upon his being made King of *France*, and upon his Desertion they chose a new King.

(S) 1. *Ingellus*, the horridest Tyrant that ever reign'd in *Sweden*: The very next Night after he was crown'd, he burnt 7 *Swedish* Princes in their Lodgings, and 5 more afterwards. The *Swedes* call'd in the *Danes*, who brought the Tyrant to that Extremity, that he burnt himself, and all his Family, in his Palace.

2. *Biorn*, baniſh'd by his Subjects, because he would not hearken to the Christian Religion.

3. *Amund*, for persecuting the Christians, was deposed, and baniſhed also.

4. *Olaus*, was sacrific'd by his Heathen Subjects, to their Idol at *Upsal*, he being before that turn'd Christian.

5. *Henchil*, afterwards destroy'd that Idol, and forbid any more Sacrifices, upon Pain of Death, but the People were so enrag'd at it, thinking their Religion unjustly invaded, that they deposed him, and afterward burnt him at *Upsal*.

6. *Ingo*, the Pious, the Christian Religion being increas'd in *Sweden* again, destroy'd the Idol at *Upsal*, *Anno* 1080, but the Pagan Part of the People being yet the strongest, were again so inrag'd, that they baniſh'd him the Kingdom, and afterward murther'd him in *Schonen*.

7. *Magnus*, the King of *Denmark*'s Son, proclaim'd King, after a great Victory, but depos'd again, and vanquish'd, by the *Swedes*.

8. *Swercher*, a Tyrant, and Murtherer, twice deposed, and beaten, fled to *Norway*, and at another Attempt to recover the Crown, was slain by the *Swedes*.

9. *Waldemar*, depos'd by the States, and *Magnus* set up in his Room.

10. *Birger*, *Anno* 1305. deposed by the States, and restor'd, 1308, and for Treachery and Cruelty, was afterwards depos'd again, and beaten, and fled to *Denmark*.

11. 12. *Magnus*, Twice depos'd, Once by the Nobility, and his Son set up in his Stead; but afterwards restor'd himself, and poison'd his Son; was again depos'd, beaten at the Battel of *Encoping*, and taken Prisoner, afterwards obtain'd his Liberty, but was oblig'd to resign his Crown.

13. *Albert*, the Successor of *Magnus*, depos'd by the States, by the Assistance of *Margaret*, Queen of *Denmark*, and after long War, he was oblig'd to resign his Pretensions.

14. *Erick*, Son of *Margaret*, deposed twice by the Nobility of *Sweden*, and the *Dalekarls*, and after various Troubles, the King refusing to make good the Treaty of *Colmar*, the *Swedes* and *Danes* both renounced their Allegiance to him, and crown'd *Christopher*, Duke of *Bavaria*.

15. *Charles Cnuteson*, depos'd by the Archbishop and Nobility, after he had been elected King, and *Christian*, King of *Denmark*, crown'd in his Stead; he was restor'd again upon King *Christian*'s turning a cruel Tyrant, by the Bishop *Katil*, and the Nobility, but continuing to reign ill, he was a second Time deposed, defeated in a bloody Battle, and made to resign

and

and abjure the Kingdom, and yet, after that, was reſtor'd again, and died in poſſeſſion, ſo that

16. *Chriſtian* was three Times King, and three Times depoſed.

17. *Steenſture*, reign'd 14 Years only, as Regent, not King, and was depoſed by the Senators.

18. *John* II. reign'd a great while peaceably and proſperouſly, but falling into the Error of all his Predeceſſors, *viz.* tyrannick Government, illegal Taxes, raiſing Money without Conſent of Parliament, or the like: The People took Arms; renounc'd their Allegiance to him, and depos'd him, making *Steenſture* Regent again.

19. *Chriſtian*, the Tyrant of *Denmark*, depoſed by the univerſal Conſent of the People, and the Aſſiſtance of *Guſtavus Erickſon*, for murthering 600 of the Nobility and Gentry, and abundance of moſt barbarous Actions.

20. *Erick*, the Son of the Famous *Guſtavus Erickſon*, after a long and happy Reign, yet beginning to tyrannize, and committing Murthers upon the Nobility, and attempting to murther his own Brother, was, by the univerſal riſing of his Subjects, depoſed, and his Brother *Charles* made King in his Stead.

21. *Sigiſmund*, of *Poland*, was depoſed by the *Swedes*, for attempting to reſtore Popery; and in a full Aſſembly of the Eſtates, declar'd incapable to reign, and *Charles*, Duke of *Sudermania*, made King in his Room, who was the Father of the Great *Guſtavus Adolphus*.

(g) *Rotherick*, for raviſhing the Daughter of one *Julian*, a *Spaniſh* Nobleman, was depos'd; the People took Arms againſt him, with great Fury, and call'd in the *Moors* to their Aſſiſtance, who afterwards over-run all *Spain*, and *Oppa*, and *Julian* whoſe Daughter he had raviſh'd, revolted from *Rotherick*, with their Troops, in a great Battel, by which *Rotherick* was overthrown, and ſlain in the Fight. *Puff. P.* 22.

Alphonſo II. was depoſed by his People, under the Conduct of *Mauregatus*.

Bernard, Son of *Charelmaign* of *France*, was rejected by the *Spaniards*, only becauſe they would not be govern'd by a *Frenchman*.

Alphonſo III. Surnam'd the Great, and a brave Prince, yet, for afterwards Tyrannizing over the People, and loading them with illegal and unreaſonable Taxes, was twice depos'd. *Puff. P.* 29, 30.

Favila, King of *Caſtile*, a cruel Tyrant, depos'd by the *Caſtilians*, who abjur'd him, and ſet up a *Magi*, like that of the *Perſians*, to govern.

Alphonſo IV. was judg'd unfit to govern, and oblig'd by the People to ſurrender the Kingdom to his Brother *Ramicus*.

Ordonius, the Wicked, uſurpt the Crown, and baniſh'd *Sanctius Craſius*, but the People riſing to reſtore their good King, pull'd down *Ordonius*, and ſet up *Sanctius* the ſecond Time.

There are many more Inſtances in *Spain*, but the Verſe, for meer Rhime-ſake, confining the Number to Seven, and Seven being enough to confirm the Allegation, I forbear more Inſtances as,

Blanch, Wife of *Lewis* the VIIIth, of *France*, put by for the Son of her younger Siſter *Berengaria*: *Alphonſo* the Xth, *Pieter* the *Cruel*, twice depoſed, and afterwards ſlain: *John* the IId, for committing all his Affairs to *Alvarez de Luna*, his Favourite, once driven out of his Kingdom, tho' he afterwards recover'd it by Force: *Henry* the IVth, call'd, *The Scan-*

Russia Demetrius banish'd from the Throne,
And *Portugal* pull'd Young (a) *Alphonsus* down;
And all the Nations that have Forms of State,
Have set up Laws above the Magistrate;
Whene'er the Self-advancing Wretch requir'd,
A lawless Rule, his Government expir'd.

So let all Governments their Right withdraw,
When Kings forget their due Regard to Law.

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dal of Spain, who being incapable of Children, hir'd another Man to lie with his Queen, and attempted to have a Daughter, so begotten, pass for his own, and proclaim'd her Heir apparent, but the Nobility entering into an Association, depos'd him, and gave the Crown to *Alphonso* XI.

(a) The *Portuguese* deposed more Kings than *Alphonsus*, but he is the most remarkable Instance, whom they put by, only because he was Young, and his Mother encroach'd upon their Liberties.

JURE DIVINO:

A SATYR.

Book IX.

SATYR, the Line of Princes next ſurvey,
And ſee from whence they Rule, *or we Obey*:
View the ſtrong Interceſtions of the Race,
And the *Divineſt Title* to the Place.
Succeſſion is the vaſt pretended Claim:
Expoſe the Cheat, how impoteht, how lame,
How ill it will ſupport the Right Divine,
And *how far back* the OLDEST claim by Line?

If in *their Line* the Sacred Title lies,
Whene'er that Line's decay'd, *that Title dies*:
But if (*a*) Poſſeſſion ſuperſedes the Line,
And King, *Qua. King*, enjoys the Right Divine;

(*a*) Both theſe Titles may be imperfect, for he that poſſeſſes may have no Right, either by the Conſent of the People, the Laws of the Land, or the Inheritance of Anceſtors, and is, in all reſpects, an Uſurper.

Then all (a) Succeſſion's fled from Majeſty,
And Uſurpation's *as Divine as He*
De Facto, is, *de Jure*, and a Crown,
To every Man *that has it*, is his own.

Reaſon's bewildred in the Nice Diſpute,
And Argument can make but little out:
Imagination ſuffocates and dies,
Choak'd with the Miſts of Inconſiſtencies.
The Right of Families muſt all be meant,
Not of Poſſeſſion only, *but Deſcent*:
And all *our Royal Lines* are ſo decay'd,
By *Baſtardy* and *Blood* precarious made;
That no Succeſſions can their Title clear,
To make a Crown's Divinity appear:
For how can that Deſcent be call'd Divine,
Where *Whores* and *Baſtards* interrupt the Line.

If Kings by *Jus Divinum* wear the Crown,
By nat'ral Devolution handed down;
Let them go back and trace the Sacred Claim,
They'll find *the Genealogy ſo lame*;
So full of Uſurpations, ſuch a Crowd,
Of *falſe Succeſſions*, *ſpurious Births*, and *Blood*;
Such *Perjuries*, ſuch *Frauds* to wear a Crown,
They'd bluſh their *ill born Anceſtors* to own.

Nor is it (b) length of Time that will procure,
This Sacred Claim they make to Sacred Power; Unleſs

(a) He that has a Right of Succeſſion, can derive that Succeſſion but a little Way, all the Lines of Anceſtors being imperfect, *of which after*.

And this rightful Inheritor may forfeit by Tyranny, and arbitrary illegal Power-

(b) *Length of Time*, or Continuation of Poſſeſſion, can make no Title good, that was not ſo in it ſelf; for if a Race of Kings had poſſeſt a Nation,

Unleſs they can that (a) length of Time extend,
To the Firſt King, and make his Right their Friend;
Nor can that King the Privilege convey,
Unleſs Paternal Right did his firſt Right obey.

And where's the Prince can trace his high Deſcent,
Back to the Patriarchal Government?
From thence with free uninterrupted Blood,
Can make his ſacred high Relation good?

Not (b) *Bourbon*, (c) *Arragon*, (d) or *Auſtria*,
(e) *Jagello*, (f) *Mully Hamet*, or (g) *Braga*;

tion, ever ſince the firſt ſettled Nation in the World, yet if the firſt King of that Race obtain'd the Crown, or Government, by wrong Means, whether by Uſurpation, Force, Fraud, or illegal Succeſſion, the Injury remains hereditary, and the Right receives no Sanction from the *length of Time*: All thoſe People therefore that would build Titles upon *length of Time* in poſſeſſion, build them upon a wrong Foundation; ſince no Preſcription will ſerve in this Caſe, and the *length of Time* in which a uſurping Family has reigned, rather aggravates than extenuates the Crime, and leaves the Plea of Right the more eaſie to be overthrown.

(a) If Length of Time were an Argument for the Legality of a Thing, or could be pleaded to juſtifie a Practice, the Devil might plead Preſcription for Idolatry, which has been as ancient as *Belus*, and has had an uninterrupted Series of Conſent, in all Nations, of ſome Parts to this Day; and this only ſerves to make the Crime the more deteſtable.

(b) The Houſe of *Bourbon* talk of exceeding Antiquity, from the firſt appearance of the *Franks*, and bear the *Fleur de Lys*, as the Beauty of *France*, in their Arms, boaſting they are Original *French*; but ſtill here is no Original of Power.

(c) The *Arragonian* Princes claim their Deſcent from the ancient *Spaniards*, who ſo nobly reſiſted the *Romans*; but I do not find that there is any appearance of Truth in it, and if there were, we can ſhew abundance of Interruptions to a direct Succeſſion.

(d) The Houſe of *Auſtria* is an Ancient and Illuſtrious Houſe, but all their Claim to the Imperial Dignity is by Election, not by Succeſſion, and that is not the Title we are diſputing.

(e) *Jagello*, an ancient Family in *Poland*, who came to the Crown by Marriage of *Hedwig*, the Heir of another remote Family, and both theſe have been long extinct, and the Crown naturally devolv'd upon the Peo-

ples

Not (a) *Sophy*, Great (b) *Mogul*, or (c) *Ottoman*,
(d) *Inca's* of *Chili*, (e) *China*, or *Japan*;
Not (f) *Stuart*, tho' they by *Juſteſt Title* reign,
Can Lines of Blood, no proper Right maintain.

Hail Race Illuſtrious, with whom no Lines compare,
For matchleſs (h) Siſters, Juſt and Good, and Fair
Ancient

---

ple's Choice, where it ſtill remains, till now the King of *Sweden* has choſen a King for them, and the Sword muſt decide it.

(f) *Muly Hamet*, Emperor of *Morocco*, they do not concern themſelves about Families, or Antiquity.

(g) *Braga*, the preſent Royal Family of *Portugal*, deſcended from *John* Duke of *Braganza*, whom the *Portugueſe* made King, upon the Revolt from the *Spaniard*.

(a) The *Sophy*, or Emperor of *Perſia*, they claim a very long Succeſſion, but tho' we cannot enter into the Hiſtory of the preſent Race of *Perſian* Kings, the Scripture will furniſh us with Accounts enough of the Interruptions of their Line of Kings, about the Time of the *Median* Government aſſuming the *Perſian*, and afterwards in the Captivity and Death of *Darius*, and the Conqueſt by *Alexander*.

(b) The Genealogy of the Great *Mogul*, is a dark thing, and paſt Inquiry; but the frequent Wars, Inſurrections, and cutting off of Kings, in thoſe Countries, will give Authority to conclude his Line far from an Original.

(c) The *Ottoman* Family is very ancient, and has reign'd with an uninterrupted Succeſſion of Blood, tho' not in direct Primo-geniture, for above 500 Years.

(d) The *Inca's*, were Kings, or Emperors of *Peru*, and of *Chili* alſo; and, as they pretended, had reign'd a great many Thouſand Years, but their Hiſtory was all verbal and fabulous.

(e) The vaſt Succeſſion of *China* is unaccountable and incredible; but be it as long as it will, is lately extinct, and the *Grand Tartar* reigns now by Conqueſt.

(f) *The preſent Royal Family of* England, of which Her Majeſty is the laſt *apparent* direct Branch, has as much of Antiquity to boaſt of, as moſt in the World, and by its Alliance with moſt of the Great Families in *Europe*, is truly Illuſtrious, but he that attempted to bring it from a *meer Original of Princes*, run himſelf a-ground in a moſt ridiculous manner.

(g) *Juſteſt Title*, *viz.* the Revolution, and Parliamentary Settlement, from which, who ever reigns in *England*, has, without doubt, a *Divine Right* to the Crown, and poſſeſſes it by the *beſt Title* in the World.

(h) The late Queen *Mary*, of Bleſſed Memory, and Her preſent Majeſty.

Ancient in Title too, allied to Heaven,
Yet more by proper Merit *rais'd to Thrones;*
You have the Dignity of Nature *gain'd,*
By Vertue, *and by Vertue 'tis maintain'd.*
So justly Sacred, *as* Heavenly Good,
A better Claim to rule, than Birth *and* Blood.
Princes that by this Lustre gain the Crown,
By double Titles *assert their own.*
By Justice YOU *the* Sacred Stile enjoy,
Injustice *does the Sacred Stile destroy.*

Satyr ascend, the Steps of Monarchs tread,
And view the *Sacred Titles* of the Dead;
Search to the early Monarchs of this Isle,
And view the *Jus Divinum* of the Royal Stile.

Conquest, or Compacts, *first the Rights* of Kings,
And both are *humane*, both *unsettled* Things;
Both subject to Contingencies of Fate,
And so the (*a*) *Godship of them* proves a Cheat.

Let all the *Magi* of this Learned Age,
Bring out their long Records upon the Stage:
Let 'em (*b*) uninterrupted Kingship trace,
And show us where began the Heavenly Race.
Of all the Monarchs which the World command,
Where's the First Stamp of the Celestial Hand:
There's not a King in *Europe* wears a Crown,
But his too modern Fam'ly has been known:

Hist'ry

(*a*) If they were Sacred in themselves, and of Divine Original, they would never be subject to Changes and Interruptions, as we always find them, but be permanent and durable, like their Original.

(*b*) 'Tis plain, all the present Royal Families in the World, came from Beginnings that were not of Royal Blood.

Hist'ry can all *their shorter Off-spring* trace,
Prove the *mechanick Blood* of every Race!
Describe the *unexpecting Hero's Bed*,
To his own Fortunes or Advancement blind:
Can *search them back* beyond their real Fame,
And draw the *Noble Synopsis* of their Claim:
Mean in their Birth, meanest in Merit known,
With neither Kin, or Prospect of a Crown.

The Government's the greatest Monarchs have,
They stole them first, or first the People gave.
What Claim had Coll. (a) CNUTE or Captain SUENE,
What Right the *roving Sax* and *Pyrate Dane*;
(b) *Hengist*, or *Horsa*, (c) *Wodens* Blood defy'd,
And on their Sword, not Family, rely'd.
The *Norman Bastard*, what Divine Call?
And where's the Heavenly, High Original.

These naked Nations, long expos'd a Prey,
To Foreign and Domestick Tyranny:
Their *Infant Strength*, unfit to Guard their Name,
Expos'd them naked to Usurpers Claim;

An

(a) The First Leaders of the *Saxons* and *Danes*, had no Pretence to Government and Crowns, but as meer Thieves and Robbers, put to Sea on purpose to make unjust Depredations on their Neighbours, pretending to no Right but that of Violence, and the Sword.

(b) *Hengist* and *Horsa* were Leaders of the *Saxons*, and afterwards conquering *Kent*, became Kings, that is, made themselves so, *of which by and by.*

(c) *Woden* was fam'd to be the first Great Leader of the *Goths* into *Europe*, and all their Kings affected to be thought of his Blood, tho', if they had, his Original then remains to be inquir'd into, and leaves all as dark as before: He could not be a Patriarchical Prince, over such a Multitude of People as swarm'd thither.

Mr. *Tyrrel* tells us out of *Bede*, Eccles. Hist. *Lib.* 5. *Cap.* 12. the *Saxons* Kings were no other than their Generals in War, *Tyrrel*'s Introduction 1 Vol. Fol. 38.

An open Prey to Robbers, and *the Isle*,
To *wild Invaders*, grew an *early* Spoil.

The *Roman Thieves* ravag'd the wealthy Coaſt,
And *Britain*'s fruitful Plains fed *Cæſar*'s numerous Hoſt.
What Birthright rais'd the ravenous *Lombard*'s (*a*) Name,
His Sword, and not his Fam'ly, form'd his Claim.
Where'er the *Roman Eagles* ſpread their Wings,
They blaſted Nations, and deſtroy'd their Kings.
An (*b*) *Hoſt of Monarchs* fall an eaſie Prey,
And all their *Jus Divinum*s *Roman* Lords obey:
The *Roman Legions* pull'd *the Sacred* down,
And *Rolls of Kingdoms* form'd th' Imperial Crown.
(*c*) *Cæſar* in Triumph o'er their Kings preſides,
And Right of Conqueſt, *half the World divides.*

But as the Sword unjuſtly cut his Way,
He loſt by Night, *what he obtain'd* by Day:
In *Seas of Blood*, he drencht the Sword of War,
And brought (*d*) Tyrannick Government *from far*;
Oppreſſions, Violence, and Conqueſt came,
On Wings *of Fate*, *to raiſe* the *Roman* Name:
And yet, *for Freedom ſtruggl'd very hard*,
And Nature's Love to Liberty appear'd:

(*a*) *Julius Cæſar*, properly a *Lombard*, as *Lombardy* was afterward extended over *Italy*.

(*b*) 360 Kings of the *Gauls*, *Britains*, and *Belgæ*, are ſaid to be ſlain by the *Romans*.

(*c*) *Cæſar* triumph'd ſeveral Times for *Britain*, *Belgæ*, and *Gaul*.

(*d*) The *Roman* was an abſolute and Tyrannick Government, from after the Time of *Julius Cæſar*, and tho' by their Vertue and Valour they civiliz'd the Nations they conquer'd, yet they rul'd them by the Sword, ſtanding Armies, and planted Collonies, and this occaſion'd their Empire always to ceaſe, where they were oblig'd to withdraw their Forces, and the People preſently reaſſum'd their Liberty.

The Invaders bought their Right of Conqueſt dear,
And Legions of their *Roman* Bones lie here.

When theſe their Weeks of Slaughter had fulfill'd,
And Seas of *Britiſh* Blood, flow'd down the *Britiſh* Field:
Shoals of Barbarian (a) Goths, worſe Thieves than they,
From *Caledonian Friths*, and frozen *Tay*,
O'erſpread the fruitful, now abandon'd, Plains,
And led the captiv'd Victims in their Chains:
The weak'ned Natives, helpleſs and diſtreſt,
Doom'd to be plund'red, raviſh't, and oppreſs'd.
One Devil by another to expel,
And tir'd with Cries to Heaven, *(b) apply to Hell:*
Employ new Thieves from the rude *Northern Coaſt*,
To rob them of that Little *they had not loſt:*

And *now* to their Deliverers *they pray*,
For theſe demand *their (c) Liberty for Pay:*
From Robbers *ſav'd*, and from Oppreſſion *free*,
They *ſold themſelves*, to *buy* their *Liberty.*
The Work once done, the Workmen, to be paid,
Only *demand Themſelves, and All they had.*
Cowards, to ſhun their Fate, betray'd by Fear,
Ruſh on worſe Harms, than thoſe they wou'd beware.
Bold in Deſtruction, they reſign their Breath,
And to ſhut out their Danger, *let in Death.*

Long

(*a*) The *Picts* are agreed to be of *Gothiſh* Original, and ſuppoſed to be the Inhabitants of the Northern Iſlands.

(*b*) Seek to the *Saxons* to repel the Invading *Scots* and *Picts*.

Superos Acheronta Movebo.

(*c*) The *Saxon*, who at firſt came over as hired Soldiers, impos'd upon *Vortiger*, King of the *Britains*, and every Day demanded new Conditions, till at laſt the *Britains*, tir'd with their Encroachments, refuſed them, and then all fell into Blood and Confuſion; the *Saxons* turning their Arms upon

Long they with thoſe Oppreſſions *ſtrove* in vain,
And *long* they fought, *their Freedoms* to maintain.
For (*a*) *Seven and thirty Ages* they endure,
The Pain of (*b*) *Corroſives* they took to cure.
The *Saxons call'd, the northern Crouds t' expel,*
By Force, in all the reſcu'd Kingdoms dwell:
The Nations *they deliver'd* they pull'd down,
And take their Friends Poſſeſſions *for their own*:
No Bounds preſcribe to the Rewards they crave,
But *to ſubdue* the Land they came *to ſave.*

Long had the injur'd *Britains* ſtrove in vain,
Their juſt Inheritances to maintain;
Surpriz'd with Traytors *hired to defend,*
They quit *the Foe,* to ſtruggle *with the Friend*:
Oppreſt with Numbers, long with Fury fought,
And found *the Graves of Honour* which they ſought.

No

---

on their Maſters that had hir'd them; ravag'd the Country from the Eaſt Sea to the Weſt; and the poor *Britains*, frighted and ſurpriz'd, were driven to all manner of Diſtreſſes.

(*a*) *Vortiger*, a vicious and effeminate Prince, was depoſed by the *Britains*, and his Son *Vortimer* ſet up, who fought with the *Saxons*, and purſued them with ſo much Vigour, that he ſlew *Horſa*, as ſome Hiſtories relate, and forced *Hengiſt*, and his *Saxons*, to take ſhipping, and be gone: He fought 12 Battels, always Conqueror, for now the *Britains* recover'd themſelves a little.

But the *Saxons* returning afterward, maintain'd dreadful Wars with the *Britains*, murther'd 360, ſome ſay 470 of the *Britiſh* Nobility, at once, by Treachery, inviting *Vortiger* to a Feaſt, and the *Saxons* coming privately arm'd, took him Priſoner.

Aurelius Ambroſius was then choſen Leader of the *Britains*, and fought with the *Saxons*, with great Advantage, and for 12 Years together, kept them in continual Alarms, and very low, tho' they recruited with freſh Troops from *Jutland*, always recover'd themſelves which the poor *Britains* could not do.

(*b*) *Corroſives*, meaning the ſharp Remedy of this *Saxon* Alliance, which the *Britains* unhappily took to cure them of the inſulting *Picts*.

No tame Subjection did their Kingdoms yield,
But boldly *courted Freedom* in the Field:
No abdicating Race among them known,
They *bravely fought*, and *bravely loſt* the Crown.

Nor ſhall our Verſe omit *Great Arthur's* Praiſe,
Whoſe Deeds eternal Triumphs to *Britannia* raiſe;
Whoſe mighty Fame, in *dying Freedom's Cauſe*,
Commands, to endleſs Ages, vaſt Applauſe.

Heroes grow Famous, when *with Lawrels crown'd*,
And Victory makes Men of Fame renown'd:
Thee (*a*) *Arthur truly*, tho' *unhappy*, Great,
Struggl'd with mighty Men, and *mightier Fate*:
Unconquer'd always, tho' as *oft ſubdu'd*;
Bow'd to (*b*) meer Providence and Multitude:
Legions of *Brittiſh* Heroes joyn his Fame,
That liv'd, and lov'd, and fought, *and died with him.*

With Valour, *ſince unknown*, the Shock withſtood,
And made them buy the Kingdoms with their Blood:
Nor did One (*c*) Day their certain Fate decide,
Britannia's *Fate was not ſo cheaply try'd:*
Her *Genuin Sons*, with vaſt unwearied Pains,
Deſpiſe the Danger, as they *ſcorn'd the Chains:*

Contemn

(*a*) 'Tis not material whether *Arthur* was King of *Cornwal* only, as ſome will have it, or only General under *Ambroſius*, as others; but that he fought 12 great Battels with the *Saxons*, all agree, and was a moſt Gallant and Heroick Prince.

(*b*) He was meerly, overpower'd by Multitude, and the conſtant Recruits of the *Saxons*.

(*c*) Great Men in the World, raiſe their Fame by Conqueſts and Victories, but *Arthur* grew Great and Famous, tho' declining, by the vaſt and wonderful Efforts he made for his Country's Liberty, which was plainly expiring.

Contemn the threat'ning Bondage of their Land,
To the laſt Drop, their growing Foes withſtand.

Tho' weak in Force, they ne'er refuſe the Field,
Knew *how to die*, but *never* how to yield:
Their conquer'd Blood, the *Saxon* Chariots ſtains,
And Heaps of Free-born Heroes (*a*) now adorn the Plains.

Yet like *Anteus*, every Time they fell,
Their Veins with Rage and Indignation ſwell.
The conquering Foes, found them inſpir'd the more,
And leſs inclin'd to Slavery than before;
With eager Fury, *forwarder* to fight,
And ready to defend their (*b*) *dear declining* Right.

Nor for *continued Loſſes* they deſpair,
But for *continued Battels* they prepare,
And claſhing Targets beat the yielding Air.
Undaunted at the certain Fate they ſaw,
And ſcorning to accept the Victor's Law:
As freely fought, *when they were* (*c*) *ſure to die*,
As if they ſtrove *for Death*, and not *for Victory*.

Nor would *ſurviving Troops* their Courage loſe,
The Combat, tho' unequal *ne'er refuſe*:

(*a*) The round Hillocks, ſtill remaining in moſt Parts of *England*; 4 of them, near *Stevenage*, in *Herfordſhire*, together, cloſe by the Road, are very large; *New-Market-Downs*, and the Plains in *Wilts* and *Dorſetſhire*, are full of them, and all Hiſtorians agree, were the Graves of the Soldiers.

(*b*) The *Britains* fought to the laſt Gaſp, for their Liberty and Country, and are very remarkable for their Bravery, under all the Diſcouragements of Loſs, and a declining Fortune.

(*c*) An eminent Inſtance of wonderful Courage, and a juſt Panegyrick on true Valour.

Never the Hopes of Victory give o'er,
Or ceaſe to fight, for being beat before:
Victorious Liberty, its Ground maintain'd,
And in its Death, *a certain Conqueſt gain'd;*
The firm Poſſeſſions of the Land *they held,*
And laid their Bones *in the triumphing Field.*

Till Fate thought fit t'abate the Streams of Blood;
Becauſe the Fountain (*a*) ceas'd from whence they flow'd.
The *Britiſh* Liberty could find *no End,*
Till there were *no more Britains* to defend:
By Force, and the unequal Sword deſtroy'd,
They left the *unpeopled plunder'd Country* void.

The poor *Remains* with *Liberty* inſpir'd,
To (*b*) *Weſtern Mountains,* to reſiſt retir'd:
Their dear abandon'd Country thence they view,
And *thence* their *Thirſt of Liberty* (*c*) renew:
Offers of *peaceful Bondage* they deſie,
The Quiet for the Slavery they deny;
For what's our Peace, without our Liberty.

In

(*a*) The *Britains* might well be ſaid to be conquer'd, for they were in a manner quite deſtroy'd: They fought as long as there were any Men to be rais'd; but the *Saxons* ſwarming continually over from vaſtly populous Countries, the *Britains*, who had been weaken'd by former Wars, by a great Plague, and by innumerable Battels, were really not conquer'd, but quite deſtroy'd, a Few excepted.

(*b*) The Few that remain'd, took Sanctuary in the Weſtern Mountains of *Wales.*

(*c*) Even when retir'd to theſe Crags and Cliffs, poor and diſtreſt, they ceaſt not from thence to make conſtant Inroads and Excurſions upon the *Saxons*; and the *Saxon* Annals are full of the Accounts of it; nay, even our *Engliſh* Hiſtories find frequent mention of the *Welch* diſturbing the Inhabitants, till, at laſt, united to *England*, they ſeem to be reſtor'd and incorporated again with the People.

In vile Subjection, *all Men may have Peace*;
So *France* enjoys its fill of Happineſs:
Tyrants *demand no more*, no more can have,
Than make the Subject eaſie, *and a Slave.*

But *Britiſh Blood* deſpis'd the *Saxon Chains*,
And choſe to Dye *Britannia's fruitful Plains*;
From whence the vig'rous Steams that ſtill ariſe,
Make all her Sons, *the Name of Slave deſpiſe.*

Peace they *with Property* had ſought before,
Without it, 'tis but Bondage guilded o'er;
'Twas this, thro' Fields of Slaughter, long *they ſought*,
(a) *One hundred ſixty three* pitcht Battels fought;
For this they ſtruggl'd long, in vain they try'd
To live with Freedom, *but with Freedom dy'd.*
Vaſt Streams of Royal and unconquer'd Blood,
For *Right* and *Liberty* were well beſtow'd;
But *Peace* without that *Liberty* they ſcorn'd,
And Wounds for profer'd Bondage they return'd.

Three hundred Years of bloody Conteſt paſt,
The *Fatal Die* on *Britain's* Side was caſt;
Be-rifl'd firſt, and diſpoſſeſt at (b) laſt.

The

(a) Some have reckon'd up a great many more, but theſe are enough to ſignifie a prodigious Struggle was made by the *Britains*, for their dying Liberty.

(b) At laſt the *Britains* wholly ſubdu'd and deſtroy'd, retiring to the Mountains of *Wales* and *Cornwal*, and ſome over Sea, into *Armorica*, now *Britany*; the *Saxons* remain'd Maſters of the Country.

The *Saxons* erected ſeparate Kingdoms of their own; each Prince, or Captain, rather ſetting himſelf up as King, of ſuch Part as he had reduc'd by Conqueſt to himſelf; and thus they erected Seven Kingdoms in *England.*

The conquer'd Nation fell a dear bought Prey,
And *Britain*'s Iſland, *Saxon* Lords obey:
A *Heptarchy of Monarchs* rule the Land,
And over what they conquer'd *claim command*:
Captains without Commiſſions they began,
Blood gave the Title, Vict'ry form'd *the Man*:
The now victorious Legions fixt the Choice,
And conſecrated Kings by Humane Voice:
He that moſt Miſchief did, had moſt Renown,
And ſo *the boldeſt Thief obtain'd the Crown.*

Heaven had no other Hand in this Affair,
Than to permit it, as he did the War;
And ſo we may the Hand of Heaven apply,
To all the blackeſt Parts of Villany:
Murthers and *Rapes*, in this abſtracted Senſe,
Are all *the ſtated Works* of Providence.

The ſhouting Troops their Vict'ries now proclaim,
And load their Chiefs with Royalty and Fame:
The (*a*) Garland of their Triumphs was their Crown,
Mob ſet them up, and *Rabble* pull'd them down:
Fighting was all the Merit Man could bring,
The *bloodieſt Wretch* appear'd the braveſt King.
To Arts of Rule they did not much pretend,
He beſt *could rule* them, could them *beſt defend:*

Nor

(*d*) Fluſht with Conqueſt, they had their petty Triumphs, and crown'd their Leaders with Garlands of Victory, and when afterward they poſſeſt the Country, 'twas yet a long Time before they made them Kings; and *Cerdic*, Leader, and firſt Invader of the Weſt, was 24 Year poſſeſt of the Country, before he call'd himſelf a King. [*Tyrrel's* Gen. Hiſt. of *Eng.* Fol. 156.]

Nor did his Kingship any longer laſt,
Than till by ſome more powerful *Rogue diſplac't*:
Conduct of Courts, and *King-Craft* was unknown,
The Sword and Scepter then was all but One!

And thus began the *Royal* Saxon *Line*,
In Robbery and Blood they fixt the *Right Divine*:
The *Sword poſſeſt* the baniſh'd *Britain's Right*,
That Sword that vanquiſh'd Innocence in Fight:
Ingratitude and *Theft* the Crown obtain'd,
Murthered the Owners, and *poſſeſt* their Land;
Rifled the Maſters they came here to guard,
And took their *Lives and Fortunes* for Reward:
At Pleaſure ſubdivide the *Britiſh* Crown,
And Form *Eight Soldiers Kingdoms* out of One.

Theſe are the *worthy Anceſtors* we own,
And by *their Names* we (*a*) covet to be known;
Nor Names alone by long Deſcent retain'd,
The *Race* and *Manners* with the *Right* remain'd;
Pride and *Ingratitude*, by Birth and Blood,
In us, their *motly Off-ſpring's*, underſtood;
Peculiar to our Perſons, *and our Clime*,
They rather ſeem *our Nature* than *our Crime*:
Like them *we're fierce*, and *greedy of the Prey*,
And apter to rebel, than to obey:
Like them, we're forward to aſſiſt our Friends,
But keep a due reſpect to private Ends;

(*a*) We are very fond of ſome Families, becauſe they can be trac'd beyond the Conqueſt, whereas, indeed, the farther back the worſe, as being the nearer ally'd to a Race of Robbers and Thieves, that with monſtrous Ingratitude treated their innocent Maſters ill.

And if we chance our Neighbour's *Rights* to save,
We'll ne'er be paid with less than all they have.

Our Anceſtors obtain'd the Kingdom *thus*,
And left *the ill-got Recompence* to us:
The very Lands we all along enjoy'd,
They raviſh'd from the People *they deſtroy'd*:
We are the bleſt Poſterity of thoſe,
Who robb'd *their Friends*, for *beating firſt their Foes*:
The happy Children, *by the* (a) *Proverb bleſt*,
That all our Fathers *ill-got Wealth* poſſeſt;
By *True Deſcent*, and old inherent Merit,
The *Curſe* and *Treaſure* ſhould alike *inherit*:
From them our large Poſſeſſions we enjoy;
In them the inn'cent Owners we deſtroy;
Their native Off-ſpring, *Heirs by Right and Law*,
We ſtill *keep out*, *keep under*, and *in awe*:
Thus all our Fathers Villanies we Crown,
Approve their (b) Crimes, and make them *all our own*.

From theſe we ſtrive to date our *Royal Line*,
And theſe muſt help us to a *Right Divine*:
Religion's brought, to fix the fancy'd Right,
From Actions buried in eternal Night;

Actions

(a) An old *Engliſh* Proverb, which ſays, *Happy is the Son whoſe Father is gone to the Devil.*

(b) If it was a Crime in the *Saxons*, to rob the *Britains* of their Lands and Eſtates, what ſhall we ſay of our Title to the Poſſeſſion of this Nation; and what Title, by Divine Right, can any body plead for, unleſs they will entitle Heaven to a Juſtification of the Crime, becauſe it was committed a long time ago.

It would be therefore a poor Plea, for us to inſiſt upon a Preſcription of Ages in poſſeſſion, if the *Britains* were wrongfully diſpoſſeſt, as long as the Poſſeſſion remains, the Violence is continued, unleſs you come to bring the *Britains* remaining, giving their Conſents, quitting the Title, and yielding the Poſſeſſion by Treaty.

Actions we ought to blush for, when they're nam'd,
By Blood, by Rapes, and Robberies proclaim'd;
Religion's always on the ſtrongeſt Side;
When Monarchs go on foot, the Prieſts will ride.

If, *for Religion ſhou'd be juſt*, they'd go,
Back to firſt Time, and *Saxon Kingdoms* ſhow;
They'll find them built on *Violence* and *Blood*,
And on the ſame Foundations *always ſtood*,
Upheld by *Rapine*, *Wrong*, and *Luſt of Power*,
The ſtronger does the weaker Right devour,
And all the long Pretences of *Deſcent*,
Are *Shams of Right* to prop up Government:
'Tis all Invaſion, Uſurpation all;
The ſtrongeſt Powers get up, *the weakeſt fall:*
The mighty Politicks of Men in Power,
Always thought fit *the weakeſt to devour:*
Oppreſſion ſanctify'd by Power, and Time
Has varniſh'd o'er *the Vile*, with *the Sublime;*
As if the Length of Time th' Oppreſſion clears,
And ancient Villany's refin'd by Years.

If long Poſſeſſion certain Right intails,
Go ſearch the wilder *Mountaineers of* Wales;
Theirs the bold Off-ſpring of that vig'rous Race;
Their's was the Crown, and we uſurpt the Place:
No Forfeiture, *no Abdication* made,
At firſt inſulted, and at laſt betray'd.

If Sacred Civil Right muſt be maintain'd,
Theirs was the Government, for *theirs* the Land.

No Grant, (a) *conceded Right*, or Crown convey'd,
They *ne'er were conquer'd, for* they ne'er obey'd:
Contending Nations can't be ſaid *to quit*,
They're *never conquer'd* if they don't ſubmit.
The *Britains*, to (b) the laſt, their Claim purſu'd,
And *ne'er were Subjects*, tho' they were ſubdu'd:
Their dear bought Freedom to the laſt maintain'd,
Tho' little *but their Liberty* remain'd:
And if the Sacred Sanction of a Crown,
Was ever theirs, *it ſtill muſt be their own.*

But *Conqueſt now* the *Britiſh* Throne laid waſte,
And *new uſurping Kings* ſucceed the paſt:
Continu'd Violence they handed down,
The Thirſt of Blood *continued with the Crown*:
Reſolv'd to Govern all they could ſubdue,
And on the conquer'd Kingdoms *build a new*:
Their (c) *Generals crown'd*, are Kings in our Record,
And hew'd out Titles by the raging Sword.

But

(a) There can no lawful Conceſſion from the *Britains* be pleaded to us, or our Anceſtors; neither had they forfeited by any Miſdemeanor, or Breach of Articles, for they perform'd all the ſtipulated Conditions with the *Saxon* Commanders, *Hengiſt* and *Horſa*, and theſe incroach'd upon them by moſt exorbitant and unreaſonable Demands of Corn and Proviſions, and Extent of Country alſo.

(b) Nor did the *Britains* abdicate or deſert the Country, and ſo leave it free for the next Comer, but defended it to the laſt Gaſp; they were ſubdued, but never conquer'd; they always inſiſted upon their Right, and ſtood to the defence of it to the laſt Extremity.

(c) 'Tis allow'd by all, that the Generals of the *Saxons* were crown'd their Kings here, ſuch was *Cerdic* and *Cynric*, who form'd the *Weſt-Saxon* Kingdoms, and poſſeſt it 24 Years before they took upon them to be call'd Kings: ſuch were *Ælla* and *Ciſſa* Kings of the *South-Saxons*; *Ida*, King of *Northumbria*, with *Otha* and *Ebuſta*, Brethren of *Hengiſt*, who ſettled the *Saxon* Arms in *Northumbria*, long before *Uſta*, King of the *Eaſt-Angles* and the like.

But as the Work was firſt *in Hell* contriv'd,
Like Works that Heaven diſowns, it ſcarce out-liv'd
The hated Birth: *The wild Abortive dy'd*,
And Juſtice all the Power of Men defy'd:
The Kingdoms which by Force were *thus* begun,
Submit to Fate, *and are by Force undone*:
The *ſhort-liv'd* (*a*) Monarch, *ſhort-liv'd* Peace enjoy'd,
And what *the Sword* had rais'd, *the Sword* deſtroy'd:
Uſurpt Dominion for themſelves they built,
Floating upon *the Seas of Blood* they ſpilt.

But when the *baniſh'd Britains* were ſubdu'd,
Like Beaſts, they one another then purſu'd;
Ambition, Pride, and Luſt of Rule prevail'd,
Force (*b*) *ſet them up*, and Force their Fate intail'd;
For Crime has always *this Felicity*,
Its Nature is, to make Men diſagree:
And *Violence* and *Pride* are underſtood,
They all commence *in Strife*, and end *in Blood*.

The form'd Diviſion now appear'd in vain,
Now they fall out, *for want of* (*c*) *Room* to Reign:

(*a*) The whole Dominion of the *Saxons* being founded upon Uſurpation, Robbery and Blood, could no longer continue, than while no ſuperiour Uſurpation could diſſolve it.

(*b*) Devouring the Right of another was the Original of their falling on the *Britains*, and the ſame eager Principle puſh'd their Poſterity upon civil Broils to devour any Body that was next them, and rather deſtroy their Neighbours, tho' of their own Nation and Blood, than not inlarge their Dominion, and raviſh their Poſſeſſions.

(*c*) The *Engliſh-Saxons*, having, after their Conqueſt of ſo great a Part of *Britain*, and the expulſion of the Natives into *Wales*, *Cornwal*, &c. erected 7, and if we reckon *Deira* and *Bernicia* diſtinct, 8 different Kingdoms, in this Part of our Iſland, that naturally follow'd, which always attend

The First Invasion was *the Breach of Trust;*
This *as unnatural*, as that *unjust:*
The *Brittish* Blood reproach'd their perjur'd Vow;
Wealth made them fight before, *Dominion now:*
Greedy their Masters Fortunes to divide;
Before 'twas *Covetousness*, and now 'tis *Pride:*
Yet something more may for *the First* be said,
For now they fight *for Rule*, before *for Bread:*
Envy debauch'd the sub-divided Crown,
And what the Sword *set up*, the Sword *pull'd down:*
Perpetual Wars *the petty Kings* maintain,
And strive for envied Monarchies in vain;
(a) *Blood touches Blood*, and Nature can't restrain.

Resolv'd *to fix* the long disputed Crown,
Each Man designs to have it *all his own.*
Ambition freely lets weak Title fall,
And *all MEN* boldly fight to *have it all:*
(b) Ages of Blood, th' intestine Brangles last,
And on each other's Head revenge the Treacheries past:

Thus

attends a warlike People, canton'd out into many small independent Principalities, *viz.* constant Disputes about the Bounds and Borders of their respective Dominions, or Strife for Mastery, who should be Chief over the rest, and domineer and reign over his Neighbours. From hence, besides divers other accidental Occasions of Quarrel, sprung Civil Wars, incident to neighbour Nations, no ways divided, but by Rivers, Brooks, or other less certain Boundaries; which Wars never ceas'd, till what had been begun by *Egbert*'s Predecessors, was finish'd by himself, and his Successors, who at length united all these 8 Kingdoms into One. [*Tyrrel's* Gen. Hist. of *Eng.* Vol. 1. Lib. 5. Fol. 245.]

(a) Relations butchering one another, is always the constant Effect of Intestine War, and it could not be otherwise here, the Wars being in the very Bowels of the Country, and in so many several Places at the same Time.

(b) The Civil Broils of the *Saxon* Kings lasted a great many Ages, for as they began to invade the *Britains* in the Year 457, when *Hengist* first landed

Thus they the *injur'd* Britains *Ghosts* appeaſe;
Thoſe fell by Foreign War, by Civil *theſe*.

Conqueſt, at laſt, gave all the Nation reſt;
When (*a*) *One Great Thief*, his Fellows diſpoſſeſt,
The (*b*) Eight *uſurpt Dominions* ſtoopt to One,
For *Villains* often *end* as they *begun*:
They who the barb'rous Conqueſt firſt purſu'd,
And *Britains* rightful Lords by Force ſubdu'd;
Who robb'd their Maſters of their *native Right*,
To *Robbery and Conqueſt* now ſubmit:
The *Weſtern Angles* triumph in their Blood,
And *Britain's ſilver Streams* flow in a *crimſon Flood*:
Slaughter and Tyranny dethrone their Power,
And Men o' th' Sword, the Men o' th' Sword devour.
Rapine and Murther firſt proclaim'd their King,
Rapine and Murther their Deſtruction bring.

Nor was this leſs of Tyranny and Luſt,
Tho' Heaven directs, the Actors are unjuſt,
For tho' the Vengeance has *its righteous End*,
Yet he that executes it, may offend:

And

---

landed in *Kent*, from thence to the Year 800, the *Britains* continued to make a vigorous and deſperate Defence; beſides continued Wars for many Ages after that Time, when *Egbert* is taken to be King of the whole *Engliſh* Nation; during the laſt 240 Years of this Time the *Saxons* were at continual Wars with one another; nor did the planting of the Chriſtian Religion among them leſſen, but rather increaſe their Quarrels; the *Pagans* oppoſing it in ſome Places with extraordinary Fury.

(*a*) *Egbert*, King of the *Weſt-Saxons*, conquer'd, and entirely poſſeſt all the Kingdoms South by *Trent*, and waſting *Northumberland*, then under its proper Kings, they ſubmitted, and became tributary, ſo that he effectually maſtred all the reſt, tho' he was not ſo abſolutely King, as *Edgar*, his Succeſſor, prov'd afterward.

(*b*) There are ſaid to be but Seven Kingdoms, but *Deira* and *Bernicia* being reckon'd diſtinct, as they really were, there were Eight Kingdoms.

And *Heaven* thinks fit his Juſtice to exalt,
To mingle ſometimes *Puniſhment* and *Fault*:
Crimes puniſh Crimes, and they that firſt offend,
In *other Mens* Offences meet their End:
Actions of Men, *whate'er they mean*, obey
The Sovereign Dictates of the Heavenly Eye.
He that *in Miſchief* feeds his viler Guſt,
Tho' Heaven's Deſign's fulfill'd, the Man's unjuſt:
So Tyrants often Tyrants may ſuppreſs;
Juſtice triumphs, (a) *but ſtill the Crime's no leſs*;
Since to do well with an unjuſt Deſign,
The Malice turns the grave Attempt *to Sin*.

When *Saxon Kings*, with *Saxon Kings* contehd,
They had *the Crime in view*, Heaven had a juſter End:
They *for Ambition, Luſt and Power* invade,
And one another, as of old, betray'd:
But Righteous Providence directs the Fight,
To do the *injur'd Memory* of *Britain* Right.

Thus from the *Jus Divinum* of the Sword,
The *Engliſh* Crown obey'd an *Engliſh* Lord:
The *mighty Egbert*, ſtrong in Arms and Law,
The ſuppliant Kings in humble Poſture ſaw,
And all their Crowns and Scepters kept in awe.

Egbert's the fartheſt back our Thoughts can go;
No matter whether he's Divine or no:

Regal

(a) The *Saxons* invading one another, might have as much of Injuſtice and Rapine in it, as their firſt invading the *Britains*, tho' not ſo plainly chargeable with Treachery, and Breach of Faith; and thus God was pleas'd to puniſh Injury with Injury, and make good that Commination in the Scripture, that *they that ſmite with the Sword, ſhall be ſmitten with the Sword.*

Royal in Power, whate'er he was by Line,
And no Man *then* diſputes the *Right Divine.*
Grant his inherent Claim, allow the Jeſt,
Paſs the *Ænigma*, and ſuppoſe the reſt.
He was the Firſt reduc'd the *Engliſh* Throne,
And pick'd up all the Fragments of the Crown,
Only, *becauſe he had it*, call'd his own.
A Rapſody of Kings, *like him Divine*,
As void of Right, as Right is void of Line,
Succeed *the King-ſubduing Wretch*, of Courſe,
By Blood, by Fraud, or by a Way that's worſe;
Till *mighty Edgar* fixt the laſting Race,
And *ſhort liv'd Lines* the Sacred Right deface.

Edgar the weak deſcended Right *convey'd*,
And *every Rake that ruled*, the Crowds obey'd;
Poſſeſſion always paſt for Right, and he
That had *moſt* Power, had *moſt* Divinity:
Progreſſive Crimes the *Sacred Banter* Clouds,
And *Force takes Homage* from the yielding Crouds;
Regardleſs of the Race, *the Sovereign Cheat*,
Backt with the Sword *uſurps*, and *Crowns to Power ſubmit*:
For (a) *Edgar* was his Father's younger Son,
And crown'd, his Elder Brother humbly looking on;
The *paſſive primo-genial* Thing ſubmits,
And *Right Divine*, at Power's Footſtool ſits.

(a) *Edgar* was made King by the People, upon depoſing his elder Brother *Edwi*, for Miſmanagement of his Affairs, and a diſſolute Life, ſo that *Edgar* had no Right by Deſcent, till after the Death of his Brother; yet he is applauded by our Hiſtorians, for a moſt pious religious Prince, which ſome ſay was done by the Monks, who were the Hiſtorians of thoſe Days, and, principally, becauſe he was very bountiful to them, and to the Church.

The *Saxon Sword*, the *Saxon Monarchs* slew;
England forgets the Old, and crown'd *the New*:
Fate jumbled *Right* among *the Crowds* of Power,
Juſt ſo the *Britains felt their Force before*:
Why was it he the *Engliſh* Crown poſſeſt,
Becauſe his conqu'ring Power *ſubdu'd the reſt*:
And had the weakeſt of thoſe Kings *rebell'd*,
And *Egbert's growing Victories* but repell'd;
The meaneſt Slave, *in right of Victory*,
Had been *as Sacred* Lawful King *as he*:
The ſtrongeſt King, the *Weaker's Crown poſſeſt*,
Conqueſt was always Law, *Deſcent's a Jeſt*.

JURE

JURE DIVINO:

A

SATYR.

Book X.

SATYR the *Saxon* Tyranny diſplay,
A meer Original of Monarchy;
Their *Governments indeed* ſubmit to Laws,
Order's the Effect, as *Nature is the Cauſe*:
Something may *in poſſeſſion* ſeem Divine,
But *all's Confuſion* in the Embarraſt-Line:
The Claim of Blood and Family's *laid by*,
And *all's reſolv'd* to Force and Victory:
Succeſſion's due *to Power*, by *Power* procur'd,
The Right's engrav'd on *the triumphant Sword*.

He that thro' *Seas of Rivals* Ploughs his Way,
And makes the conquer'd Multitude obey:
That ſtamps *his Terrors* on th' impregnate Mind,
And all the *Black Impreſſion* leaves behind;
The Rocks of ſtrong Ambition can cut down,
And force his envied Progreſs to the Crown:
That's the Divine, the High Illuſtrious, Thing,
That *joyns the Sacred* to the Name of King.

Thus *Egbert Engliſh* Monarchy began,
By his (*a*) *Almighty-Sword* the *Sacred Man*;
And who was *Egbert?* ſearch the *mighty Breed*,
What *Sacred Anceſtors* did he ſucceed:
What mighty Princes form'd his *Sacred Line*,
And handed down to him *the Right Divine:*
(*b*) *A Saxon Soldier* was his High Deſcent,
Murther his Buſineſs, Plunder his Intent;
The *poor unvalued, deſpicable* Thing,
A Thief by Nation, and by Fate a King;
A High-Dutch Trooper, ſent abroad to Fight,
Whoſe Trade was Blood, and in his Arm his Right:
A ſupernumerary (*c*) *Holſteineer*,
For want of (*d*) *Room at Home*, ſent out to War;
A meer *Swiſs* (*e*) *Mercenary*, who for Bread,
Was born on purpoſe to be *knockt o' th' Head.*

Their

(*a*) *Almighty* is here to be underſtood, the Power he had to ſubdue all this Nation, too mighty for all join'd together: And 'tis hop'd the Reader cannot think it prophanely intended.

(*b*) *Egbert* came over perſonally from *France*, and was not the Succeſſor of any Prince in poſſeſſion of the *Weſt-Saxon* Kingdom, nor of Kin to King *Brithric*, whom he ſucceeded; Mr. *Tyrrel* indeed calls him a Couſin very remote, but I cannot find any Ground for it, or any Lineal Deſcent noted down, ſave in another, that he was the Son of *Ealmond*, King of *Kent*; if ſo, he is deſcended from *Hengiſt*, who was the moſt faithleſs Beginner of all the Treachery uſed to the *Britains*, as is before noted.

(*c*) I think 'tis generally agreed, that the firſt and greateſt Part of the *Saxons* that came over hither, came from *Jutland*, *Holſtein*, and thoſe Countries upon the *Elbe*, and *Weſer*, now partly included in *Weſtphalia*, and therefore not improperly call'd a *Holſteineer*.

(*d*) The poor Countries the *Saxons* liv'd in, being not able to ſupport the vaſt Numbers of the People they produc'd, forc'd them abroad to ſeek Subſiſtence, and Habitations, in more fruitful and plentiful Countries.

(*e*) A *Swiſs-Mercenary*, alludes not to their Nation, for they were not *Swiſſes*, but as they were Mercenaries and Auxiliaries hir'd by the poor *Britains*, to defend them againſt the Cruel Depredations of the *Scots*, *Picts*, and barbarous Nations of the *North*.

Their Country ſeem'd to multiply in vain,
Produc'd *more People* than it could maintain:
And forc'd the *growing Multiude* abroad,
As Bees ſend out *the Swarm* to ſeek for Food,
To live by Devaſtation, *Theft and Blood.*

Among this wild *exotick Race* was found,
A (*a*) *fighting Wretch*, by *Brother* (*b*) *Vagrants* crown'd,
A *glorious Vagabond*, whom Heaven had ſtor'd,
With Front as harden'd as his temper'd Sword;
Fitted for Blood and Cruelty (*c*) *by Race*,
A Tyrant both *by Family* and *Face*;
His Anceſtors his Glory much inhance,
A Traytor by direct Inheritance:
Magnipotent in Arms, in Right too weak,
His Sword was all the Claim he had, *could ſpeak:*
Crown'd with the Marks of Perjury and Blood,
Crown'd with the Trophies *of* (*d*) *Ingratitude:*
A Crime, which to this Day, infects the Place,
The general Stigma *of the* Motly *Race.*

(*a*) *Hengiſt*, the firſt Leader, who was only their Captain, or General at firſt, but when their Conſpiracy was compleated, and the *Britains* beaten out of their Country, they ſhar'd it among them, and he became their King, which indeed, as Mr. *Tyrrel* notes, in thoſe Days, ſignified little more than Captain or Leader.

(*b*) *Brother Vagrants*, the inferior Officers and Leaders, who conſpir'd with *Hengiſt*, againſt their Maſters the *Britains*, might well be call'd rather *Brother Villains*, for, without doubt, it was a villanous Thing to fall upon, and diſpoſſeſs the Inhabitants of the Nation, that had hir'd them to reſcue and defend them.

(*c*) The *Saxons* were then a moſt bloody, cruel, and barbarous Race, as may be made out by innumerable Examples, particularly their ſacrificing their Captives to their Idol *Woden*.

(*d*) Their Ingratitude to the *Britains* was extraordinary, who gave them large Poſſeſſions in the moſt fruitful Province of *Kent*, with great Pay beſide, and faithfully perform'd all their Treaties and Conditions with them.

See the *Divine Original* of Kings,
And see how Time makes Sport *with Temporal Things*:
To Day the Monarch glories in his Crown,
To Morrow Thieves and Mob poſſeſs his Throne,
And call his fancied *Right Divine* THEIR OWN.

In the next Age *the rightful Lord's* forgot,
And *rampant Treaſon* triumphs on the Spot:
Succeſs gives Title, makes Poſſeſſion juſt,
And if the Fates obey, *the Subjects muſt*;
For if 'tis *Right and Wrong* that's in debate,
The Welch-*Men have the Right*, the reſt's a Cheat:
'Tis all by Fraud and Force that we poſſeſs,
And length of Time *can make no Crime the leſs.*

Where then's the lofty Pedigree of Kings,
The *longeſt Sword* the *longeſt Scepter* brings;
The Royal Genealogy comes down,
And from *the Sword* advances to *the Crown*:
The Right of Conqueſt's all our *Right Divine*,
And *while the Line can keep it*, keeps the Line;
But if a ſtronger can poſſeſs the Place,
The Right has never fail'd *to change the Race.*

Satyr, the ſtrange Confuſions of the Crown
Omit, till *Edgar* claims it for his own:
No Line of Kings, no Order, Blood, or Law,
Can any help to *Jus Divinum* draw:
Death, *Force*, and interſecting Lines obey,
The Voice of Fate, and Right of Blood deſtroy.

Then *Edgar* rul'd, let's view his *Jeſt of Right*,
It hardly liv'd a Day beyond his Night:

He

He gain'd the juſt Aſſiſtance of the Laws,
Crown'd by the Nation's (a) Suffrage and Applauſe;
To him th' electing Juſtice gave the Crown,
And willing People conſecrate his Throne;
And yet his ſhort liv'd Race poſſeſt no more,
Nor could his Sacred Right convey his Power:
The ill eſtabliſh'd Force *cou'd ne'er remain*,
The Principal being naught where it began:
Murther diſſolv'd the Line, what Right can ſtand,
Where Men by Force *obey*, by Force *command*;
For as by Blood, the little Right he had,
Entail'd the Crown on *Sacred* (b) *Edward's* Head;
The *Knife* inſtead of *Diadem* he found,
And (c) *Ælfreid* cut his (d) Throat before he cou'd be crown'd.

Then *Ethelred* ſet up to heal the Line,
And *on this* (e) *Murther grounds his Right Divine*;

And

(a) *Roger Hoveden* tells us, he was *elected* King by the whole *Engliſh* Nation; and the *Saxon* Annals obſerve, as Mr. *Tyrrel* notes, in his Days, all things ſucceeded proſperouſly, God giving him Peace as long as he liv'd, becauſe he conſulted the Good and Peace of his People; and therefore he had greater Honour in all Nations round him, as well as in his own, and by a peculiar Bleſſing from Above, he was ſo aſſiſted, that Kings ſubmitted themſelve to him every where, without fighting.

Alſo the Manſcript Author of the Life of St. *Dunſtan*, relates he was elected by the Clergy, as well as Laity, over both Kingdoms. [*Tyrrel's* Gen. Hiſt. of *Eng.* Vol. 1. Lib. 6. Fol. 1, 2.]

(b) He was ſtil'd *Edward the Martyr*, tho' we ſee no Reaſon for that, for he was murther'd on a political, not a religious Account.

(c) The Story of the Murther of *Edward*, ſurnam'd the *Martyr*, is variouſly related by Hiſtorians, as to the Perſon who did it, but all agree, it was done as he made a viſit to his Mother in Law, Queen *Ælfrida*, who would have ſet up her Son *Ethelred* in his Stead; and, that calling at her Door, to viſit her, as he was hunting, he was ſtabb'd in the Reins, with a Knife, or Dagger, at his Mother's Door, as he was drinking.

(d) Cut his Throat is a general Expreſſion here, importing he was murthred, for his Throat was not cut, but he was ſtabb'd in the Back, as above.

(e) *Ethelred* came to the Crown by the Death of *Edward* the Martyr.

And *His Divine Succeſſion* to ſecure,
Legitimates the Off-ſpring of his Whore;
Was ever Race *ſo ſanctify'd* before!
(a) *Edmund the Baſtard* ſnatcht the haſty Crown,
With Haſte ſet up, and was in *Haſte pull'd down*:
The Hand of (b) *Blood* uſurpt Dominion ſlew,
And Murther thus by Murther they purſue.

Edward the Holy then commands this Iſle,
Better deſerv'd the Kingdom than the Stile;
His (c) *Brother's Blood* ſecur'd his Sacred Reign,
And Fratricide was all his *Right Divine*:
Murther had now extinguiſh'd all the Race,
And *Britain found no Tyrant* for the Place.
Vaſt Interſections now befell the Race,
And daily Uſurpations fill the Sacred Place:
Succeſſion had ſuch very ſmall regard,
And ſuch vaſt *Chaſm's* in the Lines appear'd;
'Tis hard to ſay what Royal Blood remain'd,
In all the *Saxon* Families that reign'd.

The Mock Succeſſion *Edward* now declares,
To *Baſtard Edmund*'s Sons for wants of Heirs;
The firſt of theſe prevented by his End,
The Crowns to his Poſterity deſcend,

And

(a) *Edmund*, ſirnam'd *Ironſide*, was the Son of *Ethelred*, but not by his Queen *Emma*, who was his only Wife, but by a private Woman, *Anglice*, *a Whore*, and whoſe Name is not recorded.

(b) That King *Edmund* was murthred, ſeveral Authors agree, tho' they differ about the Manner, and Mr. *Tyrrel* quotes all their Opinions at large, *Vol.* 1. *Lib.* 6. *Fol.* 49.

(c) Not that *Edward* the Confeſſor murthred his Brother, but he afterwards took Money of Earl *Goodwin*, the Murtherer, to acquit, and be reconcil'd to him.

And ſpurious Blood, the *Engliſh* Throne ſupplies,
With long ſucceſſive Rolls of Tyrannies.

(*a*) *Edgar* obtains the *honeſt Name of* Fool,
And, ſpight of Blood, was thought unfit to rule;
And *Right Divine* was ſo deſpis'd a Thing,
The Crown went *out a begging for a* King.

Ill ſped the firſt unhappy Suit it made,
To *Baſtards*, Men of *Blood* and *Luſt* betray'd;
Of (*b*) foreign Breed, of *unrelated Race*,
Whore in his Scutcheon, Tyrant in his Face:
A *ſpurious Birth* of interming'd Blood;
Neither *our Laws* or *Language* underſtood,
But foreign to the Nation, and the Line,
Upon his Sword ingrav'd the *Right Divine*.

Of all the Nations in the World there's none,
Have *leſs of True Succeſſion* in their Crown.
We ſhould be laſt of all that ſhould pretend,
The *long Deſcent of Princes* to defend;
Since if Hereditary Right's the Claim,
The Engliſh *Crown* has Forty Times been lame:
The Crown was like the People, *always mixt*,
Seldom was well beſtow'd, and *never fixt*.

Here, *Satyr*, Juſtice calls upon thy Pen,
To paint the *wild* ungovern'd *Luſts of Men*;
The vaſt Extent of *Royal Crime* explain,
And let us know what Monſter 'tis we mean;

(*a*) *Edgar Atheling* was reputed a Fool, but Mr. *Tyrrel* ſays it was a Wrong done him, only to make the People forget him, for he was the next of Blood to the Crown.
(*b*) *William* the *Conqueror*.

When to unbounded Power *he aſpires*,
Not *Heaven it ſelf* can limit his Deſires:
The Vice that dictates firſt to covet Rule,
Teaches all Arts of the infernal School:
The ſecret *Guſt of Power* has ſuch a Force,
He that uſurps, *muſt tyrannize* of Courſe:
Neceſſity directs that guilty Men,
Should hold *by Blood*, what they *by Blood* obtain.

The *High Coherence* natural is and juſt,
That where th' Uſurper reigns, *the Tyrant muſt*;
He only *juſtly* holds a Government,
That rules a People *by their own Conſent*;
That draws *the Yoke* of State *with Cords of Law*,
And makes *the Vertuous* keep *the Vile* in Awe;
By their *own Power* their publick Safety ſeeks,
And *bows* himſelf to all the Laws he makes;
Content with Power, that Power *for Peace imploys*,
And what *he ſhould protect*, he ne'er deſtroys.

But where's the Man! Britannia *ſighing* ſhows,
To what *Black Race* her early Fate ſhe owes:
No ſooner had ſhe Kingdoms *to beſtow*,
But *Men of Blood* her Liberties o'erthrow:
The Sons of Violence have *ſnatch'd her Crowns*,
Murth'red her Patriots, and *uſurpt* her Thrones:
Her valiant Sons in ſlaughter'd Heaps remain,
And (*a*) *Tombs of Champions* riſe in every Plain,
That *ſtrove* with *Tyranny*, and *dar'd to fight*,
Maintaining *Britan's dear declining Right*;

That

(*a*) The Mounts of Earth yet to be ſeen on *Salisbury-Plains*, and over all the open Countries in *England*, which *Cambden* allows to be the Soldiers Monuments, for their Fellows ſlain in Battel.

That to the laſt invading Force withſtood,
And checkt tyrannick Torrents *with their Blood*;
That dar'd, *when they no longer* could withſtand,
Die with that Freedom they could not defend:
Oppreſt with Numbers, Liberty was gone,
And *Troops of Tyrants Britain*'s Plains o'er-run:
The conſtant Force on which their Kingdoms ſtood,
Stain'd their *uſurping Thrones* with Guilt and Blood;
And as with *primo-genial* Right they ſtorve,
They challeng'd *Men below*, and *Heaven above*;
Of Both regardleſs, and by *Both* abhorr'd,
Riſe by the Dagger, *govern by the Sword:*
By Steps of Blood they raiſe and fix *their Fame*,
For *Tyrants* and *Uſurpers* are the ſame;
Degenerate Blood ſwells their ambitious Veins,
The Man may rule, but 'tis *the Vice* that Reigns.

Satyr return, ſearch our *intangl'd Line*,
And there purſue thy *very juſt* Deſign;
See, how Poſſeſſion *ſuperſedes the Blood*,
And note, how Right *to govern*'s underſtood.

Britannia now, with Men of Blood oppreſt,
And all her Race of Tyrants *lately ceas'd*;
Ill Fate prevailing, ſeeks at foreign Shores,
And for worſe Monſters, ignorantly *implores*.

William the early Summons ſoon obeys,
Ambition *fills his Sails*, his Fleets *the Seas*;
With cruel Hopes, and fatal Valour *Fed*,
The *foreign Legions Britain's* Shores o'erſpread:
The Sword decides the *Engliſh* Liberty,
For *which ſoe'er prevails*, the Land's the Prey,
Fated the conquering Tyrant *to obey*.

Nor

Nor ſhall our Verſe the *Norman* Name abuſe;
Satyr correct th' exaſperated Muſe:
He had the *vulgar Title* of the Sword;
The Crown *was either's Prize, it had no Lord;*
No Claim of Blood, no Heir the *Power poſſeſt,*
To plead juſt Right, and give the Nation reſt;
No rightful Pilot ſteer'd *the Bark of State,*
The floating Engine *left to Arms and Fate;*
Toſt on *the Seas of Diſcord,* Strife and Pride;
Harold the Trifle (*a*) *raviſh'd,* not *enjoy'd.*

Nor did he claim by *Sacred Right of* (*b*) *Blood,*
His Title on his ſtrong Poſſeſſion ſtood,
And had he held that Title *'t had been good:*
Both were Invaders, and the Sword they drew,
No other Right than that of Conqueſt knew:
Harold by (*c*) *Uſurpation* gain'd the Crown,
And *Ditto Uſurpation* pull'd him down:
Succeſſive Violence uſurpt on Right,
And paſſive Juſtice weeping at the ſight,
Lookt on, to ſee the Tyrants thus with Tyrants fight.

Here Heaven determin'd *Old Britannia's Fate,*
And *brooding Providence* in Council ſate:
He all the *high Events of Time* foreknew,
And there the Schemes that ſince we finiſh'd drew:

There

(*a*) *Harold* ſeiz'd upon the Crown, by the Power of his Troops and Treaſures, having alſo a great Intereſt among the Nobility and Clergy, and being himſelf a Man of great Courage and Reputation in Arms, which appear'd to be not without real Merit, as by his Behaviour afterward againſt the *Northern* People, and alſo againſt Duke *William*.

(*b*) *Harold* had no Claim to the Crown by Blood, or Inheritance, being the Son of Earl *Goodwin*.

(*c*) They were both Uſurpers for the true Right of Deſcent, at leaſt, before them was *Edgar Atheling*, of the Race of *Edmund Ironſide*.

There he made way for that (a) uſurping Race,
That ſince for Ruin *ripen'd us* apace:
But ſtill 'tis plain, from this One fatal Day,
He firm'd *the Laws of Kings* which Nations ſince obey;
And *made it juſt*, that when a Tyrant's ſlain,
The Right does with the Property remain:
People *may crown the Man* that they approve,
And what they *like Below*, is always *lik'd Above*.

William was (b) yet no Tyrant, had not took
The ſolemn Oath, *which afterwards he broke*;
The Vict'ry he with his bright Sword obtain'd,
But ſtill untouch'd the *Engliſh* Crown remain'd;
For ſtill (c) the *Engliſh* Nation kept their own,
And he laid by the Sword, *to ask the Crown*;
(d) *Conven'd the States*, kept their due Powers alive,
And *recogniz'd the Right* they had *to give*;
Receiv'd the Crown by general (e) fair Aſſent,
With *Poſtulata*'s of the Government;

(a) Swore

(a) The Race of *William* the *Conqueror*, call'd a uſurping Race, not only as he was a Uſurper himſelf, but his Three immediate Succeſſors, *Rufus*, *Henry* the Iſt, and *Stephen*, were all Uſurpers; beſides ſeveral of the ſubſequent Kings of *England*.

(b) *William* the *Conqueror*, might be call'd a Uſurper, but he was no Tyrant at firſt, till he had ſecured the Poſſeſſion to himſelf, and intirely ſubdued all his Enemies, then he began to ſhow himſelf.

(c) It was a great while after he had made a Conqueſt, before he accepted the Crown, and when he did, it was at the Requeſt, and by the Election of the People, and on Conditions, which he ſwore to, of maintaining their Laws and Priviledges.

(d) *William*, then Duke of *Normandy*, after his Victory, marcht up to *London*, and there the Clergy, and Lay-Nobility, offered him the Crown, which he could not preſently reſolve to accept.

(e) At his Coronation, the Arch-Biſhop of *York* askt all the People if they did conſent he ſhould be made King. [*Tyrrel*, Vol. 2. Lib. 1. Fol. 10.]

(a) Swore to the Laws, with all their Limitations,
And bound himself in Terms to rule the Nations:
Thus far his Title's just, *his Claim of Gift,*
From Edward's *Oath*, in *Harold*'s Grave he left;
The general Voice gave him a higher Claim,
Then *Conquest rais'd* upon the Voice of Fame.

He saw his early *Conquest incompleat*,
And such would be the Title rais'd from it;
He saw the Nation *unsubdu'd*, and found,
His Sword unable to maintain his Ground;
But that if he comply'd with *English Laws*,
He might be King with gen'ral first Applause:
The gen'ral Suffrage gently he demands,
Takes the condit'nal Gift with *high up-lifted Hands*
To Heaven, and all the Realm (b) devoutly swore,
To keep the Laws as Sacred *as the Crown he wore.*

If he the High Conditions broke, *if he*,
(c) *Forgot the Bounds of Rule* and Majesty;
If he oppress the People, *scorn'd the Laws*,
And practis'd all the Crimes *he shou'd oppose*;
If he the flourishing Nation half destroy'd,
And quencht the raging Fire *with his dear Subject's Blood*:
'Twas then he ceas'd to reign, *there fell the Man*;
There dy'd the King, the Tyrant *there* began;

And

(a) The Oath of *William* the *Conqueror*, was not an Oath like a Conqueror, but like a King that was bound to Conditions.

(b) His Oath was, *This Scepter I most thankfully receive*, (a plain Acknowledgment, that 'twas the Peoples Gift) *and with it do most solemnly promise and swear*, &c. [See *Secret Hist.* P. 7.]

(c) After the Journey he made into the *North*, to suppress the *English* Noblemen that revolted there, he began to be a most cruel, bloody, and barbarous Tyrant, and discovered that Cruelty was in his very Nature, which he had carefully conceal'd before, treating the *English* with great Lenity and Respect.

And from *that Minute* Juſtice made it clear,
The Nation might ha' plac'd *another there.*

But Patience then was more *Britannia's* Claim;
Suppreſt by Suff'rings, Suff'rings made her tame:
She ſaw the Tyrant *quit the* Engliſh *Throne.*
And hop'd for better Uſage *from his Son;*
But *change of Tyrants* gave her ſmall Relief,
She loſt *the Lion*, and receiv'd *the* (a) *Thief*,
Who firſt his Father's *ill got* Treaſure (b) ſeiz'd,
With which the *gaping Clergy* he appeas'd;
So bought Rebellion by the Cash he ſtole,
Debauch'd the Church's Part, and wheedl'd in the Whole:
Thus Bribry firſt with Robbery *combin'd*,
To ride before, and Treaſon *rode behind*;
Ambition, and the Luſt of Rule prevail'd,
And *Robert's* Right, on *William's* Head intail'd.

But tell us, Satyr---, tell us what remain'd,
Tell us how well the (c) *Red-hair'd* Monſter reign'd,
And rul'd *with Vice*, what he *by Vice* obtain'd:
Rapine and Ruin thro' the Kingdom ran,
Th' inſatiate Wretch plundred *both God* and *Man*:
Nothing *ſo Sacred*, nothing *ſo ſecure*,
That cou'd the *Teſt of Avarice* endure:
He bought the Kingdom with his plundred Gold,
And what *by Wholeſale* bought, by *Retail* (d) ſold;

The

(a) *Rufus*, a grievous Exacter of Money, by all manner of Extortions, and with an unbounded Avarice.

(b) *William Rufus*, ſeiz'd his Father's Treaſure at *Wincheſter*, and with that bribing the Biſhop of *Canterbury* and *Wincheſter*, obtain'd the Crown.

(c) He was call'd *Rufus* from his Red Hair.

(d) He ſold all the Places and Preferments, both in the Church and State, but particularly in the Church, having the Biſhopricks of *Canter-*

bury,

The ſacrilegious *Prodigy of Crime*,
Made *Bribes and Theft* the Cuſtoms of the Time.

Degenerate Fault, thou worſt of Humane Sin,
Where all the Seeds of Wickedneſs begin;
Thou (*a*) *Root of Crime*, Bane of a Generous Mind,
To what ſtrange ſordid Things doſt thou Mankind incline?
Thou robb'ſt him of the Good he ſhould enjoy,
And doeſt *the Sweets of that he has*, deſtroy:
Thou Enemy to Temperance and Rules,
That ſtriv'ſt to make Men *rather Beaſts* than Fools;
Thou doſt all Mediocrity deſpiſe,
Thy high Enjoyment all *in Surfeit lies*:
Nature's great *Horſe-leech*, always ſucking Blood,
Yet always craving, always ſtarv'd for Food;
The Language of thy ever craving Tongue,
The Burthen of thy *unharmonious* Song;
In conſtant murmuring Sighs thy Off-ſpring live,
And hoarſe with eager Croaking, cry *Give*, *Give*.

From thy *dark Gulph* come all the worſt of Crimes;
Thou fill'ſt the World with Snare, with Vice the Times:
Theft, Murther, Rapine, and unnatural Sin,
In thee the *teeming Mother of Crime*, begin;
The vaſt prolifick Off-ſpring of thy Womb,
Invade the beſt, and always conquer ſome:
Thou conſtant Bar to Humane Happineſs,
Which makes Men *want* the Things *which they poſſeſs*;
Dull Sordid Shadow of Felicity,
Too low for Reaſon, for Delight *too high*;

Thou

---

bury, *Wincheſter*, and *Salisbury*, at once in his Hands, and letting their Revenue out to farm for his own uſe.

(*a*) The Scripture gives it that Term, *Covetouſneſs*, *the Root of all Evil*,

Thou *Cheat of Pleasure!* which does Hope destroy;
Lets Man *possess*, but lets him *not enjoy*;
Places his Happiness in *what he wants*,
And all his Generous Principles supplants:
Insatiate Vice! whose uncontracted Eye,
God has not made a World can satisfie;
And had he not with th' Adamantine Gate,
With Bars of Brass, and the more strong Decrees of Fate,
Guarded the High Celestial Throne from thee,
Not Heaven could fill the Concave of thine Eye;
Not God himself, would he permit thy Gust,
Could satisfie the cravings of thy Lust;
Nay, didst thou covet Good, with equal Heat,
Th' unbounded Wish would still appear so great,
The Crime would all the Piety defeat;
In Heaven, if they could covet, 'twou'd Heaven destroy,
By wishing something more than they enjoy;
For if the Fullness once be incompleat,
The Happiness wou'd all be short like it;
Love, *Joy*, *and Glory*, constitute the Place,
Compleatly fill'd from the Eternal Face;
The Beatifick Vision must restore,
'Twou'd not be Heaven, if we could wish for more:
In Temporal Kingdoms it is just the same,
It makes the Kings a Jest, the Crowns a Name;
An empty unsupplying Vapour said,
To load the Heart, and not adorn the Head;
For if the Satisfaction's once pull'd down,
Where's then the *Summum Bonum* of a Crown?
The craving Wretch, while he desires more,
Is less a Monarch than he was before:
When Power confederates with Thee, and Kings,
With whom to Wish and Act are undivided Things;

When theſe with Vice in Heart, and Sword in Hand,
Give both a Looſe, and Act without Command:
What ſtrange unuſual Havock of Mankind,
Does th' Itch of getting more and more attend:
Naboth ſhall for his Vineyard always die,
And Safety only dwell with Poverty.

Thus *Rufus* reign'd and with his Peoples Blood,
His Brother's rightful Title he withſtood,
Heapt *Crime on Crime*, and equally oppreſt,
Thoſe whom *he rul'd*, as thoſe he *diſpoſſeſt*:
Imperial Avarice in Triumph rode,
And *raviſh'd Nations* groan'd beneath the Load:
He reign'd with Violence *in either Hand*,
And Vice *was Great Dictator* in the Land;
Unbridl'd Pow'r ſet all his Luſts on Fire,
And drew up all *the Flood-Gates* of Deſire.

But Thirſt of Gold was his *Original Sin*;
Oppreſſion *reign'd without*, and Avarice *within*;
Thoſe *empty Trifles* fooliſh Men miſcall,
Juſtice and *Vertue* long ago let fall;
With due Contempt *his wiſer Head* laid by,
And loos'd the eaſie Reins of Majeſty,
Below the Royal Stile, *below the Man*,
Below the Brute *he ſtoopt* to entertain
The ſordid Tyrant Vice, the wretched Thing,
Gave up the Chriſtian, to maintain the King.

Thus *Rufus* reign'd; thus *Engliſh-men* obey'd,
And ſtoopt to have their Liberties betray'd;
Brothers *the Brothers ſold*, and Fathers Sons,
And join the wretched Path the Monarch runs;

Till

Till late by ſleeping Juſtice overtook,
Wiſe *Tyrrel's* (a) *willing Shaft* the Monſter ſtruck:
Britannia (b) *wept not* when the Tyrant dy'd,
And Liberty lay bleeding by his Side.

But ſo the Fates, for Puniſhment *ordain'd*,
The ſmall Receſs the weary Land obtain'd;
So little Breath to riſing Freedom gave,
'Twas hard to know *the Subject* from *the Slave*.

(c) *Beau-Clerk*, that never dreamt of Kingdom yet,
But taught t'uſurp, and *free to tempt his Fate*;
His injur'd *Elder Brother* to ſupplant,
And carry on *the Villain* with the *Saint*;
Seizes *the Gaudy Trifle* call'd the Crown,
And knew that *taking it*, 'twould be his own:
Th' *unwilling Nation* gave their forc'd Aſſent,
And Title felt the Shock of Government.

Robert remote, *but next of Blood, in vain*,
To Heaven and Earth endeavours to complain;
In vain he claims his *primo-genial* Right;
In vain they always claim, that cannot fight:
Poſſeſſion all his injur'd Right defies,
Pull'd *off his Crown*, and then (d) *put out his Eyes!*

Will

(a) *Tyrrel* ſhot him willingly, ſay ſome, others ſay he was not there, See *Tyrrel's* Hiſt. of *Eng.* in the Reign of *William* II.

(b) He died unlamented; was for a conſiderable Time left all alone on the Ground, and at laſt carried to *Wincheſter* in a Cole-Cart, no body regarding him, till a few poor Cole-Carriers came by and found him.

(c) *Henry* the Firſt, not expecting a Crown, being the youngeſt of 3 Brothers, had applied himſelf to Books and Study, and by his retired Life, and ſeeming Learning, obtain'd the Sirname of *Beau-Clerk*.

(d) Mr. *Tyrrel* indeed denies that *Robert's* Eyes were put out, but all our former Hiſtorians agreeing to relate it, I have taken it not as a Hiſtory, but as it is uſeful to expreſs the Injury done him.

Will any ſay, that they did not do well,
Who did for *Robert*'s rightful Claim *rebel*;
Yet *there they ſtand*, in the unjuſt Records,
(*a*) *Traytors* to *England*'s Laws, and *England*'s Lords:
Uſurping Henry's *own'd*, and Power prevails,
And *England*'s Crown to his Poſterity intails;
But *Fate forbid the Banes*, the Sacred (*b*) Blaſt,
Made *future Injuries* revenge *the paſt*;
His *True Poſterity* oppreſt with Power,
See bold Uſurpers all their Right devour.

Stephen ſucceeds by *Perjury* and *Fraud*,
And raviſhes the Diadem from *Maud*;
With Fury and Ambition in his Face;
The Right was in *his Helmet*, not *his* Race:
By Dint of never failing (*c*) Argument,
In ſpight of Line, made ſmooth the ſteep Aſcent;
His brighter Sword, the Path to Power made plain,
And made *the Sword* his unjuſt Power maintain;
Tyrants can have *no other Right* to reign.

In vain *the Empreſs* her Succeſſion ſought;
In vain her Right ſhe claim'd, *until ſhe fought*;
Till Violence the Violent pull'd down,
Alternate Victors, *ſhar'd* alternately the Crown:
At laſt the Right which he by Force maintain'd,
By Compact he, and juſt Conceſſion gain'd.

The

(*a*) The Nobility had a hard Fate, who fighting for the Elder Brother, againſt the younger, were put to Death as Traytors.

(*b*) As at the Death of *Henry* the Iſt, the main Line of *Normandy* ended, ſo the Succeſſion has ever ſince prov'd ſo brittle, that it never held to the Third Heir, in a right Deſcent, without being put by, or receiving ſome Alteration by Uſurpation, or Extinction of the Male-Blood. [Sir *Winſton Churchill*'s Divi Britannici, *Fol.* 207.

(*c*) The Sword.

The Second (a) *Henry* fights, and fighting treats,
To own *that Princes Title* he defeats;
Conſents *to mean Concluſions* of the War,
In *baſe Adoption* ſtoops to be *a Tyrant's Heir*;
Accepts the *Ignominious Grant*, and ſhows,
His Right's *as bad as* Stephen's *that beſtows:*
The High-State-Jugglers thus divide the Prey,
And (b) weeping Crowds, (c) Uſurpers ſtill obey:
The Native Right oppreſt, th' Oppreſſors reign,
And *Violence*, by Violence *maintain*;
For all this while, the High Succeſſive Right,
For *which pretending Henry*'s Armies fight,
In his *ſurviving Mother* (d) *Maud* remain'd,
And as He conquer'd, *She by Right*, had reign'd;
But high Ambition checkt the Claim of Blood,
And as his Power obtain'd, his Claim was good;
Poſſeſſion gave, Poſſeſſion held the Crown,
And weak *conceding Maud*, her Right laid down.

(a) Baſely treats with *Stephen*, that he ſhou'd be King during Life; that *Henry* ſhould reign after him; that *Stephen* ſhould adopt *Henry* for his Son, and *Henry* ſwear Allegiance to *Stephen* during his Life.

I call this baſe, 1. becauſe he always fought with *Stephen*, as a Man that had no Right, and to accept of his own Title by the Adoption of a Uſurper, was a Meanneſs intollerable. 2. Becauſe he ought not to have treated, but in the Name of his Mother.

(b) *Plectuntur Achivi.*

(c) *Stephen* had no relation to the Crown, and the Subjects had all ſworn, by the Contrivance of *Henry* the Iſt, to his Daughter *Maud*, while he was alive; Sir *Win. Churchil* ſays, the People did not ſo much *elect* him, as *reject* her, *Divi. Brit. Fol.* 209. but *Sam Daniel*'s Hiſtory ſays he was elected by the States; other ſay, and perhaps more truly, he got himſelf elected, that is, he by Force, by Entreaty, Craft, and Bribery, obtain'd an Election; but ſuch there was, that they all allow, and no Man in *England* could be King without.

(d) *Henry* the IId, ought to ha' let his Mother ha' reign'd before him, by Right of Succeſſion, but the Conſent of the Nobles was more regarded than all the Claim by Blood.

Satyr, *retaliating Fate* adore,
How Power uſurpt, *falls by* uſurping Power:
The mighty Hand of Juſtice *gives the Blow*,
And intermitting Rights the Reaſons know.

John, the Third Branch of *Henry*'s falling Line,
His elder Brother's Son alive *ſhall reign:*
Arthur the *Jus Divinum* had, *a Thing*,
That contributed little to the King;
Uncrown'd, his Royal Title he lays down,
And *Engliſh* Lords the ſtrong Uſurper own;
Nor own'd his Power only, but his Right,
They crown'd the Sons, *that with the Father fight:*
Henry, the Infant Off-ſpring of that Blood,
Who had their (*a*) Rights and Liberties withſtood;
To him their voluntary Homage pay,
The Right of Choice, and not of Line obey;
For *Arthur*'s Siſter, *Elenor*, remain'd,
And by the *Jus Divinm*, ſhou'd have reign'd;
Hers was the *primo-genial* Right of Blood,
But Rights without Poſſeſſion's ſeldom underſtood.

Vail Satyr to the mighty *Edward*'s Fame;
How oft has Gallia *trembled at his Name?*
How proud's *Britannia* of the Hero's Sword?
And how his (*b*) Badge of Honour *we've ador'd?*

Strong

(*a*) The Charter that King *Stephen* paſs'd at *Oxford*, with his Seal to it, has, in the Preamble, theſe Words, *Ego* Stephanus, *Dei Gratia, aſſenſu Cleri & Populi in Regem* Angli *electus*, Notes on the Lord *Stamford*'s Speech to the Grand Jury at *Leiceſter*, 1690.

(*b*) The Garter, and the Order of Knights, founded by *Edward* the Third.

Strong was his Arm, Immortal his Renown,
And captiv'd Kings (*a*) paid Homage to his Crown:
In (*b*) *Caledonian* Triumph ſee him come,
And yielding Nations ſhout the Hero Home:
Not wild unhoſpitable Mountains there,
Can check his Fame, nor numerous Armies here.
(*c*) *Creſſy* the dreadful Monument muſt ſhow,
And Multitude (*d*) to Valour *learn to bow:*
Ancient in Victory, and old in Fame,
To his (*e*) *Immortal Son* he gives his Name,
His Courage and his Conqueſts *juſt the ſame.*

And yet this Hero of Tyrannick Race,
His Father yet alive, (*f*) uſurpt his Place:
The weak (*g*) untutor'd Prince *depos'd and fled*,
The young aſpiring Hero, in his Stead,
Graſps the deſcending Crown before his Time——
Satyr conceal the (*h*) *reſt*,
and let the Crime,
In State-Ænigma, *ſtill unridl'd lie*,
And *Edward*'s Murther, *with his Murtherers die.*

The

(*a*) He took Priſoners the Kings of *France* and *Scotland.*
(*b*) His Wars in *Scotland.*
(*c*) The great Battel of *Creſſy*, in *France*, where he beat the whole Power of *France.*
(*d*) The *French were* Four to One odds, as to Numbers, in that Action.
(*e*) *Edward*, the *Black-Prince.*
(*f*) *Hæres non eſt vivientis.* He reign'd, and his Father a Priſoner, where he was afterwards murthered.
(*g*) His Father, *Edward* the IId, was a weak and unſteady Prince, miſguided, and impoſed upon by his Favourites.
(*h*) The Succeſſors of *Henry*, by Line, are *Edward* the Firſt, *Edward* the IId, and *Edward* the IIId, but the laſt, tho' a Good and Great Prince, ſtept young into the Throne, by the Blood of his Father; whether he was conſenting, or not, is not the Caſe.

The *brave young Monarch* ſnatch'd the tempting Crown,
Giv'n by *thoſe Hands* that pull'd his Father down;
What tho' untainted with paternal Blood,
Our ſilent Record would be underſtod;
To waſh the Guilt from his advancing Name,
The *Jayls and Graves of Princes* are the ſame.

Kneel Satyr, and again due Homage pay,
To mighty Juſtice, view the awful Way
He treads, his ſwift returning Methods *trace*,
And ſee the Vengeance *finiſh'd in the Race:*
The Anceſtor in Steps of Blood began,
And *his Succeſſor* ſhuns his Fate *in vain:*
(*a*) *Murther purſues*, Vengeance was Heaven's Deſign,
As *Blood rais'd up*, Blood ſhould *pull down* the Line.

Edward upon his *Father's Ruin* ſtood,
And *Richard* paid the *Royal Debt* in Blood:
Depos'd and murthered, *Ed'rd* the Father lies;
Depos'd and murthered, *Rich'rd* the Grandſon dies;
Swift Juſtice *but to One Remove* adjourn'd,
The Crown, and all their Trophies, overturn'd:
Lancaſtrian Henry tore it from his Head,
And ſwift as Fate, *the Debt of Juſtice paid:*
For of (*b*) Four Kings that by Succeſſion reign'd,
With *Conqueſt* all, and *Uſurpation* ſtain'd;

The

(*a*) The Blood Heaven ſeems to revenge, in that his Grandſon, and immediate Succeſſor was depoſed and murthred, and *Henry* the IVth, Duke of *Lancaſter*, came in meerly by Uſurpation, Invaſion, or what you will call it, after the Male-Adminiſtration of *Richard*.

(*b*) *John* murthred Prince *Arthur*, his Brother's Son: *John*'s Succeſſor, *Edward* the IId, was murthred and depoſed, and his own Son ſet up over his Head.

Richard the IId was unjuſtly depoſed, as to Succeſſion, by *Henry* the IVth, as his Predeceſſor, King *John*, unjuſtly ſnatcht the Crown from Prince

Tho' all poſſeſt the Crown, and rul'd in Courſe,
They'd no more Right, by Blood, than *Alexandes's Horſe.*

(*a*) *Henry*, that in *his Mother's Right* made Claim,
And bore the very Title in his (*b*) Name;
Poſſeſt the Right, *his Mother yet alive,*
And let the Heir at Law, the Right ſurvive.

(*c*) *John without Line*, or due Pretence of Blood,
His Elder Brother's Son with Arms withſtood;
Poſſeſt by Force, and by his Sword maintain'd,
And Power intail'd *the Uſurpation* gain'd;
But Fate, that *late in Vengeance* keeps the Roll,
Of ſecret Crimes, reſerv'd the Fatal Scroul;

Prince *Arthur*, his Brother's Son; thus Uſurpation was turn'd out of Poſſeſſion by Uſurpation.

(*a*) *Henry* the IId came in much after the ſame manner, for he came in by Vertue of the Agreement with King *Stephen*, without any regard to his Mother *Maud*, then alive, and this was call'd a Succeſſion, becauſe *Stephen* makes a pretended Adoption of *Henry* as his Son, and *Henry* ſwears Fealty to him, as to his Father; by which we may ſee how the *Jus Hereditarium* was then underſtood, *Sciatis quod ego Rex* Stephanus Henericum, *Ducem* Normaniæ, *poſt me ſucceſſorem Regni* Angliæ, *& hæredem meum* Jure Hereditario *conſtituo*, ibid. Notit. P. 29.

(*b*) *Fitz-Empreſs.*

(*c*) King *John* was the youngeſt Son of this *Henry*, and here *Henry*, who put by his Mother, had his Eldeſt Line depoſed; *Eleanor*, the Daughter of *Arthur*, Son of *Geoffry Plantagenet*, *John*'s Elder Brother; which *Arthur*, *John* had murthred with his own Hands, but *Eleanor* was yet alive; and *Hubert*, Arch-Biſhop of *Canterbury*, makes a Speech at his Coronation, juſtifying the ſetting him up, as the moſt worthy of the Poſterity of *Henry*.

Archiepiſcopus Stans in medio omnium, dixit audito univerſi, *Quod nullus previâ ratione alij ſuccedere habet regnum niſi univerſitate Regni unanimiter*, invocata Spiritus Gratia *electus:* And afterwards he adds, *Verum ſi quis exſtirpe Regis defuncti alijs prepolleret, pronius in electionem, ejus eſt conſentiendum.* After this, he proceeds, "We having conſid'red the Valour and "Proweſs of this Noble Perſon here preſent, have, all of us, unanimouſly "choſen him, as well in regard of his Merits, as of his Royal Blood, *but not a Word of regard to his Right of Succeſſion*, vide Mat. Paris, *Fol.* 197.

Reſerv'd the long unballanc'd Book of Right,
And brought forgotten Injuries to Light;
The Leaves of Retribution were turn'd o'er,
And Days of Violence ſubmit to Power:
Uſurpers by Uſurpers are pull'd down,
And Tyrants make a (a) Foot-ball of the Crown;
The (b) Men of Blood, with Men (c) of Blood contend,
And Days of Crime, in Nights of Juſtice end.

'Twas Uſurpation *Henry*'s Right beſtows,
The *Engliſh* Crown *Two Jus Divinum's* knows,
And long ſucceſſive Kings adorn the (d) *Northern Roſe*,
Three *Henries* by a due Succeſſion reign,
And *York* demands the Right of Line in vain;
In vain they claim'd, till *Edward*'s harden'd Sword,
The Right of Blood, *by* Right of Power *reſtor'd*.

Thro'

(a) Between *Henry* the VIth, and *Edward* the IVth, the Crown was toſs'd from one to another ſix or ſeven Times, and at laſt was reſtor'd to the Houſe of *York*.

(b) And of this very King *John* 'tis recorded, who was *ſet up* without Line, he was *pull'd down* for being without Merit: His Oppreſſions becoming inſupportable to both Nobility, Clergy, and People, by general Counſel, and Approbation of them all, judg'd him unworthy of the Kingdom, *De Communi Regni Conſilio, & Approbatione ipſum Regno judicant indignum.*

(c) At the Death of this Prince, they made his Son *Henry* King, and the Earl of *Pembroke*, when he made a Speech to the Nobility, Gentry, and Commons, conven'd for that purpoſe, tells them, They ought not to puniſh the Son for the Father's Tranſgreſſion, and therefore moves them to adhere to the young Prince, beginning with theſe Words, *Tho' we have proſecuted the Father, and that juſtly*, &c. *propter mala, ejus opera*; and yet, all this while, *Eleanor*, the true Heir, was alive, and a cloſe Priſoner, and *Henry*, who was one of the greateſt Kings of his Time, and from whom ſo great a Race, as that of the *Edwards*, came, was both a Uſurper, and the Son of a Uſurper, and Murtherer of his own Brother's Son.

(d) The Red-Roſe and the White.

Thro' Seas of Slaughter, and a delug'd Throne,
Edward, not went, but waded to the Crown:
Three Times depos'd, three Times reſtor'd in Courſe;
(a) *Too pious Henry's* Title yields to Force.

Short liv'd the Right the conquering Prince enjoy'd,
(b) Treaſon and Blood his *new crown'd Race* deſtroy'd;
As if the Hand of Murther had purſu'd,
The very Crown, and fated it to Blood;
Not *Innocence*, not *Youth and Right* could ſtay,
Ambition bent to rule, and not obey:
Richard with Luſt of Government allur'd,
By doubl'd Murthers firſt the Crown procur'd,
Uſurpt the Power, and kept it by the Sword,
Not *but by Blood and Force* to be reſtor'd:
(c) *Henry* th' uſurping *Murtherer dethron'd*;
Richard's cut down, and ſo the Victor's crown'd:
In vain the new aſſuming Monarch ſtrives,
To find ſome other (d) Title *than his Wives*;
In vain he fancies *his ſuperior Right*,
'Twas *born in Battel*, and confirm'd in Fight;
'Twas *Boſworth-Field*, his *weaker Claim* reſtor'd,
And grav'd his *ancient Title* on his Sword.

Thus Heaven due Vengeance *on Ambition* ſhows;
One raviſh'd Crown, another overthrows:
The Tyrant that uſurps, enjoys a Crown,
Till *Brother Tyrant*, Brother King *pulls down*:
Succeeding Robberies revenge the paſt,
And every Age of Crime *out-does the laſt*.

(a) Not that a Man can be *too pious*, but here it was too eaſie, too ſuperſtitiouſly devout to manage his Kingdom.

(b) The

(*b*) The murthred young Princes, *Edward* the Vth, and his Brother, cruelly deſtroy'd, in the *Tower* of *London*, with him, being the laſt of the Line of the Houſe of *York*.

(*c*) *Henry*, Duke of *Richmond*, who ſlew *Richard* the IIId, at *Boſworth-Field* in *Leiceſterſhire*.

(*d*) *Henry* the VIIth, married the Heir of the Houſe of *York*, but could never bear to hear of his Title being better'd by her Blood, but inſiſted upon his own, tho' very remote; but his Title being firſt built upon the juſt Purſuit of a Murtherer, and after confirm'd by Parliament, I take to be ſuperior to all the other Claim of Blood, which, indeed, was but weak without it.

JURE

(*a*) Not that a Man can be too wary, but he may be too cautious, too ſuperſtitiouſly devout to avenge his Kingdom.

JURE DIVINO:

A SATYR.

Book XI.

SATYR; from Fact, to Conſequence deſcend,
Juſt Princes and juſt Governments defend;
Where Kings and People with a joint Aſſent,
Move in the Grand Machine of Government:
In proper Sphere, reſpective Parts perform,
And General Good's to both the General Charm:
There Peace and Property go Hand in Hand,
Theſe freely Bow, and gently thoſe Command.

Princes and People join in publick Peace,
Both ſeek and underſtand their Happineſs:
Thoſe ſoftly guide, theſe chearful Homage pay;
Thoſe Rule by Law, and theſe by Choice Obey:
Commence the Parts of Rule in juſt Conſent,
And Jointly drive the Wain of Government:
In gentle Yoke of due Subſervience draw,
People to Monarchs, Monarchs to the Law;
In ſpight of Blood, Poſſeſſion, or of Line;
Theſe are the Governments that are Divine.

Nature and *Reaſon* in their Frame concur,
Nature and *Reaſon* always muſt procure,
Juſt Government and juſt Extent of Power.

Impartial SATYR, challenge all Mankind,
And leave the juſt Remark, for Ages yet behind:
Corruption has ſo tainted all the Race;
So Hood-winkt Reaſon's bright and beauteous Face;
Such foul falſe Schemes of Government has laid,
That all the World to Slavery has betray'd:
The general Bondage ſeems at firſt to come,
From ancient Blood, and looks like Nature too in ſome.

There's not a Nation (*a*) truly Free but this;
Britannia does the Maiden-Gift poſſeſs:
No Government on Earth can truly boaſt,
Of Liberty ſo fixt, at ſo much Coſt;

So

(*a*) The *Engliſh* Government has this peculiar Advantage in it, of all the preſent Conſtitutions in *Europe*, that if the Courſe of Things is left to run in a due and undiſturb'd Channel, there is not a Nation in the World, where both Prince and People may be ſo happy, as in this.

The Liberties of the People are too great to be here diſcours'd of, but even the Greatneſs of the Prince is alſo ſuperior to all Government in the World, where the Liberties of the People are ſo ſupported.

Here we find the Kings and Queens attended and ſerv'd by the Prime of their Nobility and Gentry; guarded by Men of Blood and Fortunes, and the Magnificence, Grandeur, and Expence of the *Engliſh*-Court exceeding moſt of the Courts of *Europe*; and yet this Prince cannot command Six-pence out of any Body's Pocket; cannot correct the Fault, or puniſh the Crime of the pooreſt Wretch that lies at his Gate; cannot demand the Service of the meaneſt Soldier or Saylor; cannot raiſe a Regiment, nor build a Ship, but by Law; the Parliament muſt ſettle the very Revenue for the Houſhold Expence; regulate how many Guards, Ships, Garriſons, or Commiſſions ſhall be maintain'd and given out.

And in this the Excellent Order of Government is ſeen, and 'tis prov'd beyond Debate, that the Love of Subjects is the Glory of the Prince, ſince all the Magnificence of the *Engliſh* Government conſiſts in the voluntary Tenders of Duty, Gratitude and Allegiance from their People.

So dearly bought, ſo eagerly embrac'd;
So well maintain'd, or half ſo like to laſt.

The *Engliſh* Empire, vaſt in its Extent,
And ſquar'd by Native Rules of Government:
The only Free-born-Remnant of Mankind,
That have their Birthright, (a) *lately too*, regain'd,
And vigorouſly that valued Right maintain'd.

Here the unſpotted Virgin of the Law,
Preſcribes the Prince, and does the People awe:
The ſteady Hand of choſen Magiſtrate,
Gently, and very gently guides the State:
Subſervience ſtated by unqueſtion'd Power,
Can neither theſe oppreſs, nor thoſe devour;
But ſettl'd Bounds of every Part directs,
And every Part, by every Part protects.

If Monarchs here miſtake their pointed Way,
The Subjects would (b) offend if they obey;
If Subjects here, can Juſtice but pretend,
They all may diſobey, and not offend;

Law ſtands the mighty Land-Mark to decide,
And Space between Offence and Power divide;
That Monarchy may not be made a Jeſt,
Nor Subjects in their rightful Claim oppreſt.

No

(a) *Lately*, that is, in the Revolution, for it can hardly be remembred in our Ages, when the Liberties of *England* were compleatly enjoy'd, and the Law left to an unreſtrain'd Courſe, the Currency of Juſtice unbyaſs'd, and intirely free, till the late Revolution.

(b) The Subject is here made anſwerable for any illegal Action, tho' done by the Prince's Command, and therefore may humbly repreſent it to the Prince, and cannot be culpable by refuſing to obey, and this is an Acknowledgment of the Superiority of Law to the Crown.

No *Poliſh* Monarch bears the Sword in vain,
Nor *Gallick* Slaves of Tyranny complain;
Anarchial Crouds, no Princes keep in awe,
Nor Sovereigns here declare their Wills their Laws;
Reaſon directs Mankind by ſtated Rules,
And none ſubmit to lawleſs Power, *but Fools.*

How happy were it for this wrangling Land,
Could we our True Enjoyments underſtand.

Of all the Nations in the World, how bleſt,
How much, in this, diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt,
Is Britain;
Where the Laws ſupremely High,
And Majeſty agrees with Property;
With *equal Motion*, and *united Ends*,
Peace courts the Crown, and *Peace* the Crown defends:
Here only Kings are happy, and the Throne,
Protects the Subjects, but *can* (a) *injure* none:
And Power *in equal* (b) *Portions* is ſo ſhar'd,
That all's for Harmony and Peace prepar'd.

No

(a) The Throne, that is the King, can *injure none*, he cannot, without intrenching upon the Law he is bound to maintain, without breaking the Coronation-Oath, and degenerating into a Tyrant, againſt his Honour, and his Word, and then may be lawfully oppos'd by the Perſon injur'd.

(b) The Power of every Branch of the *Engliſh* Conſtitution is ſo ſhar'd out, that every Part is aſſiſtant to one another, and yet every Part is a Check to one another; each Branch of the Government both ſupports and reſtrains the other; the Excellency of this Harmony, is what we call the Conſtitution, and the peculiar Felicity of this Nation conſiſts in this Equality, by which a due Ballance is kept up between every Part, to the Health of the whole Body; the Ends of Government, are by this happy Method, preſerv'd entire, and every Branch moving in Concurrence with one another, fortifies the Whole, and makes it impoſſible to be overturn'd, but by ſome Fracture within it ſelf.

No ſingle Branch can *of it ſelf* ſubſiſt,
Nor none be ſpar'd, but 'twill by all be miſt:
Juſtice *like Veins of Life* about the Heart,
Flows from the Center, into every Part;
The quick'ning Influence due Strength conveys,
And all the vig'rous Parts of Life ſupplies:
The wholeſome Nouriſhment of Truth remains,
And Government the Nation's Health maintains.

Here Power from (*a*) *True Originals* derives,
But never *that Original* ſurvives;
The (*b*) *Ocean of Authority* remains,
And on a chanc'd Receſs the Stream maintains;
No Accident can Government deſtroy,
Immortal Springs of Power we muſt enjoy,
Becauſe the Circulation's ſo correct,
The Center makes the Circles all exact.

Kings here with Conduct guide the willing Land,
Council'd by (*c*) *all the People* they Command:
How can they make Miſtakes in Government,
Who rule a Nation by their own Conſent;
Concurring Repreſentatives attend,
Like *Grand Phyſicians*, all Defects to mend;

(*a*) The Original of all Humane Power is in the People governed, becauſe in all Societies, they are prior to the Government.

(*b*) The People repreſent the Ocean, in their being the Center from whence, and to which, all Degrees of Power flow, and to this Ocean, upon every Receſs of Power, all the Nations in the World have recourſe, to form new Streams, draw new Lines, and reſtore Government in every Nation.

(*c*) *All the People*, is the Parliament, which is all the People repreſentatively conſid'red, have the Power of the People, as to Government committed to them, and act in the Name of all the People.

The *Nation's Doctors*, all her Griefs to cure,
With Skill infallible, and Med'cine ſure;
Their Wiſdom's ſuch, they never miſapply,
And ſuch their Art, their *Patients* never die:
The Conſtitution they compleatly know,
And *while they live*, we're all Immortal too:
If e'er *they diſcontinue* their Advice,
(a) *The Nation ſickens*, and Diſtempers riſe;
Malignant Fevers boil the Peoples Blood,
And *noxious Fumes* flow from the ſtagnate Flood;
The Appoplectick Fit affects the Head,
And Conſtitution for the Time *lies dead*;
And if the proper Means are not apply'd,
Strong Calentures the Strings of Life divide;
There's no Exotick Med'cine can be had,
The People rave, and all the Nation's *mad*;
And nothing can the coming Plague prevent,
But that which *firſt reſtores* the Parliament.

Here the Life-Blood of Conſtitution lies,
If that's let out, (b) the Conſtitution dies;
From hence the vig'rous Warmth they can impart,
The King may be the Head, but *here's the Heart*;
If this ſtrong Fountain ſhould but ceaſe to flow,
The Head would quickly fail, *and all the Members too.*

This

(a) Intermiſſions of Parliament have always been fatal to this Nation; Encroachment of illegal Authority, arbitrary Government, and a World of other Inconveniencies always follow long Intervals of Parliament; and it is obſervable, that ſuch Intermiſſions have always been fatal to our Kings, for never any Prince ruled long without a Parliament, but he reduc'd himſelf to a Neceſſity of coming to them at laſt, of which, King *Charles* the Firſt, and King *James* the Second, are remarkable Inſtances.

(b) Parliamentary Authority is the Life of the Conſtitution; if Parliaments are deſtroy'd, the Conſtitution of *England*, is, *ipſo facto*, ſubverted and overthrown, and may be ſaid to be dead and buried, the Peoples Liberties muſt, of Courſe, be intirely loſt, in the Deſtruction of the Legiſlative Authority.

This is the Nation's Life *in Miniature*,
And works the Nation's Safety to procure;
The proper *Pulse of Life* in them remain,
The Vital Circulation to maintain;
The Seat of Vigour, *all the Nation's Soul*,
And nothing hurts them, but affects the Whole.

Their juſt Concern *to every Part* extends,
And *every Part* that juſt Concern defends;
Our own Well-being is the End of theirs,
And their Well-being ſhou'd ingroſs our Cares:
While they're in danger, no Man is ſecure,
And if they're ſafe, we have no room to fear:
He that inſults them, *bullies all the Land*,
And all Men may the Violence withſtand;
No Powers on Earth *their juſter Right* ſurmount,
They call *the higheſt Subject* to account;
They are the weighty Ballance of the Crown,
Support its Right, (a) *when they maintain their own:*
The Bulwark of the Subjects Liberty,
And Glory of the Crown's the Nation's Joy.

When on *their Ruins* Kings would raiſe the Crown,
They build *their Glory*, but eclipſe *their own*;
No Man *e'er ſtrove* their Freedom to oppreſs,
But *they* grew greater ſtill, and (b) *he* grew leſs;

No

(a) *When they maintain their own*, the preſerving parliamentary Priviledge, is really a ſupporting the King, for as the King is the Head of the Conſtitution, the preſerving the Body, is eventually preſerving the Head; nor can One be hurt, politically and truly ſpeaking, without the Other, the whole Body feels the Shock, if any Branch be wounded or affected.

(b) The whole Hiſtory of the Four laſt Reigns, is a compleat Confirmation of this Article, and particularly the Reign of King *Charles* the Firſt, who whenever he invaded their Priviledges, had the Misfortune to ſee his Miſtake, and leſſen himſelf, by undoing all he had done before, as in the Petition of Right, the Matter of the Five Members, Ship-Money,

No Weapon form'd againſt their Power will ſtand,
While *Engliſh*-Men poſſeſs the *Engliſh*-Land;
Since in their Breaſts the general Safety lies,
And in their Death, the *Engliſh-Freedom* dies.

(*a*) And yet this Power is but *a Power of Truſt*,
For Power *unlimitted* can ne'er be juſt:
The great Foundation Power reſides in them,
In Act ſubordinate, *in Power* ſupreme:
For (*b*) Funds of Power in *their great Center* lie,
And *they that ſend them there*, that Power ſupply:
Theſe are Immortal, and as old as Time,
Their Right, *as their Original*, ſublime;
The Firſt Subſtantial Cauſe of Government,
The Source of Power,
And Root of Parliament:
Theſe are *the laſt Reſort* of Humane Power,
When Time ſhall *Lines*, *Deſcents*, and *Claims* devour:
Kings, Parliaments, and Repreſentative,
From *this vaſt Chaos* of Firſt Right derive;
Without them there's no Law for Government,
And no *True Power* without their free Conſent.

Here's

---

ney, and the like: King *James* did the like, in the Caſe of *Magdalen-College*, the Charter of *London*, &c. It cannot but be eſteem'd a leſſening to a Prince, to be oblig'd to recant, undo the illegal Things he has done, reſtore the juſt Priviledges of his Subjects, which he has invaded, and thereby acknowledge the Injuſtice of his former Attempts.

(*a*) Parliamentary Power muſt be inferior to the Original Power, center'd, as before, in the collective Body, becauſe they are deputed by them, and the Perſons ſent, cannot be ſuperior to the Perſons ſending; 'tis a Truſt, and it cannot be an unlimitted Truſt, any more than a King can have an unlimitted Power.

(*b*) Their Original is the People, and as they derive their Power from them, and are ſupplied from them, they muſt needs be inferior; 'tis true, they are veſted with plenipotentiary Authority, but ſtill, on every Ceſſation of their Power, they have recourſe to their Original, the People.

Here's the firſt Matter Governments require;
And when *they ceaſe*, to this they all *retire*:
Nature's firſt Law, by undiſcover'd ſprings;
To this great Axis all Diſorder brings;
All the Confuſions a diſtracted State;
By private Mens Ambition may create;
Center in their great univerſal Vote,
And *Cuſtom's modern*, fooliſh and remote.

Reaſon, that's *next to Nature* in Deſcent;
Fixes all Government in Mens Conſent;
And Reaſon makes it plain to underſtand,
They own the Government, *that own the Land*;
Theſe are the Men of Property and Right,
And *theſe may only* for their Freedom fight:
Theſe repreſenting Parliaments depute,
And no Man can *their Right of Power* confute;
Veſted with their *Orig'nal Power* they ſit,
To make *juſt Laws*, and all Men muſt ſubmit.
Th' Exalted Head to which they yield the ſway;
Tho' 'twas a Plowman, all Men muſt obey;
On whatſoever Head they place the Crown,
That Head's a King, and muſt poſſeſs the Throne;
Whether he can lay claim by general Line,
Or *of a* (a) *Broomſtick-Birth*, his Right's Divine:

(a) This has its Authority in a noble Example of the Famous Lord *Haſtings*, who fought in the Army of *Richard* the IIId, againſt the Duke of *Richmond*, after *Henry* the VIIth, when after the Battel, he, being taken Priſoner, was brought to the Conqueror, he ſternly askt him, how he durſt draw his Sword againſt his Right, and in behalf of a Tyrant and Uſurper: The brave Captive anſwer'd, *Sir, he was receiv'd as King, by the only lawful Authority of this Realm, and the Parliament of* England *ſet the Crown upon his Head, and as ſuch I fought for him; and if the Parliament of* England *ſets the Crown upon* that Stock, (pointing to a Stump that ſtood by) *I'll fight for that Stock; and if ever the Parliament of* England *ſhall ſet the Crown of* England *upon your Head, I'll fight for you, Sir, and not before*: The Anſwer was not only brave, but wiſe, and could not be replied to.

For all the Sovereign Lines that ever reign'd,
Their Power from *this Original* obtain'd;
Conqueſt or Merit firſt might recommend,
But *'tis Conſent* muſt all Objections End;
All the Efforts of Conqueſt have been vain,
Till willing Nations conſecrate the Man:
And Kings that govern without *juſt Conſent*,
Are no more Kings, *but Thieves* of Government:
When Kings their Crowns without Conſent obtain,
'Tis all a mighty Rape, and not a Reign.

Nations are raviſh'd, and the Right's ſuppreſt,
And all's a guilded Tyranny at beſt;
'Tis not *the Show of Juſtice* will excuſe,
He can't be juſt, whom People firſt refuſe:
He that a Murtherer will execute,
But has himſelf *no Legal Right* to do't,
Tho' 'tis without debate the Man ſhou'd die,
This Man's *a Murtherer* as much as he.

But when a Monarch fills the *Engliſh* Throne,
By Right, and *Engliſh-Mens Conſent*, his own;
The great ſubjective Article concurs,
To make him (a) *all Mens King* as well as ours:
Concurrent Parliament ſupports his Throne,
His Power's as much their Safety as his own;
The High *Seraphick Union* is ſo clear,
The Motions ſo exact and regular;
No Aid the mutual Force of Parts can want,
Nor either Branch, can either Branch ſupplant;
The Harmony of *National Conſent*,
Makes all be Muſick in a Government.

When

(a) That is, acknowledg'd by all Men to be a lawful King over us, not that he is their King, but juſtly eſteem'd a King.

When they concur *the Government's in Tune*,
And if they jar, *the mighty Conſort*'s done;
This can no more the Grand Deſign maintain,
And that attempts the wondrous Work in vain;
The King's *the moving Spring* of Government,
Back'd with their well aſſembl'd ſtrong Conſent:
Kings ſo ſupported, raiſe their Glory more,
Than all *the Pomp of Tyrants* did before,
The vaſt united Stream of Power's too great,
For Caſualty to blaſt, or Crime defeat.

When King contrive *to make the People ſafe*,
And Freedom with Prerogative *goes half*;
The mutual *Sympathetick* Paralel,
Makes Kings and People both Invincible;
No poſſible Mutation can deſtroy,
Their Peace abroad, *who Peace at Home* enjoy:
This is *the Heaven of Government*, where Men,
Eternal Unity of Wills maintain:
When Kings command by free and general Voice,
And Nations readily obey by Choice;
While this remains, Diſaſter all muſt ceaſe,
And where 'tis wanting, there can ne'er be Peace.

Diſcording Parties can *no Pleaſure* bring,
No Safety to the People, *or the King*;
So much on one another they depend,
A Breach muſt both Sides equally offend;
Without the King, the Government's ſtruck dead,
A Monſter *with a Heart*, and *ne'er a Head*;
Without the People, he'd be King in Part,
And be a mighty Head, *without a Heart.*

Collateral Influences affect the Whole,
People's *the Body*, and the King *the Soul*;

This

This is the Organ of Performance, and
Submits to the invisible Command;
But that cannot exert its swift Intent,
Unless the useful Organ gives Consent.
They that *the Soul and Body* separate,
Murther the Man, and so conclude his Fate;
They that the *King and People* wou'd divide,
Murther the State, and Constitution's void.

The Harmony of Parliament and Crown,
Compleat *Britannia*'s Glory, with her Throne;
While they agree, no foreign Force we fear,
And if they jar, we're no more fit for War;
Their free Concurrence unknown Triumph brings,
The Hearts of Subjects are the Pride of Kings:
He that his pleasing Tyranny entertains,
He's like a mad Man, dancing in his Chains,
Fancying a mock Delight which he enjoys,
In that which *in its Self* his Mirth destroys.

No *English* King, can *English* Rights invade,
But fights against himself, and must be mad:
He that suppresses Liberty by Force,
Buries his own Authority of Course;
For he can never *equal Heighth obtain*,
By breaking Laws, as when he'll Laws maintain.

Had both Sides this blest Notion understood,
Both Sides had sought their own *i'th' publick Good*;
But Errors cleave to Nature, *Where's the Land*,
Does all their own Advantage understand?
See the vast Breaches in the Nation's Peace,
And who can cure that (a) English *old Disease?*

'Tis

(a) It is an *English* Disease, and too peculiar to this Nation, not to see their own Interest, and to interrupt their real Happiness by Feuds, Discontents, and private Murmurings for Trifles, needless Divisions, and unreasonable Heats.

'Tis all from Ignorance of Happineſs,
And Diſcontents at that which we poſſeſs.

Kings muſt be happy, if they'll but aſſent,
To make the Laws the Rule of Government;
And all the People *will be happy* when,
They're but content to let their Kings *be Men*;
Monarchs are ſeldom ANGELS, and we ſee,
That Governours have their Infirmity;
But Law's the Teſt of Chriſtian Government,
And that preſerv'd, wiſe Men are all content.

Kings are the lawful Sovereign Magiſtrates,
By Law they rule, and 'tis the Law creates:
While by the Law they juſtly bear the Sway,
They fight with Heaven it ſelf, that diſobey;
So far the Scepter's Sacred and Divine,
The Sanction's in the Office, *not the Line.*

Securely theſe *enjoy the Sacred Seat*,
No Arbitrary Prince (*a*) is truly Great:
Armies ſubject *the Hands*, and eaſily may,
Make Men (*b*) ſubmit ſometimes, *but not obey:*

(*a*) No Arbitrary Power can make a Prince ſo truly Great, as the Triumph of Juſtice, and a due Adminiſtration of the Laws: The ſeeming Greatneſs of a Tyrant, reigning by his own abſolute and arbitrary Will, always leaves an Odium in the Minds of the People; is remembred with Regret, and ſuch Princes are always curs'd and hated by their People.

(*b*) Tyrants, by Force, may ſubject Nations, and the Minds of Men, humbled by conſtant accuſtomed Slavery, may be innur'd to it, but as the Rule differs, ſo does the Obedience, it may be call'd an abject Submiſſion, but it bears no proportion with the Felicity, both to King and People, where the Subject yields a chearful Obedience to the Prince, the Prince a ſuited Tenderneſs to the People, and both a due Defference and Homage to the Laws of the Land, as the ſtated Rules, and ſuperior Guide, both of the Governed, and the Governing.

Tyrants by Force the Sovereign Rule obtain,
They're Kings of Nations, these are Kings of Men:
The passive Doctrine can no Nation save,
It never suits the Subject, *but the Slave*:
An *English* King, as by that Word is meant,
Enjoys the (a) Quintessence of Government:
Duty and Loyalty will best appear,
When Men obey *by Love*, and not *by Fear*;
And Majesty in Kings, *like Sovereign Grace*,
Dissolves the Fear, and Love supplies the Place;
Such Kings subdue *the Soul of Loyalty*,
And such their Subjects struggle to obey.

Such Kings an absolute Command must have,
For thus they make *the very Soul* their Slave:
The Obligation captivates the Mind,
And Sense of Duty always stays behind:
Here lies their Wealth, for they can ne'er be poor,
The Peoples Purses are *the Princes Store*;
Here lies their Strength, for he that once commands,
The Peoples Hearts, *can never want* their Hands;
Here lies their Safety, Danger can't offend,
The Prince that all Men love, *they all defend*;
Surrounded by the Laws, he wants no Guard,
Justice is his Defence, and their Reward;
These are *the standing Army* he maintains,
All other Force he equally disdains;
These guard the Nation's native Liberty,
And these his just Prerogative supply;
These are his Houshold-Troops, his Power t'advance,
More than *th' embattl'd Legions* of triumphing *France*.

In

(a) This I call *the Quintessence of Government*, when Justice has its free Course, the Law its full and just Authority, and all Parts go Hand in Hand to perfect the Good of the Constitution in general.

In vain those Kings exalt their Sov'reign Power,
Who make themselves be rich, *the People poor*;
And he subsists upon his Peoples Spoil,
Who only *empties them*, himself to fill.

When Monarchs rule by Parliaments and Laws,
They see their Subjects thrive, and *they the Cause*;
Such Princes know they ne'er can have too much,
Since those can ne'er be poor, *if these be rich:*
That Power must sink, that sinks the Peoples Store,
For *he* can ne'er *be rich*, if *they* be *poor*.

From hence I take it *for a standing Rule*,
Show me *a Tyrant*, I'll show you *a Fool*:
That King's (*a*) *a* , and must be *led by Knaves*,
Who may be King *of Freemen*, but wou'd be *King of Slaves*:
The grateful Loyalty of *one free Town*,
Is worth an *arbitary Tyrant*'s Crown;
The willing Subjects chearfully obey,
And no Men *fight so heartily* as they;
While he has Subjects, he shall have a Crown,
Their *Land*, their *Money*, and their *BLOOD*'s his own:
Th'attractive Power of Goodness so invites,
The Subject in his Loyalty delights;
Strives to out-do his Princes Expectation,
And seeks for the Reward i'th' Obligation.

But

(*a*) He must be degenerated below the Sense of a Man, much less the Soul of a King, that chuses to have his Subjects abject Slaves, rather than Men of Reason, sensible of their true Interest, and Lovers of Justice and Liberty, and the Blank is left for the Reader to fill up as he pleases, only that I would not join an Ass, or a Brute, or any such Word, to that of a King, in Point of common Decency in the Expression.

But where's the Man that thus can wear a Crown,
With ſo much Senſe and Juſtice *fill the Throne*;
Deny the flattering Baits of luſtful Men,
And glittering Tyranny with Scorn contemn;
That ſees Oppreſſion's fooliſh and abſurd,
And loves to make the Scepter rule the Sword;
Scorns to be Great at Liberties expence,
And ſtudies how to rule with Innocence.

Such, *Dear Britannia*, ſuch thy Scepter bore,
When *William* travers'd thy remoteſt Shore,
And rul'd thee, (a) *as thou ne'er waſt rul'd before:*
He gave thee Years of Liberty and reſt,
And all *the Dregs of Tyranny* ſuppreſt:
Thy baniſh'd Freedom he at once reſtor'd,
And guarded it with *his unconquer'd Sword.*

Incroaching Monarchs had reduc'd thee (b) low,
And long Oppreſſions made thy Shoulders bow:

(a) *William*

(a) The Memory of King *William* muſt be dear to all true Lovers of the *Engliſh* Nation, on this very Account, that he reſtored the End of Governing to the Means, and convinc'd all impartial People, that he rul'd not to make himſelf Great, but his People Happy: He cruſh'd every Thing that ſavour'd of Tyranny, even by his own Inclination, and recommended his Government to all Men, by Mercy, Juſtice, Liberty, and Law, and in this it may be ſaid, without flattering that Glorious Prince, or, in the leaſt, running out beyond what is juſt, and his due, that he ruled this Nation, *as it was never ruled before.*

(b) The Encroachments of arbitrary and tyrannick Power, are beſt judg'd of by the *Repreſentation*, or *Memorial*, made to the Prince of *Orange*, afterward King *William*, to which I refer, and in which the Reader will find a long Recapitulation of the Abuſes, Oppreſſions, and Injuries, the Nation ſuff'red under the Arbitrary Hands of thoſe that held the Adminiſtration; and I cannot but recommend it to the Conſideration of thoſe Gentlemen, who are ſo willing to forget thoſe Times, and to oppoſe our farther Security, to read over that *Memorial*, and to remember what they themſelves

(a) *William* the Glorious reassum'd thy Right,
William knew how to (b) Govern, and to fight:
His Sword was bright, the flaming Metal shone,
In Sympathetick Glory like the Sun:

themselves thought, at that Time, of their own Condition: Whether the Church and State were not in danger of being overwhelm'd, the first with Popery, and the last with Tyranny? Whether standing Armies, supported by an unwarily settl'd Revenue, had not rendred Parliaments useless? Whether the suspending and dispensing with Laws; filling the Army with *Irish* and *French* Papists, without taking the Test; seizing the Corporation-Charters, and dissolving the Privileges of the Towns and Boroughs, with many other nameless Encroachments upon the Peoples Freedoms, did not plainly portend the Danger of the Constitution being wholly subverted? From thence let them reflect on the State of the Church, and how popish Chappels began to be open'd in our Cities and Towns; the *Romish* Clergy, who by the Laws forfeited their Lives in coming into the Kingdom, began to shew themselves publickly, and sometimes in their Habits; how Schools and Seminaries began to multiply, and religious Houses began to be erected in several Places; how the Constitution of *Magdalen*-College, in *Oxford*, on pretended Forfeitures, was seiz'd into the King's Hand, and turn'd into a popish College; and how a High-Commission began to exercise a new erected Power upon the Clergy, hitherto unknown in *England*, and absolutely independant of the Laws, by which, in a short Time, the popish Clergy might soon have been possest of most of the Benefices in *England*: Let these Things be reviewed by considering Men, and then let them say, if their Reason will permit them, *That we were not redut'd low.*

(a) Again, let those Gentlemen that are unwilling to ascribe any Part of our Felicity to the late King, but come and tell us who restor'd us to the present State of Liberty? Who recover'd the Superiority of the Laws, and reduc'd these incroaching Powers to a due Subjection? At whose approach were that Party so fill'd with Terrors, as to restore the City of *London*'s Charter, and *Magdalen* College Privileges? Who caus'd them to dissolve their High-Commission? Who fill'd them with so much Terror, that their own Guilt would not permit them to look in his Face, but that they fled from his Inferior Force, and never struck a Stroke for their Cause? Was not this King *William*, before whom, all the Contrivances of this Nation's Destruction vanished, and the Contrivers of them fled like Dust before the Wind?

(b) That he knew how to fight, let his Actions declare, and his Enemies confess; and that he knew how to govern the Difficulties and Fatigues he went thro' here by the Fury and Violence of Parties, are invincible Demonstrations.

His Sword was chaſt, the glittering Terror knew,
No Foe but Tyranny, and that he ſlew:
The (*a*) Virgin Fury of his youthful Blood,
Spent his firſt Heat to check the growing Flood;
Invading Tyrants from its Fury fled,
And (*b*) Liberty enjoy'd his Sword's great Maidenhead:
'Twas undebauch'd with (*c*) Luſt of Government,
Like all his future Actions, Great and Innocent; Untainted

(*a*) He firſt Attempts in reſcuing his own Country from the prevailing Faction of their own treacherous Governours, corrupted by the *French*, to ſell and betray their Country, deſerves a Place in Hiſtory among the greateſt Actions in the World; ſo he cheſt the growing Floods of Arbitrary Councils, and the Invaſion of *French* Politicks into his own Country, which had ſo far over-run them, that when a *French* Army appear'd on their Frontiers; the ſtrongeſt Cities garriſon'd with numerous Troops, and furniſh'd with all manner of Neceſſaries for their Defence, were baſely ſurrendred to the *French*, without any manner of Reſiſtance, or ſuch as was not worth the naming.

(*b*) The firſt Cauſe he drew his Sword in, was the Liberty of his native Country, againſt *French* Tyranny, and *French* Cruelty, their Armies having over-run the Provinces of the *Dutch*, and poſſeſſing almoſt all their principal Strengths, had appear'd in ſight of *Amſterdam*, theſe he attackt, beat them upon all Occaſion; took *Nuerden* by ſtorm, within 4 Leagues, of *Amſterdam*, the *French*, under the Famous *Luxembegh*, in vain attempting to relieve it, whom he fac'd, and drove back, himſelf then but a Youth; regulated the Government of the Towns; reſtor'd the Diſcipline of their Army, and at 22 Years of Age, fought the Famous Battel of *Seneff*, with the Prince of *Conde*, where he wreſted a Glorious Victory out of his Hand, drove him out of the Field, and incamp'd upon the Spot: Concerning which Battel, the Prince of *Conde* himſelf wrote to the *French* Court, that the Prince of *Orange* behav'd himſelf with all the Valour of a *Caſar*, and the Prudence of a *Scipio*.

(*c*) Of this he gave an unparalell'd Inſtance, when being reduc'd to great Difficulties, in the ſame War, and preſs'd, by the *French*, in the Bowels of his native Country, on one Hand, and the *Engliſh*, with their Navy, on the other; and the *Engliſh* Ambaſſadors offer'd him, in the Names of the Kings of *England* and *France*, to take the whole Country, and then reſtoring it to him, form it into a Monarchy, and make him King of it: He rejected it with the utmoſt Indignation; and when One of them ask'd him what Remedy he could think of for the Ruin of his Affairs, anſwer'd, He knew One effectual Remedy, *viz. to lie in the laſt Ditch*; intimating, that he would diſpute every Inch of Ground with the Enemy, and at laſt would die defending the Liberties of his Country. [Sir *William Temple's Memoirs*, P. 63.]

Untainted with Ambition, free from Blood,
Spotleſs and Pure, as Brave, as Great and Good,
As mortal Vertue can be underſtood.

For him we challenge all the Scepter'd Race,
His Life their numerous Legends will deface:
No more ſhall Blood and murther raiſe Mens Fame,
And conſtitute a Hero: Books are lame;
Poets ſhall ſing the Conqueror's Praiſe in vain,
And boaſt the Thouſand thouſands they have ſlain;
'Tis all a Sham of Vice, a falſe Applauſe,
The Valour's not the Vertue, 'tis the Cauſe:
The (a) Soul of Fame to his High Deeds belong;
He claims the wiſe Man's Thanks, the Poet's Song;
The old Mens Bleſſing, and the young Mens Praiſe,
And awkward Envy has been forc'd to raiſe,
Unwilling Trophies to his Character,
The Life of Peace, and yet the Soul of War.

'Twas he the *Britiſh* Liberty (b) reſtor'd,
And Truth triumph'd in his triumphing Sword:
The (c) eſtabliſh'd Baſis of *Britannia*'s State,
That bow'd before, beneath tyrannick Weight;

Freed

(a) *The Soul of Fame*, is Vertue related with Truth: The Actions of this Prince are not lying Legends; the Glory of his Actions is freſh in the Minds of Men yet living, and I may fairly refer to thoſe yet living, to teſtifie whether any Thing here noted, is not Fact, and rather, whether it does not, beyond all Compariſon, far exceed what is but toucht at in theſe Notes.

(b) That the King reſtor'd our Liberties, is moſt plain, in that we enjoy'd them uninterrupted to his Death, and were depriv'd of them, in almoſt every Article before.

(c) The *eſtabliſh'd Baſis*, *i. e.* the Conſtitution, which is the Baſis of the *Engliſh* Government, which bow'd under the Weight of ſuſpended Laws, and diſpenſing Power, Things which we begin to forget apace.

Freed from oppreſſive Burthens, owns his Fame,
And Conſtitution's built upon his Name:
His Labours *(a)* ballanc'd all Debate of Powers,
Betwixt the Government, and Governours;
Due Limits to the Power of theſe he plac'd,
And fixt the *(b)* Reverence due to thoſe, as faſt:
Stated th' Extent of Family and Line,
And ſhow'd all Kings *(c)* how they might be Divine:
Open'd the Gate of Honour to their View,
That durſt by proper Merit but purſue,
Pointed the Hill of Glory with his Hand,
And to all Monarchs did the Prize commend,
That by the Steps of Vertue durſt aſcend.

His teaching Monument inſtructs us now,
The proper Teſt of flattering Fame to know:
Vain are the trifling Shadows of that Name,
Whoſe Birth, and not their Vertue, rais'd their Fame.
A Prince's higheſt Glory truly lies,
In general Juſtice, not in Victories.

William

(a) His ballancing the Powers here, is a plain ſignification of his reſtoring of the ſeveral Branches of the Conſtitution to their due Exerciſe, and bringing every Part to a Ballance, that the Governours, and the Forms of Government exactly correſponding, no dangerous Exceſs could happen to overturn the ſettled Peace, or to break the Harmony.

(b) The reſtoring the Liberty of the Subject, and the Superiority of the Law did no where imply, that the Reverence juſtly due to the Crown, ſhould not be preſerv'd for the Honour of the Crown, was every Way ſupported under his Reign to the proper Highth of Regal Authority.

(c) How they might be Divine, i. e. by executing Juſtice, and preſerving the Rights and Liberties of their Subjects inviolable, for ſuch Kings reign for Heaven, and are inſtructed from thence, and claim a Divinity of Honour, tho' not of Perſon.

William had (*a*) Birth and Blood his Fame to raiſe,
But he contemned the Pride of Scutcheon Praiſe:
A Race of Heroes form'd his Glorious Line,
But he aſſiſts that Glorious Race to ſhine:
He borrow'd not his Luſtre from their Days,
But 'tis his Perſonal Vertue yields him Praiſe:
In this he's ſtill exemplar to Mankind,
That Vertue leaves Examples ſtill behind,
And gives the World a Pattern, which it did not find.

Till William came, what Terrors preſs'd our Minds!
What Dangers both from Enemies, *and more from Friends!*
How groan'd the Land! with *Right Divine* oppreſt,
And *Paſſive* (*b*) *Pageantry*, the Parties Jeſt!
With threatning Crouds of *willing Slaves* o'er-run,
Who courted Fate, and *ſtrove to be undone*;
That *couchant Necks laid down* to rampant Pride,
And their own Bleſſings purpoſely defy'd:
Not Iſſachar's bleſt Sons ſuch Fate could brook,
More Aſs-like bow'd beneath th' unnatural Yoke;
More willingly agree'd to be oppreſt,
Or more ſupinely ſtrove to be their Country's Jeſt;
Law, Parliament, and Liberty laid down,
And ſacrific'd them all, to *Idol Crown:*

(*a*) The Illuſtrious Family of *Naſſau* needs no Eulogies of Hiſtory here, no Branch or Houſe of Princes in *Europe* is deſcended from more illuſtrious Anceſtors, or ally'd to more Noble Families; the Antiquity of their Families is extended to an unuſual Length, and few Families have produc'd ſo many Heroes, and Men of ſuperior Merit in the World.

(*b*) The pageant Doctrine of *Paſſive Obedience*, has indeed been ſuch a Jeſt upon the World, and ſuch a Banter upon the Party, that really it is a Subject of ridicule to all wiſe Men in the World, and the wiſeſt Men even among the Gentlemen that eſpous'd it, have liv'd to diſown, and be aſham'd of it.

With this great *Moloch* blindly they conſpire,
And baſely make their Sons *paſs thro the Fire*:
Give *up eſtabliſh'd Rights*, their Peace deſtroy,
With their own Hands *pull down* their Liberty,
And damn to Bonds their *free born Progeny.*

In vain our Anceſtors for Freedom fought,
And with their Blood our Elder Charters bought;
While Men, of Senſe and Honeſty bereft,
Blindly gave up the coſtly Legacy they left:
They that to new invaſive Force give Way,
Themſelves and their Poſterity betray;
A Nation's Safety always will depend,
Not on the Laws, but thoſe the Laws defend:
The Legiſlature is our own in vain,
Unleſs we will its ſtated Right maintain;
In vain the Laws to Safety may direct,
Our Safety lies *in thoſe the Laws protect.*

Long had this Nation ſtruggl'd to obtain,
The *Liberty of Laws*, (a) but ſtrove in vain:
How did our eager Wiſhes repreſent,
Our Safety wrapt up *in our Parliament*;
Believing we could never be ſecure,
'Till Laws *could them*, that *could the Laws*, reſtore.

For

(a) It was a long Struggle, in the Reign of King *Charles* the IId, the Parliament kept their Ground with great difficulty; ſuch Laws as were obtain'd, were gotten by the force of Money, and with all the Chagrin, Oppoſition, and Diſcontent imaginable; ſuch was the *Habeas Corpus* Act, in particular, and ſeveral others, till at laſt the King found a Way to debauch the Members themſelves, and then we were in a fair Way to Deſtruction; but the Obſtruction the King found about the Time of the Popiſh-Plot, broke that Parliament, and the King could never get another to his Turn afterward:

For this we all our juſt Endeavours try'd;
For this our *Corniſhes* and *Ruſſels* dy'd;
For this we ſummon'd in *exotick Aid*;
For this *we fought*, and 'twas for this *we pray'd*,
And many *a hearty Million* for it paid:
We lookt for Slav'ry in th' incroaching Throne,
Too juſt our Fears, too well the Cauſe was known;
The Commons only could that Safety bring,
Which moſt Men ſaw in danger *from their King*:
They were the Sanctuaries of our Peace,
And all our Sorrows 'roſe *in their Receſs*;
Their Abſence fill'd our *ſighing Breaſts* with Pain,
And ſaw with Pleaſure their return again:
When Diſcontents their frequent Courts diſmiſt,
What (a) *Apprehenſions* throng'd our penſive Breaſts?
How did we mourn our Fate when they were gone,
And in their Abſence think our ſelves undone;
In publick Murmurs ſhow our Diſcontent,
And *join in Clamours* at the Government;
Our Loyalty *infected with Miſtakes*,
And *courſely treat our Monarchs* for their ſakes;
And ſhou'd ha' *Jeſus Chriſt* himſelf abus'd,
Had he their *due Conventions* but refus'd:
So long our idolizing them remain'd,
So far this *Houſe of Saviours* had obtain'd;

(a) That

(a) It was a moſt remarkable Time; the Nation was perfectly ſurpriz'd at the King's diſſolving that firſt Parliament; a univerſal Sorrow ſpread the Faces of all People, that had any Senſe of the publick Dangers upon them; and yet ſee the Shortneſs of Humane Underſtanding; the diſſolving this Parliament, was the ruin of that very Party who deſign'd it, and all their Attempts afterward, upon the Liberties of the People, met with a conſtant Obſtruction in that Houſe, and the King never could come up to that Influence he had before among the Commons, which, for that very Reaſon, we call'd *The Penſion Parliament*.

(a) That Heav'n *ſeem'd quite confin'd* to this Event,
As if it *cou'd not ſave* us but *by Parliament*:
But Heaven ſometimes, to raiſe his Judgments higher,
Gorges a Nation with their own Deſire;
And Prayers which are on wrong Foundations ſent,
Are *fully anſwer'd* for our Puniſhment.

For Human Counſel's ſubject to decay,
And (b) *Poyſons lurk* beneath the Remedy;
The Antidote that's ill prepar'd, *deſtroys*,
And the *moſt luſcious Food* the ſooneſt cloys.

The Safety of this long afflicted Land,
Does not *on* (c) *Parliament abſtract*, depend;
Not this or that abſtracted Branch can ſave,
The Nation's *dying Freedom* from the Grave:
Safety obeys the general *ſtated Call*,
Not of *this Part* of Power, *or that*, but all.

How

(a) We had certainly carried our Apprehenſions to that hight, that it look'd as if all our Felicity was wrapt up in the Circumſtance of Parliamentary Operation, and Heaven could not help us without the Agency of that particular Means, an Error we have ſeen corrected by that Providence that found out a Refuge for the Nation, when Parliaments ſeem'd to be bury'd in the Grave of the Nation's Liberties.

(b) Nor was this all, for we have ſince liv'd to ſee the Influence of Parties ſo lead a Houſe of Commons, that had not Providence animated another Genius in the Houſe of Lords, we might have ſeen that ſtrange Thing ha' come to paſs in our Days, that was hardly ever heard of in *England*, that Tyranny ſhould have been erected by Parliamentary Authority, and the Prerogative puſht forward by that very Power which by the Conſtitution is appointed as the Screen of our Liberties againſt the Encroachments of the Crown.

(c) This proves effectually, that our Safety in *England* does not depend upon any ſingle Branch of the Conſtitution, but upon them all united and acting in a due Concert one with another, having the due Limitations of each others Power duly acted, and the Harmony of the Whole thereby preſerv'd.

How have the (*d*) *ſeparate* conſtituted Parts,
By Int'reſt led, or wheedl'd in by Arts;
Set up the general Ruin, and *betray'd*
The publick Truſt!
How have we been afraid,
(*Too juſt our Fears*) the *Engliſh* Rights ſhould die,
By *the ſame Hands* that guard her Liberty.

To Day *by Bribes debauch'd*, th' incroaching Throne,
Makes *Patriots ſell the People* to the Crown;
Long Rolls of Senators ſubmit to pay,
And *Penſion Parliaments* the Country's Truſt betray.

To Morrow Fraud ſhifts Hands, and Death appears,
Backt by the Agency of *modern Peers*;
Treaſon array'd *in gawdy Robes of State*,
Threatens from ill rais'd *Men of Bribes* our Fate,
Mechanick Lords, and *Page-made-Titles* riſe,
Noble by neither *Worth* or *Families*,
Rais'd by deſigning Hands to help pull down,
The Nation's Liberties, and *raiſe the Crown.*

Alternate Miſchiefs prompt the Hand of Power,
The Rights of Free-born Nations to devour;

(*d*) Inſtances are now plainly to be given, when at ſeveral Times every ſingle Branch of the Conſtitution, has, in its Turn, attempted the Injury of the Whole, and the general Safety has ſtood in need of the Reſtraints and Influences of the reſt, to prevent what the Heats and byaſs'd Miſtakes of that One, would, at that Time, have run the Nation upon, the Inſtances, in every Branch, are too many to recite here, but the *Tacking-Seſſion*, and *Dangerous Experiment*, as the Queen call'd it, of the late Houſe of Commons, is a freſh Example of what I alledge in that Branch of our Conſtitution.

And Crowns *by ſecret Luſt of Kings* advance,
To cruſh the People—— Peoples Ignorance,
Encourage Tyrants, from their want of Wit,
To think they will to any Force ſubmit.

Satyr invert the Order of thy Verſe,
And *Britain*'s ſtrange Convulſions now rehearſe;
Sing monſtrous Births, and unforeſeen Events,
Of Patriot Kings, and Tyrant Parliaments;
Such Wonders ſtartled Nature never ſaw,
Submiſſive Crowns, and tyrannizing Law.

How repreſenting Knaveries increaſe,
And wrap up Treaſon in the Arms of Peace:
How *William* reign'd, fatigu'd and harraſs'd more,
By potent Patriots, than *Gallick* Power:
How fraudulent in Funds; how late Supplies,
Expos'd him to the Scorn of Enemies;
And yet expecting Senators complain,
Of Millions given, on purpoſe given in vain.

Never was Prince ſo courted and betray'd,
Nor Army fought, that was ſo baſely paid;
Difficient Funds, and wild *Chimera*'s rais'd,
Such Paper-War, it made the World amaz'd;
Yet *William* fought, his ſtarving Troops ſubdu'd,
And damn'd by Patience their Ingratitude:
Immortal Valour rais'd the Hero's Name,
And Envy's ſelf pays Homage to his Fame.

Satyr, a Curtain of Oblivion draw,
Over the unhappieſt Scene the Nation ever ſaw;

Forbear

Forbear to write, for who without a Tear,
Can injur'd *William*'s dying Hiſt'ry hear;
How conquer'd by Ingratitude he fell,
That liv'd and rul'd, and lov'd and fought ſo well.

See if the bright ſucceeding Hand ſhall find,
The crooked Party otherwiſe inclin'd:
Vertue in every Age preſerves her Name,
Her Friends and Enemies are ſtill the ſame.

ANN with due Luſtre mounts the *Engliſh* Throne,
By Conſtitution Right declar'd her own:
Mask'd with falſe Zeal, a furious Party joins,
Peace in their Faces, Fraud in their Deſigns;
With double Speech, and undetected Spleen,
Inſult the Nation, and delude their Queen;
Of jarring Union talk, and bloody Peace;
Of proſperous Poverty, and jangling Happineſs;
By Perſecution promiſe to unite,
And talk of conquering, but at diſtance fight;
The double Aſpect of their jingling Train,
(Too naked Fraud!) attacks the Queen in vain;
In vain they cant of her ſuperior Line,
And prompt to Tyranny, from Power Divine;
As if the juſt Deſcent of Royal Race,
Should Senſe of Law and Government deface;
In vain the vile Attempt, in vain they ſtrive,
To make Her Reign, Her dearer Truth ſurvive.

Too Sacred ſhe regards the Royal Faith,
And blaſts their falſe Conceptions by Her Breath;
Tells them, She knows the Duty of a Crown,
Mixes Her Peoples Safety with Her Own.

Tells

Tells them, She knows no equal Happineſs,
To that unenvied Power thoſe Kings poſſeſs,
Who all their People love, and all their People bleſs.

Tells them, The Names of Tyrants always bring,
Something contemptible, *below the King*;
That *Engliſh* Laws are *ſo ſupremely Great*,
That every Part of Power remains *compleat*;
No growing Branch each other can devour,
The Peoples Freedom *prop't the Monarch's Power*;
Kings in ſublime Degrees of Glory *riſe*,
By *due Support* of Subjects Liberties;
The Monarchy *preſcrib'd by that* grows high,
The very Limitations raiſe their Majeſty;
The *People ſubject* by the Bounds of Law,
Thoſe Limitations, Lines of Freedom draw;
All Humane Powers by Choice would thus comply,
For due Reſtraint from Ill IS LIBERTY.

Divine the Doctrine, and Divinely ſpoke,
And thus the Queen the vile Contrivance *broke*;
Struck as when *Satan* from his Glory *fell*,
And *Conſcious Terrors* made his ſympathetick Hell;
Transfixt, as when *with Thunder* from on High,
The *Titans* fell like Lightning from the Sky:
Th' aſtoniſh'd Furies from Her Throne *withdrew*,
To back their baffl'd Stratagems *with new*;
In cloſe Cabal th' invenom'd Parties meet,
The Queen's ſublime Intentions *to defeat*;
The wild *Propoſals daſh'd* by Wiſdom, fail,
And all conclude in nothing *BUT TO RAIL:*
The Froth of Envy! Vain *ungendring Cloud*,
To *heat the Minds of Fools*, and move the Croud;

By

By the Wiſe Queen, with Steadineſs *defy'd*,
And juſtly ſcorn'd *by all Mankind* beſide;
At *this One Blow*, the mighty Sociates fell,
And Envy ſunk beneath *her native Hell:*
Tyrannick Hopes, from furious Counſels *fled*,
And all th' abortive Project's *Thunder-ſtruck* and dead;
Blaſted, as when Great *William* firſt came o'er,
And Fears of Juſtice *ſcatter'd them before.*

Had but *Britannia* interpos'd *Her Frown*,
She'd then ſecur'd *the too much envy'd* Crown;
Had She but mov'd the Hero's *juſter Hand*,
To that (*a*) *True Vengeance* Treaſon did demand:
Had He that Retribution but prepar'd,
Which all *the trembling Party* juſtly fear'd,
When, trembling, they his *very Shadow* fled,
And *as they ſpoke his Name*, betray'd their (*b*) Dread:
When Guilt gave Wings to fly, tho' none purſu'd,
And flagrant Crimes had arm'd *the Multitude.*

(*a*) Nothing is more certain, than, that if, at the Revolution, the King had proceeded with more Severity with the Authors of the former Oppreſſions, and brought the Evil Counſellors to Juſtice, who firſt ſeduced, and then deſerted and betray'd their Prince, it had cruſh'd the Hopes of this Party, as well as depriv'd them of the Means of diſturbing and diſtracting this Nation again with their continual Projects of reſtoring Tyrannick Arbitrary Rule among us.

(*b*) Nor was it any thing, but what their own Guilt dictated to them, to expect, and from which they fled, at the Approach of the Prince of *Orange*, with the utmoſt Precipitation; but reaſſuming their uſual Confidence, when they ſaw his Lenity; when they ſaw that he inclin'd to be merciful, and that in hopes they would change their furious Meaſures, he inclin'd to receive them as Penitents, they began to appear again; but no ſooner had they prevail'd with that merciful Prince, to agree to an Act of general Indemnity, and not only ſo, but to promote it himſelf, and bring it into the Houſe; but from the Day that Act was paſs'd, they flew in the Face of their Benefactor, and treated him with the utmoſt Inſolence and Ingratitude.

ANN undisturb'd had fill'd *Britannia*'s Throne,
And Calms of Peace adorn'd the *English* Crown;
The *undivided Church*, unenvied *State*,
Had join'd with Power, to make the *Nation Great*;
Faction had slept, and Party-Struggles dy'd,
And Strife had sunk *beneath the Weight* of Pride.

But too much Mercy was *his darling Sin*,
A Snare without, as 'twas a Grace *within*;
The God-like Vertue was indeed *sublime*,
But ill extended, *sunk into a Crime*.

The Seeds of (*a*) *vile Ingratitude* revive,
And with the Party, keep the Crime alive;
Assault the Queen, Her early Power abuse,
And all the Terms *of healing Peace* refuse;
Press her to Power's *illegal Exercise*,
Till they provoke (*b*) her Justice to despise:
The Royal Patience to Resentment mov'd,
To *Britain*'s *Safety* their Attempts improv'd;

Dismist

(*a*) Nor can I call their present Treatment of the Queen, less of Ingratitude, in its proportion, than the former, since Her Majesty not only stands on the same Foot of Government with King *William*, but has given them frequent and remarkable Testimonies of Her Royal Bounty and Beneficence, which they have requited with the basest Behaviour possible for Men under the Mask of Duty and Respect to be guilty of, even to open Insults, and all manner of Scurrillity and Reproach.

(*b*) When Her Majesty discovered the Designs of the High-flying exasperated Gentlemen she had intrusted in the Administration and that neither explaining Her self in that Part in which they had built upon Mistakes, nor perswading or intreating them to Peace and Union would prevail, no, nor Her own Royal Example; the Queen found her self under a necessity to change Hands, and to part with those Gentlemen, who, I believe Her Majesty once thought had more Discretion, so they were dismist from publick Employment, and laid gently by, till they should grow wiser.

Dismist th' incroaching Rabble of the State,
And left them to their own Despair, and all Mens Hate.

(a) And now grown impotent with Rage, THEY RAIL,
A certain Proof their Expectations fail:
As *their Excess* grows high, *their Cause* grows worse,
And *Shimei* like, *go backward* as they curse:
All Passions tend to Lunacy and Rage,
For Anger's Madness, *only wants its Age*:
Their Disappointments plainly now increase,
For as their Heats grow great, *their Power grows less*;
So

(a) But instead of Amendment and Consideration, a new Scene of Affairs has found its Original in their Resentments, for now they fly out in all manner of Indecencies at the Queen her self, charge her, in their virulent Lampoons, with deserting the Church, and forsaking her profes'd Zeal; among the rest of the Scandal, the following Distich has been the common Song of the Party.

When she was the Churches Daughter,
She acted as her Mother taught her;
But now she's Mother of the Church,
She'as left her Daughter in the Lurch.

It would be endless here to repeat their Slanders and Abuses their Insolent Invectives upon the Queen, and all the Ministers of State, charging them with betraying the Church, turning Presbyterians, and exposing the Church to all the Dangers possible.

Pursuant to this Temper, they fall upon the Bishops, and all the moderate Clergy, and represent them in an infamous manner, confederating with the Queen to pull down the Church; and the Abuses both suffer'd on this account were innumerable and unsufferable, till at last the Cry of the Danger of the Church sunk intirely in the Vote, and famous Address, in which both Houses join'd, to the Queen, wherein they declare the Church of *England* rescued by King *William*, in a safe and flourishing Condition under the present Queen, and censure all that should pretend to say it was in danger.

Yet even all this has not silenc'd the Party, but infinite Clamours continue to disturb the Peace, and their daily Invectives shew the Virulence of the Party, as well as prove the Impotence of their Power.

So may they rail, till Nature's Stock miſpent,
They ſtoop for want of Power, to *ANN*'s juſt Government.

The Queen to Law and Conſtitution *juſt*,
Preſerves *Her Honour* with the Nation's Truſt,
And while *that Honour's ſafe*, the Nation's muſt:
The juſt Connexion forms their Happineſs,
The Monarch's *Glory*, and the Peoples *Peace*,
No arbitray Rule's *ſecure like this:*
Here lies the *Jus Divinum* of the Crown,
No Humane Power can ſuch a Power *pull down*;
The Monarch *rules their* Hearts by their own Choice,
And loud concurring Heaven ſubjoins *it's Sacred Voice:*
Such Princes rule by real *Right Divine*,
Whether their Crowns devolve *by Power* or Line;
Merit the Stile of Sacred from on High,
For Juſtice only crowns with *Majeſty*.

JURE

JURE DIVINO:

A

SATYR.

Book XII.

SATYR lay down thy Arms, ſome Truce proclaim,
And draw a Curtain over Latent Crime;
Cloſe the vaſt Scene with Smiles, and let us ſee,
Thy Zeal for Vertue cloath'd with Majeſty:
Trophies of juſt Dominion let us raiſe,
And turn *our pointed Darts* to Hymns of Praiſe:
What, tho' *thy ſower'd Genius* was provok'd,
With flagrant Vice, in Robes of Glory cloak'd;
Britannia now with *long wiſh'd Freedom* ſhines,
And *Songs of Liberty* employ our Lines.

The Ballance here in equal Hands remains,
The Law its due *ſuperior Right* retains,
By this the Subjects ſerve, *the Monarch reigns.*

Well may *Britannia date her Life* from hence,
The high collateral Joy inſpires her Senſe;
Conveys new Youth to her determin'd Years,
And *ſuperſedes the Proſpect* of her Fears.

From Songs of Joy and Conſtitution Praiſe,
By juſt Degrees Fate will our Fancies raiſe;
Firſt our *eſtabliſh'd Satisfaction* ſing,
And then our Tribute *to its Fountain* bring;
Deſcribe the Sons of Liberty and Fame,
And let the Character out-ſhine the Name.

Long had *Britannia* mourn'd *her William's Fate*;
Deſpair prevail'd,
She ſaw her tottering State,
In weak ungovern'd Hands expos'd, *Her Queen*,
Betray'd, and ſold to Miſchiefs unforeſeen:
Her States-Men mask'd, *with double Front* appear,
Swift to involve, but ſlow to end the War.
With coſtly Stakes they play the loſing Game,
Smile at Diſaſter, and are pleas'd with Shame;
Sleeping *unſtartled* at *Britannia's* Fate,
And laugh at all the Dangers of the State.

Surpriz'd! the mighty Genius roſe and flew
Up to that Throne from which, her *William* juſt withdrew;
There *ANN the Glorious*, his bleſt Scepter ſways,
And *rich in Vertue*, *Britain's* Land obeys;
To Her *BRITANNIA*, *flaſh'd with Joy*, repairs,
And whiſpers *needful Safety* in Her Ears;
Bleſt Her with Caution and diſcerning Light,
And plac'd Her railing Hypocrites in Sight;
Stript of Pretence, the Party *ſhe expos'd*,
Juſt told their Fate, and then the mighty Roll ſhe clos'd
With Satisfaction, *and a Smile*, withdrew,
And Fate aſſiſts Her Precepts to purſue.

The Queen with Life, and *new Reſolves* inſpir'd;
SEVERE--- as Party-Treachery requir'd,
JUST--- as the vile Offence deſerv'd appears,
AND BOLD--- For *Guilt alone* ſubmits to Fears:
The ſnarling awkward Hyppocrites pull'd down,
And by their ſpeedy Fall ſecur'd Her Crown;
Startled they fell, diſpirited and dull,
In Council empty, as in Miſchief full;
Raving, new Vengeance for themſelves prepare,
And Tokens of Diſtraction on their Heads appear;
But Fools, by Nature's Law, are left to die
Without the ſoft Relief of *Lunacy*.

Britannia prompts, the *mighty Genius* guides,
And *Britain*'s Queen, for *Britain*'s Health provides.

Compaſs'd with Sages, Wiſdom humbly waits,
To bleſs Her Councils, and adorn Her Gates.

Compaſs'd with Heroes, Valour draws her Sword,
And Vict'ry has the *Engliſh* Fame reſtor'd.

Compaſs'd with wealthy Subjects, She commands,
Their Hearts, their Purſes, and *by both* their Hands.

Wiſe Councellors the Princes Fate ſecure,
But 'tis the Prince that makes the Counſellor:
The weak unſteady Hand will always find,
The Thoughts to weaker Counſels ſtill inclin'd,
To ſuit the Imperfections of the Mind.

Then view th'admir'd Train, and *humbly own*,
The Pers'nal Glories *that ſurround* Her Throne;

Theſe

These are the Panegyricks of Her Reign,
And *these* the mighty *Load of Power* sustain;
By these she softly guides the Reins of State,
And sanctifies the Name of Magistrate:
For Truth alone intails th' exalted Line,
And Justice makes Authority Divine;
Surrounded thus, no Danger can approach,
She heals *contagious Factions* with Her gentle Touch:
These Her Infallibility create,
And make the Throne an Oracle of State,
And he that disobeys, *deserves his Fate.*

Somers by Nature Great, and born to rise;
In Counsel Wary, and in Conduct Wise;
His Judgment Steady, and his Genius Strong,
And all Men own the Musick of his Tongue:
Capacious Thought, and un-incumber'd Brain,
That Mines of undiscover'd Wealth contain;
Eternal circulating Wonders there,
In constant Flux of Prodigy appear:
With Ease he thinks, with swiftest Art receives,
And without Pain brings forth what he conceives:
Exempt from Nature's Curse, his teeming Head,
Without the Throws of Travel's brought to Bed;
His fruitful Fancy feels no Pangs of Birth;
Anteus like, he's helpt from his own Earth;
The Midwife Nature all defect supplies,
And fills the World with Wonder and Surprize:
Nor are the swift Productions of his Thought,
Lessen'd by all that Ease by which they're wrought:
But as when teeming Hills in Travel groan'd,
Their trifling Births, th' expecting World confound;
So we're amaz'd, when without Noise we see,
Others bring forth the Mouse, the Mountain he.

Blush

Bluſh Poet at thy immature Deſigns,
Thy Praiſe is ſo much meaner than his Lines,
That when of *Hallifax* thy Muſe ſhould write,
Thy modeſt Fancy bluſhes to indite:
So ſweet his Voice, and all his Thoughts ſo ſtrong,
So ſmooth his Numbers, and ſo ſoft his Song,
Eternal Muſick dwells upon his Tongue:
No more his Wit in artleſs Lines rehearſe,
Apollo's God of Wiſdom, as of Verſe:
The States-Man, and the Man of Conduct view,
And there his juſter Merit now purſue.

Not Art or Envy can obſcure his Fame,
Not repreſenting Fury taint his Name;
Boldly th' Aſſaults of Envy he deſies,
Knows how their Party-Malice to deſpiſe:
The Name of Guilt or Shame, alike unknown,
Upon their falling Fame he builds his own:
The Armour of his Peerage he lays by,
And waves the juſt Advantage of Authority;
The Out-Guards of his Character withdraws,
Levels himſelf to Juſtice, and the Laws;
Scorns the weak Shelter, ſtands below his Sphere,
For where there is no Guilt, there is no Fear:
Takes off *the Lord*, and only ſhows the Man,
And bids them fairly wound him if they can.

See the weak Screws of Law, *thoſe* Tools of State,
The Whips and Scorpions of the Magiſtrate;
How when with ſuch conſummate Force they ſtrive,
They all their Senſe and Management ſurvive:
The trembling wild Attorny's in a fright,
And pleads no better than he can indite,
Can neither make his Law nor *Latin* right.

He that with eager Spleen, and weak Pretence,
Hunts meaner Wretches with a Pride intenſe;
Confounded here, and baffl'd by Surprize,
From Innocence, *in wild Confuſion* flies.

Thus that ſame Law, which well profeſt, adorns;
When miſapply'd, to Fault and Scandal turns;
No Men politer Ignorance can ſhow,
Than they that falter in the Things they know.

So the bright Sun illuminates Mankind,
But when its view'd directly makes him blind;
The Beam that all his Optick Power ſupplies,
Firſt makes him ſee, and then puts out his Eyes.

The Luſtre of th' untainted Object here,
Expos'd his *Folly firſt*, and that his Fear;
The Senſe of Conqueſt was his real Fright,
Made him miſtake, for fear of being Right:
Puſht to the *Criſis* of his tottering Fame,
And left to chuſe in the Extreams of Shame;
He ſaw the Proſpect of his Fate ſo nigh;
He pawn'd his Senſe to ſave his Honeſty;

So at the fam'd *Danubian* Stream there ſtood,
Great *Tallard* puſh'd upon the threatning Flood;
A Moment left to form a ſhort Debate,
Between his fading Fortune, and his Fate.

No Queſt of dying Glories tempts him there,
For all our Paſſions will give Way to Fear;
Honour and Breath allow no equal Strife,
He pawns his Liberty to ſave his Life:

The willing Hero's quickly made content,
To change the threatning Deep, for safer Banks of *Trent.*

And now *the baffl'd Party* court his Name,
Flatter that Merit they in vain defame;
To his *Superior Genius*, yield the Day,
And *Party-Rage*, to Force of Truth *gives Way*
So conquer'd Kingdoms yielding to their Foes,
Pay Homage *to that Vertue* they oppose.

To his just merit thus *the Parties* bow,
And *all that Praise they Envy him* allow;
That rising Fame which they *with Gall pursue*,
Tho' they regret the Glory, own 'tis due;
Their empty Clamours, Self-Reflections raise,
And all their Malice *suffocates in praise.*

Fixt in his general Character, *he sees*,
The Parties die, slain by their own Disease;
Reverting Spleen's choak'd with *its native Gall*,
Under the Weight of *their own Pride* they fall;
The pressing pond'rous Croud by Nature's such,
For want of Vent, they're *stiff'd with Reproach.*

So Jealousie, *that Frenzy of the Mind*,
To Death, *by its own Tendency*, inclin'd;
When Disappointment checks its full Pursuits,
Dies *by the very poison'd Darts* it shoots.

In vain supplies *of vip'rous Blood* they bring,
Since, *like the Bee*, they die whene'er they sting;
The threatning Mischief on themselves recedes,
And their *own Fire*, on their *own Vitals* feeds.

Godolphin

Godolphin ſteady in the Arms of Peace,
Untainted Duty forms his Happineſs;
Fix'd in the ſingle Intereſt of the State,
In him the Queen's as Safe as She is Great:
The punctual Keeper of *Britannia*'s Wealth,
This keeps her Credit up, and that her Health;
Immenſe the Sums that thro' his Office roul,
Money the Life, but Management's the Soul;
Exacteſt Order waits upon his Hours,
Caſh Credit firſt, then Credit Caſh ſecures:
In vain their Hopes, that for our Sorrows wait,
Our inexhauſted Credit locks the Gate
From all Diſaſter;
Funds perhaps may fail,
And Streams may ſtop, but Credit muſt prevail:
Credit's a Bank no Miſchief can undo,
She's Siſter to *Potoſi* and *Peru*;
She'll out-do Nature, Mines of Gold prepare,
And Fleets of Coin, from Paper and from Air;
New Species forms, anticipates the Oar,
Extends a little, and then can wait for more;
The vaſt equivalent that ſhe ſupplies,
Our mighty boaſted Poverty defies,
And mocks th' abortive Hopes of *England*'s Enemies.

For this immortal Envy plies his Gate,
And breaths out Curſes, no Men wonder at;
For where was Merit follow'd with Succeſs,
But Envy curſt, as faſt, as wiſe Men bleſs.

No wonder Men, whoſe Hopes of Plunder fail,
And long the Nation's Ruin wiſh'd for, RAIL:

No

No wonder he their Rage muſt undergo,
That keeps the Nation's Peace, and Money too;
That locks them out from Miniſterial Power,
The Caſh as well as Kingdom to devour;
In vain they rail, againſt themſelves make War,
And all *thoſe Feuds they wiſh for*, ſeem to fear:
Prepoſterous Wiſh! *to their own Int'reſt* blind,
They curſe the Bleſſings *for themſelves deſign'd*:
The Hand that ſerves them, ſtudy to abuſe,
And envy him that Power, *they know not how* to uſe.

Marlbro' too Great for Pen and Ink to praiſe,
Supplies Romance for future wond'ring Days;
Too Great for Verſe, th' amazing Deeds remain,
And ſpeak themſelves, our Illuſtration's vain;
To trace his Glory, and his Steps purſue,
What muſt our weak deficient Numbers do!
Of Battels fought of conquering Legions ſlain,
Who ſhall ſupport the vaſt *Herculean* Pain!
More Glories call the Poet to reherſe,
Than Thought can croud into the Bounds of Verſe:
Swift as the Words that his High Deeds relate,
He flies to Action, on the Wings of Fate:
Th' aſtoniſh'd *French*, that long forgot to fear,
Submit to Fate, and learn to tremble here;
From his bright Sword the ſcatter'd Squadrons fly,
And court the backward Waves for leave to die.

To Day he preſſes their diſtracted Rear,
To Morrow diſtant Terrors in their Front appear;
And when they think him on the eager Chace,
A hundred Leagues before, he ſhows his dreadful Face:
The Victor faſter than the conquer'd flies,
In queſt of yet remoter Victories.

Landau by Nature now ſecure in Thought,
From all the buſie Conquerors remote;
Finds Kingdoms, Armies, and their Generals fall,
And coming Conqueſt point at her far diſtant Wall:
No Space can Bound the vaſt Deſigns in view,
Not Fear it ſelf his ſwifter Speed out-do,
He makes his flying Enemies purſue:
They that before, his dreadful Squadrons ſhun,
Now follow, labouring to be twice undone:
Not Fame her ſelf, ſo ſwift his Glories bore,
As he from Conqueſt flies, to furniſh more.

Should we to his compleater Fame apply,
Like him, we muſt not only go, *but fly*;
The lab'ring Pen muſt traverſe *Europe*'s Plains,
And to deſcribe his Glory, ſhare his Pains:
From *Danube*'s Streams, and *Swabian Rocks* advance,
And ſee him Face the Bounds of trembling *France*;
Follow the Track of his ſublime Deſigns,
To reſcued *Leige*, and the demoliſh'd Lines:
See the intrepid Legions led by Fame,
Leſs conquer by their Valour, than his Name;
Th' aſtoniſh'd Foes, diſarm'd with Dread, appear,
Like Victims, fetter'd by their very Fear:
From but his Shadow, numerous Troops retreat,
And captive Generals to his Fame ſubmit.

The Campaign ended, his Fatigues increaſe,
He ſcorns the Intervals of ſoft Receſs:
Who ſhall his ſwifter Genius now purſue,
To diſtant Courts, their Treaties to renew,
In ſhorter Time than others take to view:

The

Th' expiring Zeal, and jarring nice Diſputes,
He quickens thoſe, and theſe with Eaſe confutes;
Empires ſubmit their Councils to his Voice;
He forms their Schemes, and they confirm his Choice;
In all the Parts of War his Influence reigns,
And in his Circle centers all their Lines.

France, that, till now, gave Meaſures to Mankind,
To his ſwift Head, has all that Part reſign'd;
Like *Europe*'s Genius, He's Dictator there,
And governs not the Armies, but the War.

But we'll no more load his aſpiring Fame,
Which now contracts his Actions in his Name.
Words add no Glory, 'tis for Phraſe too high,
His trueſt Praiſe muſt be his Hiſtory.

SATYR forbear, unleſs thou'lt end thy Days,
Loſt in vaſt Labyrinths of ſucceſſive Praiſe;
The mighty Gallaxy of Worthies here,
Too many and too great for Verſe appear;
That wait the Fund of Wiſdom to ſupply,
That Safety may ſurvive, when Heroes die;
That *Engliſh* Peerage ſhall in Fame retrieve,
And keep their Honour, as their Names, alive.

Courage, the Blood of *Cavendiſh* ſuſtains,
And *Mordant* riſes in his brave Remains.
Bolton preſerves the Generous and Sincere,
And *Somerſet*'s the Maul of Party-War.
Townſend enjoys the Curſe of all Mens Praiſe,
And *Newport*'s Vertue only, *Bradford*'s Name muſt raiſe.

Pembrook's

Pembrook by Naval Genius claims Command,
And vaſt inherent Fires flame in *Sunderland.*
In *L'eſter*'s Youth, a *Sidney*'s Luſtre ſhines,
And *Mohun*'s fitting up for great Deſigns.
Grafton in Graces will improve his Breed,
And *Scot* his *Monmouth*'s Gallantry ſucceed.
Ormond revives in his illuſtrious Son,
And *Devonſhire* will ſhine in *Hartington.*

Marlbro', indeed, inclines our Verſe to mourn,
But Time commands thoſe Sorrows to adjourn:
They need no Son to keep alive their Name,
Whoſe *Monument's immortal* in their Fame.

Heroes were always born *to ſtand alone*;
Ceſar and *Alexander* left no Son,
And *David*'s but eclips'd by *Solomon:*
Fate ſeems to make it look *like Nature's Law,*
From Great *Guſtavus*, down to Great *Naſſau,*
That where conſummate Vertue ſhall remain,
The *Laſt of every Line* ſhall be the Man:
So *Marlbro'* ſhows inimitable Fame,
Muſt live in him, peculiar to the Name.

Wharton to *England*'s Int'reſt always true,
And in his proper Sphere *a Hero too*;
Vig'rous in Counſel, and in State-Diſpute
Swift to reſolve, and *bold* to execute;
Fearleſs of Parties, *ſteady* to the Laws,
With Courage always equal to the Cauſe;
Unbrib'd, *unbyaſs'd*, is his Country's Friend,
Enjoys their Love, and will that Love *defend*;
Th' unweary'd Genius ſtrives our Peace to raiſe;
He plants our Safety, and he reaps our Praiſe.

A future

A future Race reſtores the latent Line,
Where interrupted Glory ceas'd to ſhine,
Or where *the riſing Names* of Families,
Supply *new Fame* for modern Hiſtories.

Granby, in Wealth and Honour grows apace,
And *Honeſty* ſits Regent *on his Face*;
His ſwelling Titles *never ſwell his Mind*,
Humble as *Ruſſel*, and as *Rutland* Kind;
Such Vertue cannot *long remain* obſcure,
But *giv'n for Fame*, will make *that Fame* endure.

See *Ruſſel's Blood* with Glory fills this Iſle,
A Train of Dukes ſurround his martyr'd Pile:

Granby and *Hartington* ſupply the Race,
Something of *Ruſſel* ſhines in either's Face;
Nature's juſt Index can't the Lines conceal,
In that the Modeſty, in this the Zeal:
No ſingle Hand could *Ruſſel*'s Fame ſupport,
Ages to come would queſtion the Report:
The weighty Character theſe Two divide,
Ruſſel the beſt and greateſt Man that ever dy'd.

Ah SATYR--- ſhall the ſad Remark be known,
That ſo much Worth *deſcends not* to his Son;
Then ſupplicate, for none can wiſh it more,
That *B*----*d* would *a Ruſſel* to the World reſtore;
That he *his Father's Merit* underſtood,
Worthy the Name, *worthy his Birth* and Blood;
A Name *to England*, and to *Ages* dear;
A Name that *none but Tyrants* bluſh to hear;
Fruitful in Heroes, and in Fame *compleat*,
A double Blot to thoſe, that ought to imitate:

Humbly to *his revolving Thoughts* present,
The Path of Glory *his Great Father* went;
How for the Nation's Liberty *he dy'd*,
And all *the guilded Chains of Tyranny* defy'd;
How ſtill the guilty Party dread his Fame,
And Tyrants always *ſtartle at his Name*;
The *Death was theirs*, and in his Fall they found,
That Stroke gave *Regal-Pride its mortal Wound.*

Show him th' Advantage of his Father's Blood,
Upon what Baſis *all his Fortunes* ſtood:
Ask him, If Revolution Steps had fail'd,
And but his Father's Murtherers prevail'd,
How his *attainted Lands* had been intail'd?
Show him what he enjoys *by Liberty*,
And ask him *why he covets* Tyranny?
How eaſie 'tis for *Be---d* to be Great,
And ſhare his Father's Fame, *without* his Fate.
'Tis hard when Heroes for their Country die,
Their thoughtleſs Race ſhould to the Murth'rers fly,
And they be ſlain *again*, in their weak Progeny.

Kneel SATYR now, and moſt devoutly pray,
That perſonal Vice may no more Fame betray;
That Crime no more may Characters defeat,
But Men would *firſt be Good*, and *then be Great.*

How would *Nepe-----*'s Vertues Grace his Line,
If (*uneclips'd by Av'rice*) they could ſhine;
If *C---s* his Claim of Honour would retrieve,
He'd *dare to be* as vertuous as *he's brave*,
And *Ri----s* would grow Juſt, as he grows Grave.

If Men of Blood would of their Fame be Nice,
They'd never *FOUND THEIR FAMILIES* in Vice;

Gr-----lle

Gr----lle would ne'er ſo lightly pledge his Fame;
Car---then never bluſh at *Osbourn*'s Name;
Young *A----ſey* his Grandſires Rules forſake,
And Bully-*Wa----ick* ne'er had dy'd a Rake;
The Good-for-nothing *E---ter* would ſee,
What Lines are loſt in his Degeneracy;
Cr---n his ſinking Lineage would retrieve,
And *Beaufort* would a *Somerſet* revive.

'Tis Vertue muſt Nobility reſtore,
Where Age and Crime had ſunk its Fame before;
The Noble Youths that this bleſt Race ſhall run,
Shall raiſe their Fathers Merit by their own.

Nor is exemplar Vertue ſo remote,
But riſing Greatneſs will deſerve our note;
Old *Sal'sbury* ſhall live again in Fame,
And blooming *Cecil* ſhall ſupport his Name,
Monthermer ſhall illuſtrate *Montague*;
And *Bath* ſhall ſhine if mod'rate Counſels he'll purſue;
Illuſtrious Blood will re-adorn the Iſle,
And *Burlington* reſtore the Name of *Boyl*.
Bridgewater well his Anceſtors ſupplies,
And *Shaftsb'ry*'s growing, like his Grandſire, Wiſe
Fitzwalter keeps the Name of *Mildmay* bright,
And *Lincoln* rich in Vertue, makes our Roll compleat.

Speak Satyr, from a vile degen'rate Fame;
How comes our Peerage to retrieve its Name?
When Crime had our Nobil'ty over-run,
Where was this Reſtoration firſt begun?
'Twas all Example,
Leading Miſchiefs grew,
And Men to Crime, on Wings of Nature flew;

The

The Royal Proſtitute debauch'd the Land,
And we grew Brutes by his Auguſt Command.

Exalted Luſt dethron'd our very Shame,
And bluſhing Vertue's hardly known by Name:
Vice was the Handmaid to tyrannick Power,
And both concurr'd, our Ruin to procure.

Nor were they parted in their very Death,
A Proof they're both conceiv'd and born beneath;
From the ſame Hell their Origines derive,
And Twins in Fate, to equal Periods live.

In this our Revolution Praiſe, is due,
That with the Tyranny, the Vice withdrew;
The ſcepter'd Crime's dethron'd, with Guilt's diſmay'd,
And Vice retreats, to her deteſted Shade:
Exemplar Virtue *took the Reins in Hand*,
Example makes *more Converts* than Command:
The Champions of our Vice dy'd off with Time,
And Men of Senſe ſucceeded Men of Crime.

William, *in ſpight of Slander* and Reproach,
Heal'd this KING's-EVIL with his *gentle Touch*;
Vice from *his Vertue* had her mortal Wound,
And *ANN's bright Patern* does the Race confound:
Juſtice has the Example of *Her Throne*,
And ſhows us Vertue's *Pattern* in her own;
Thus *Hell's Dominion* periſh'd in its Prime,
And he that ſins, *commits it like a Crime*;
Triumphant Vice grown antiquate and old,
Thoſe that are not *leſs vile*, are yet *leſs bold*:
Thus *Happy Britain* ſees her Youth reſtor'd,
And *bluſhing Vice* on *England*'s Throne abhorr'd:
The Queen *from double Bondage* ſets us free,
Reſtores our *Vertue* with our *Liberty*.

Concluſion

Conclusion.

SATYR when next our Muſe *inſpir'd with Rage*,
Commands in juſt Defence of Truth t'engage;
By Foils preſent, and make a new Eſſay,
And try our Vice, by Vertue to diſplay:
Learn by the ſoft and milky Way to ſoar,
A Path that SATYR never trod before;
By juſt Antitheſis illuſtrate Crime,
And ſee how ſtrangely Vice and Vertue Chime:
Let gentler Scenes guild thy aſpiring Verſe,
And *Britain*'s Pride, in *Britain*'s Queen rehearſe;
Let the Reverſe of Tyranny be known,
And *ANN*'s inlighten'd Character be ſhown:
Her Panegyrick ſtabs a Tyrant's Praiſe,
As Hell's long Night's deſcrib'd by Heav'n's long Days.

Nor can thy Genius be at all unfit,
Howe'er ſupply'd with Gall, decay'd in Wit:
None but the *SATYR* can this Fame indite;
None knows ſo well the due Reverſe to write,
But he that ſhow'd the Dark, muſt ſhew the Bright.

Features and Beauty's to the Paint confin'd,
He only paints to th' Life, that paints the Mind:
The Limner's Art for Proſpect may ſuffice,
And faintly help the Language of the Eyes;
But Characters ſhall Imag'ry controul,
And he that Writes Her Picture, Paints Her Soul.

But, *SATYR*, if thou e'er ſhalt undertake,
The mighty Task, and *ANN*'s true Picture make;

With Care thy juſt Ideas regulate,
And ballance well Her Vertue and Her State;
Remember, *Flattering Words no Glory raiſe,*
Are uſeleſs here, and Truth's Her only Praiſe:
Deſcribe Her Glorious, and ſurround Her Throne,
With Luſtre---- only by Her Self out-ſhone;
Deſcribe Her Rich, but all Her Riches ſhow,
By *that vaſt Fountain*, whence Her Wealth ſhou'd flow,
Her People----
Who their willing Homage pay,
And preſs'd in Love, by very Choice obey:
Deſcribe Her Humble, Merciful, and Kind,
And ſwell'd in Triumphs, *not at all in Mind*:
Then from thy artleſs, well-deſigning Pen,
Let the juſt Paralels to Crime be ſeen,
And ſhow the World which makes the Greateſt Queen.

Mean Time, to Her exalted Throne addreſs,
Where Heroes bow, and Conquerors ſue for Peace:
Fame that to eke out Actions, learns to lye,
And flatters Men of Crime with Majeſty,
Shall from thy Lines no falſe Advantage gain,
Truth makes Her Fame, and Liberty Her Reign.

TO

TO THE QUEEN.

MADAM,

'TIS Heaven's Decree, th'Almighty Voice,
Has ſpoke the Word, you always muſt rejoice:
Fate that does Nature's Lottery ſuperviſe,
Directs your Hand, you always draw the Prize;
The very Diſappointments of your Reign,
So Heaven commands, and Hell reſiſts in vain,
Revert to Joys, and in your Loſs you gain.

From vain Attempts, and a diſgrac'd Retreat,
Your flying Troops unlook'd for Conqueſt meet;
As if your Genius ſtrove to let them know,
What they your Fates not their own Conqueſt owe.

Cadiz repells your Troops, that they may fly,
To *Vigo* Spoils, and Golden Victory;
And *Gibraltar* your riſing Glory greets,
And calls to Conqueſt your *too paſſive* Fleets.

The waning Glory of th'*Algarvian* War,
Unworthy *Charles*'s Fortune, or your Care,
Weakens your Hands, that you may ſtronger grow,
And to a nobler Nation's Conqueſt go;
Caſtilian Mountains, diſtant and remote,
Too cold their Temper, as their Clime too hot;
Repulſe your Arms to their own Country's Shame,
That *Catalognian* Coaſts may raiſe your Fame,

And

And *Charles* retreating, in your Fate ſecure,
In Diſappointment makes his Conqueſt ſure.

Rivigny ſo from *Guadiana* flies,
That *Alcantara* may be made his Prize;
Th' inſulting *Spaniards* ſo contemn his Force,
But with their Victory ſecur'd the Curſe;
Wounded, in Flames of juſt Revenge he'll burn,
And left his Hand, a Pledge of his return.

When *Marlbro'* at the bauk'd *Moſelle* repines,
Your Fate repay'd him with the conquer'd Lines;
Vict'ry that waited on *that Son of War*,
Adjourn'd it here, that ſhe might yield it there:
Thus, *MADAM*, your Diſaſters are your Gain,
And they that beat us, conquer but in vain;
Your Glory riſes, when you want Succeſs,
And in your Loſs you find your Happineſs.

In nearer Circumſtances 'tis the ſame,
All Things concur, to raiſe your growing Fame;
The very Chagrin, Feud, and Diſcontent,
That ruin others, fix your Government:
Envy, in ſpight of all her Snakes, concurs,
And ſhe that murthers Kingdoms, ſettles yours.

So Heav'n commands, and ſo when Heav'n commands,
Hell ſhall concur,
Dev'ls with directed Hands,
Shall aid that Crown that on his Power depends.

When Parties join to urge the Nation's Fate,
Their very Fury does their Aims defeat:

Tacking

Tacking their Projects to invade your Throne,
They tack the Nation's Peace, and ſink their own;
Their worſt Deſigns, your Glory to invade,
That Glory rais'd, and thoſe Deſigns betray'd;
By their own Guilt, and your Succeſs, ſtruck Dumb,
Chagrin and Heartleſs, they foreſee their Doom;
Silent they ſtand, in envious Whiſpers curſe,
And as they riſe in Rage, decay in Force.

Scotland rejects our Settlement and Crown,
That Two vaſt Nations may unite in One;
And all the threatning Clouds of Northern Night,
Aſſiſt to make that Union ſtill more bright;
The Thoughts of *Border-War*, as they increaſe,
Serve but to prompt our wiſer Heads to Peace;
And all the Men of Plot, and vaſt Intrigue,
While they inflame the Nations, preſs the League.

Envy, whoſe feeble Jaws and falt'ring Tongue,
Had chew'd the vip'rous Blood of Strife too long;
Ripen'd for Miſchief, from her craſie Bed,
With tainted Breath, and vile corrupted Head,
In whining Eloquence, and ſubtle Phraſe,
And Curſes guilded with the Baits of Praiſe,
Attempts the wav'ring Nations to deceive,
With Arts, 'twas fear'd, would make th' Elect believe.

But ſee her Gall, for vileſt Ends deſign'd,
Repuls'd, flows back, and cankers in her Mind;
The groſs corroded Humour inward draws,
Eats up the very Vitals of their Cauſe;
The vile Harangues, the Feud they wiſh'd, appeas'd,
And laid the very Storm they would ha' rais'd:

Thus they your Peace, tho' they your Peace abhorr'd,
By their own Steps to ruin it, procur'd.

Inſtructing Miſeries make Nations wiſe,
Illuminate their Judgments with their Eyes;
Direct them in the Queſt of Happineſs,
And tell them boldly, all depends on Peace:
This is the Sanction given to your High Reign,
Where Heaven thus bleſſes, Men may curſe in vain.

'Tis you that makes your Government Divine,
The Sacred's in your Vertue, not your Line:
Your Truth gives awful Homage to your Word,
And 'tis your Juſtice ſanctifies your Sword;
Your God-like Pity ſuits the Crown you wear,
Like Heaven, your Mercy makes your People fear:
Force is tyrannick, but 'tis Love perſwades,
And always conquers, where it once invades:
Thus when you quit the Bondage of Command,
You govern all our Hearts with out your Hand.

When Kingdoms thus in Heart, like yours, unite,
No wonder Nations tremble at the ſight:
Vict'ry muſt come, the World expects no leſs,
Where Two ſuch Bodies, join'd in One, addreſs;
Such Union, *MADAM*, ne'er was ſeen before,
And as 'tis ſtrange, muſt ſtrange Effects procure,
For ſuited to their Zeal will be their Power.

When Princes thus their Peoples Prayers poſſeſs,
They very ſeldom are deny'd Succeſs;
For never Hands with ſuch Aſſurance fight,
As where they're mov'd by Hearts that firſt unite;

Such

Such Nations of a double Power poſſeſt,
With double Hopes of Victory are bleſt.

What Seas of Blood! What Storms of Party-Strife!
Have brought this long expected Truce to Life:
'Twas Danger, *MADAM*, made this Peace ſecure,
The Nation's Suff'rings make your Glory ſure;
Till thus alarm'd, how fatally we ſtrove,
Neither by Intreſt govern'd, nor by Love;
We wou'd not all your juſt Perſwaſions hear,
Till we were frighted into Peace, by Fear;
Pacifick Eloquence was all in vain,
No Paſſion can, like that of Fear, reſtrain.

Thus, *MADAM*, Heaven has long decreed it ſo,
Your Glory muſt from your Misfortunes grow:
You fall to riſe, your Loſſes are your Gain,
For Pleaſures are illuſtrated by Pain:
Your Enemies, that think they pull you down,
Exalt your Glory, and eclipſe their own:
The publick Struggles of our Party-Powers,
Break their own Int'reſts, and eſtabliſh yours.

In all your happy and ſucceſsful Reign,
Peace riſes out of Strife, and Eaſe from Pain,
And Sampſon's *Riddle's acted here again.*

FINIS.

The Citadel Library

Such Nations of a double Power prov'd,
With double Hopes of Victory are fir'd.
What Success of Blood! what Storms of Party-Spight
Have brought this long expected Time to Life:
Was Dagon, MADAN, made this Peace secure,
The Nation's Gift, since made your Glory sure?
Till thus alarm'd, how intelly we afford
Our Enemies, that think their Power on down
Exalt your Glory, and decipy their own:
The publick Strength of our Party-Foe
For Prayers are illuminated by Fire:
Your Fall to us, your Loss are your Gain
Your Glory hath from your Misfortune grown:
This, MADAM, Heaven has long decreed to do
No Nation can, like that of Peace, triumph.
Publick Blessings were all in vain,
Till we were tripped into Peace by Fear.
We would not all your Privileges part,
Neither by Interest bought, nor by Love?
Till thus alarm'd, how intelly we afford
The Nation's Gift, since made your Glory sure?
Was Dagon, MADAM, made this Peace secure,
Have brought this long expected Time to Life:
With double Hopes of Victory are fir'd.
Such Nations of a double Power prov'd,